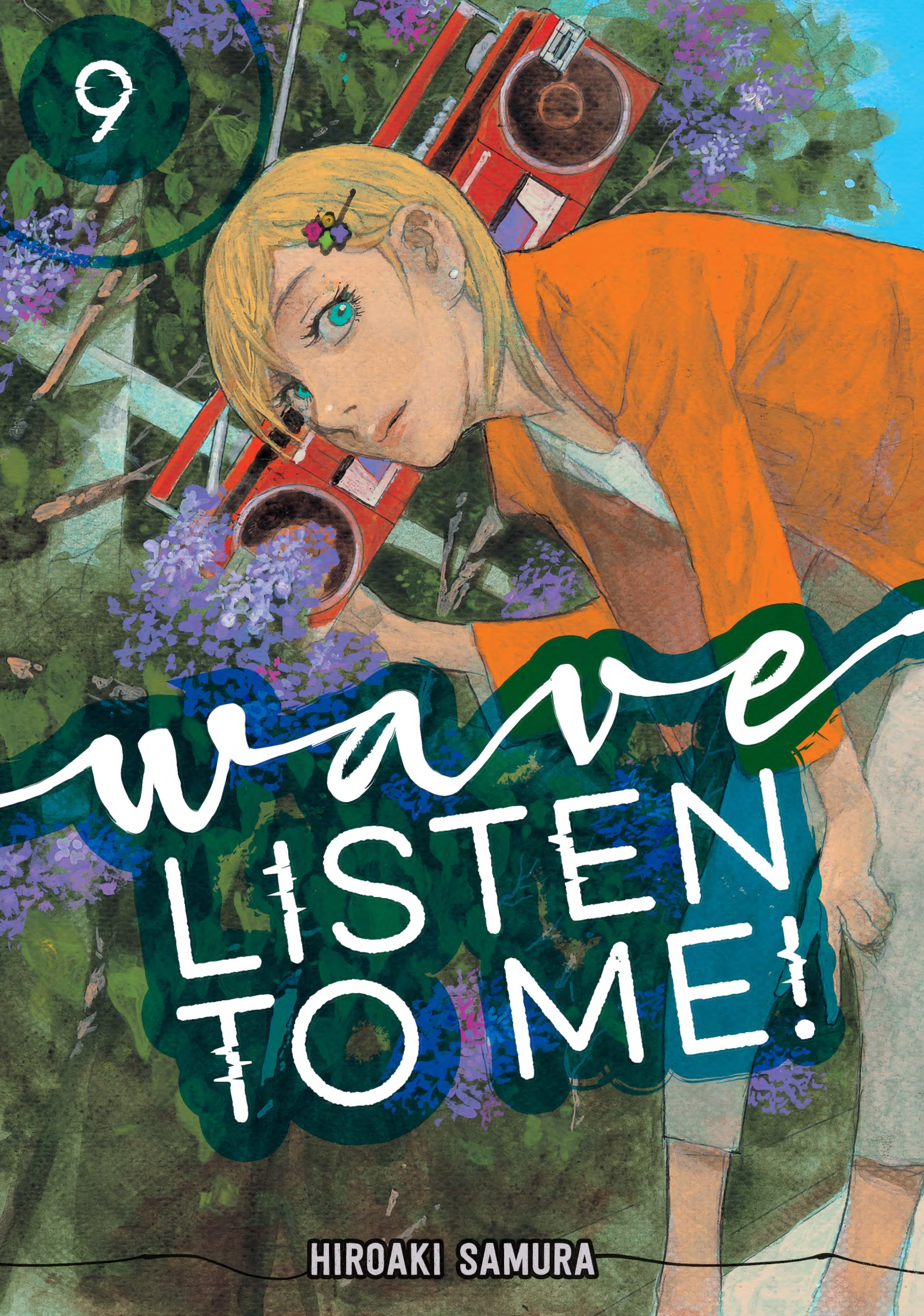
9
wave
LISTEN TO ME!
HIROAKI SAMURA

Samurai

HIROAKI

9

SAMURA

LISTEN TO ME!

Chapter 65 LET'S GET ONE THING STRAIGHT. 003

Chapter 66 NOT FOR BEGINNERS. 025

Chapter 67 DON'T COME BACK. 037

Chapter 68 IT'S TOO SOON TO CALL IT QUITS. 053

Chapter 69 I TAKE AFTER NO ONE. 071

Chapter 70 IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK IT IS. 085

Chapter 71 WHO ARE YOU REALLY? 103

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Chapter 73 I DON'T THINK I'LL MAKE IT BACK. 139

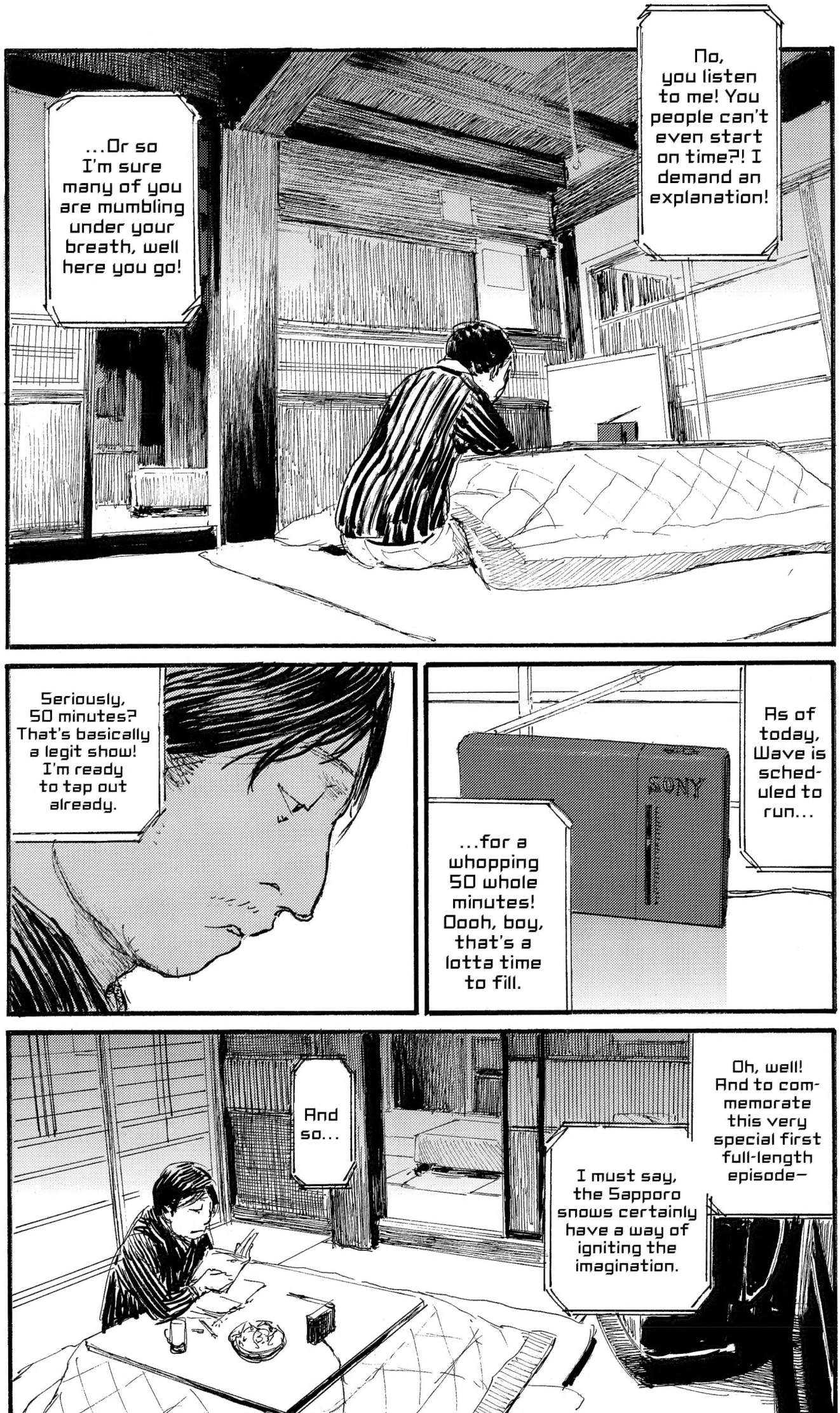
Chapter 74 I DON'T WANT TO WORRY ANYONE. 153

Chapter 75 THE FLAME YET BURNS. 175

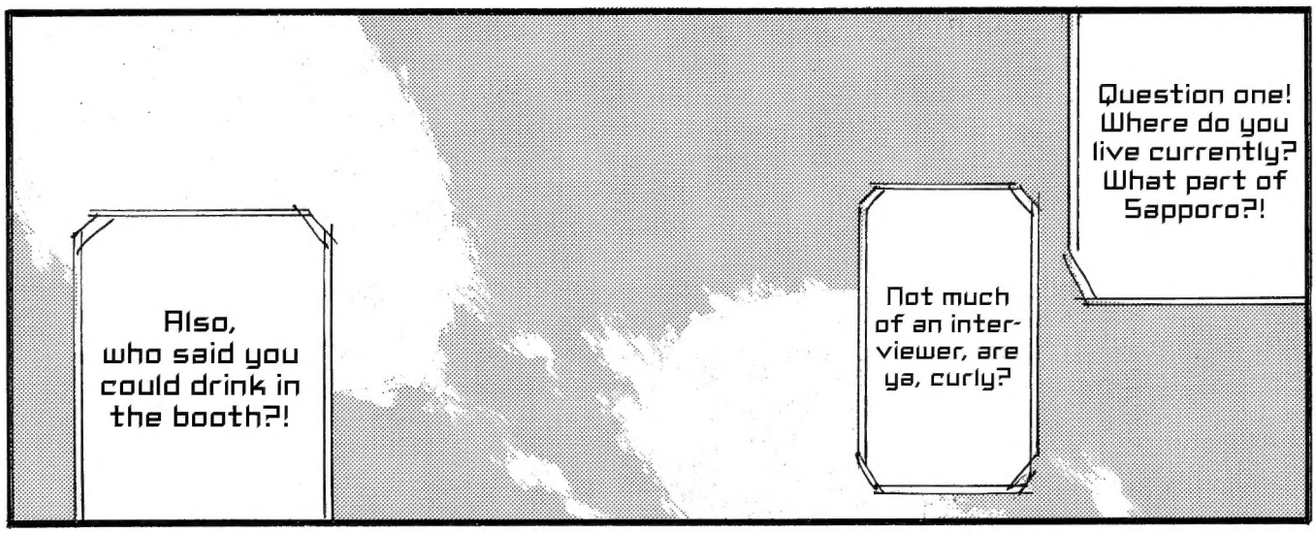
Chapter 13 「LET'S GET ONE THING STRAIGHT.」

Wave, Listen to Meee!

This is Minare Koda's...


No, you listen to me! You people can't even start on time?! I demand an explanation!
...Or so I'm sure many of you are mumbling under your breath, well here you go!
Seriously, 50 minutes? That's basically a legit show! I'm ready to tap out already.
SONY
As of today, Wave is sched-uled to run...
...for a whopping 50 whole minutes! Oooh, boy, that's a lotta time to fill.
And so...
Oh, well! And to com-memorate this very special first full-length episode—
I must say, the Sapporo snows certainly have a way of igniting the imagination.

All R-18, of course!
Hey! At least wait until I introduce you!
...I've come prepared with a list of ten questions for Miss Minare Koda.

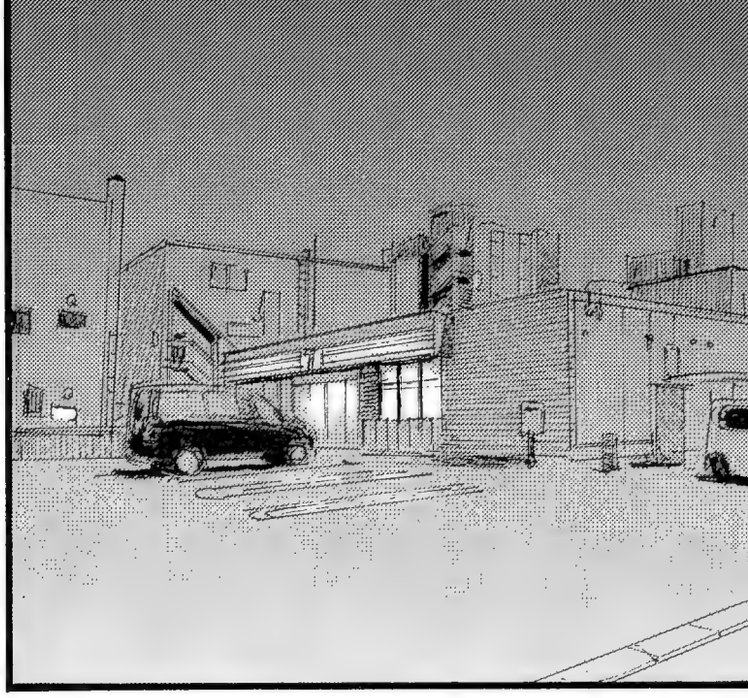

Question one! Where do you live currently? What part of Sapporo?!
Not much of an interviewer, are ya, curly?
Also, who said you could drink in the booth?!

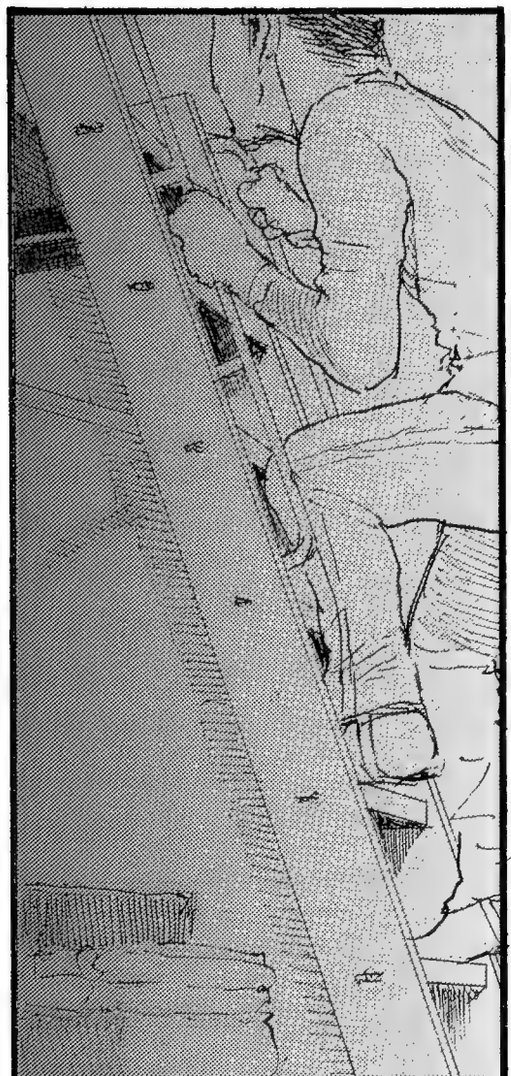
Oh, what's the harm? Care to join me, Minare-san? There's plenty to go around.
Yeah, I can see that!
Jeez, how much did you even bring? You got a wormhole to the beer dimension in that bag or something?

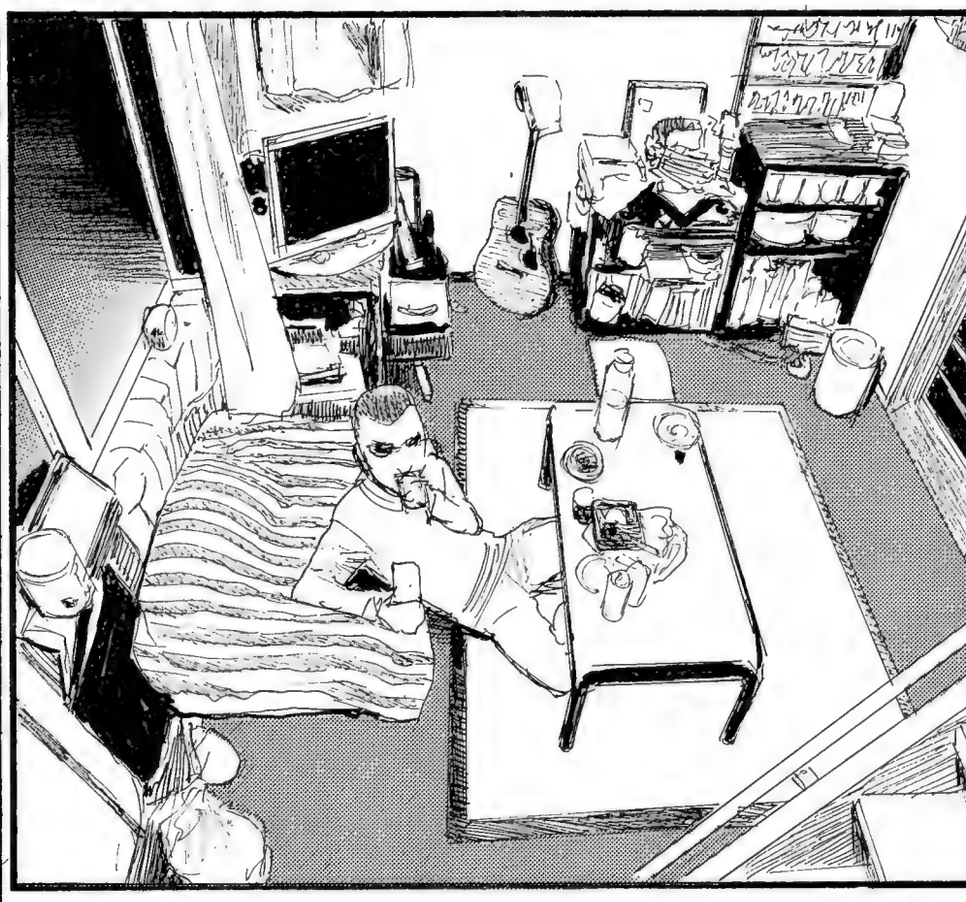
A WORMHOLE? *HEH...* THAT'S CUTE.
HIC
RECENT SCIENCE ALL BUT DEBUNKS THE EXISTENCE OF WHITE HOLES, YOU KNOW.
NOBODY ASKED, BUT THANKS FOR SHARING.
MAN, LOOK AT YOU LINE THOSE CANS UP. *SOMEONE'S* CLEARLY WORKED AT A CONVENIENCE STORE BEFORE.
HEY, MR. DIRECTOR. IF YOU WANNA STEP IN, NOW'S YOUR CHANCE.
Keep it to two drinks.
...FOR REAL?
DON'T MIND IF I DO!
THE BEGINNING OF THE END

NOW, THEN. DO YOU MIND IF I CONTINUE, MINARE-SAN?
HIC
Maybe once in a while
YO, BOSS. WHAT SAY WE USE THIS FORMAT FROM NOW ON, EH?
AHH! I COULD GET USED TO THIS!
I GUESS IT'D BE THE TIME I WENT THROUGH TOMMY FEBRUARY6'S ENTIRE DISCOGRAPHY COUNTING THE TIMES SHE USED THE WORD "LOLLIPOP."
HUH... THAT'S TOUGH.
QUESTION TWO! OUT OF EVERYTHING YOU'VE DONE IN YOUR LIFE, WHAT WOULD YOU SAY WAS THE BIGGEST WASTE OF TIME?
WAIT, THAT SUCKS.
"NOT SO, BOSTON."
HUH? UHH...
WHAT'S THE FIRST PALINDROME THAT COMES TO MIND?
QUES- HIC. FOUR.
UKYO SHUTO FROM STEALING BASES.
WHAT'S ONE THING YOU WISH YOU COULD STOP BUT JUST CAN'T?
QUESTION THREE! HIC...

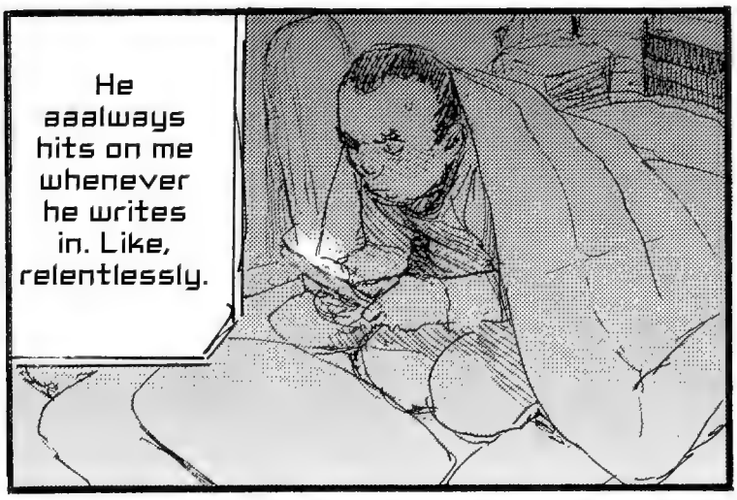
DON'T YOU PEOPLE KNOW THE GUINNESS WORLD RECORD FOR CONSECUTIVE HICCUPS IS OVER 430 MILLION?
HEH. OH, JAPANESE SUPER-STITION.
PLEASE. YOU MAKE IT SOUND LIKE THAT SHIT'S COMMON KNOWLEDGE IN THE WEST.
NEXT IS... *HIC.*
HIC. UM...
Y'KNOW, IN JAPAN WE SAY YOU DIE IF YOU HICCUP A MILLION TIMES.
YOU OKAY THERE, DUDE?
QUES-TION FIVE...
HIC
ARE THERE ANY MORE MEMORABLE LISTENERS YOU CAN THINK OF?
SEE YOU TOMOR-ROW.
YUP. NIGHT.





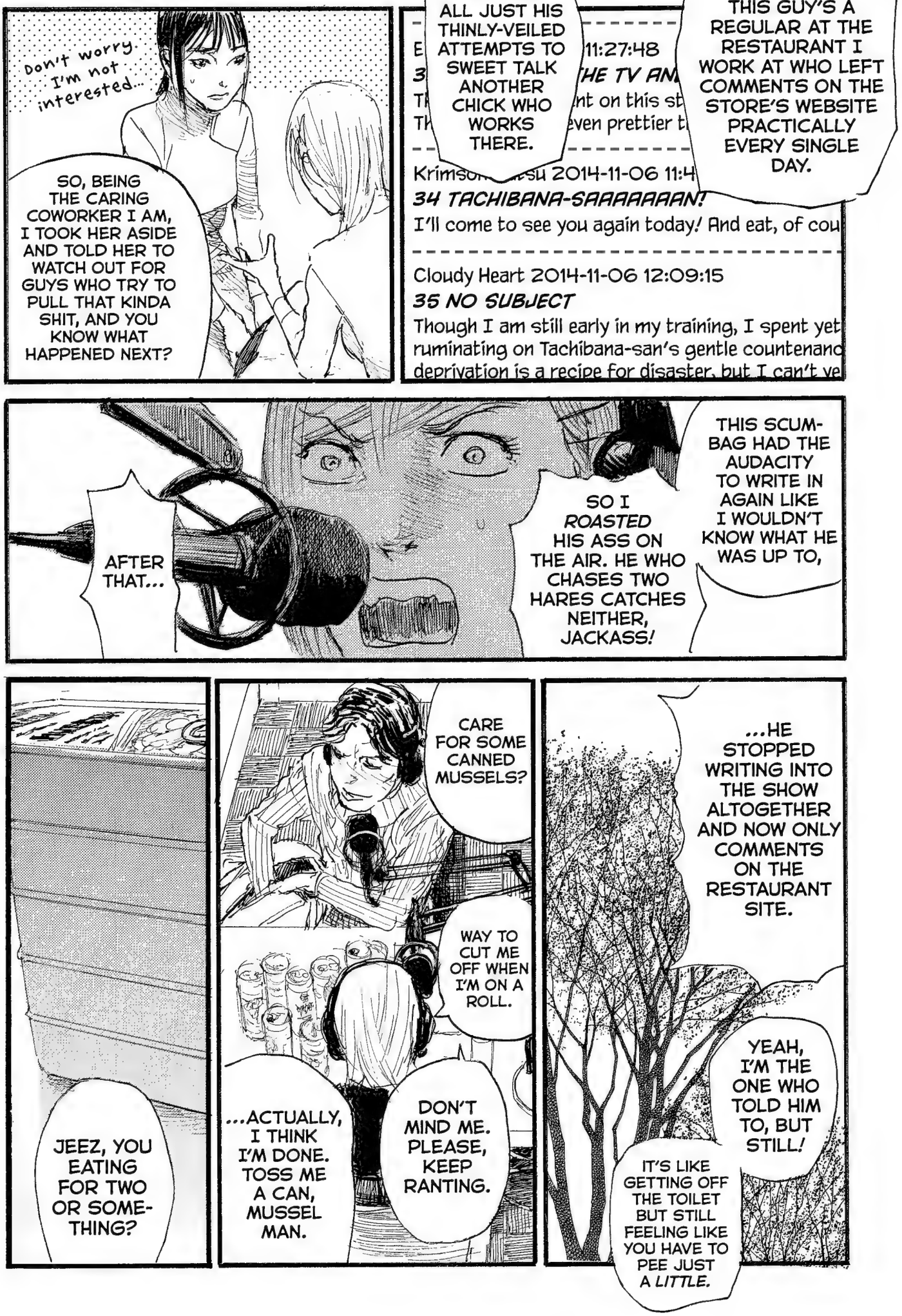


Memorable listeners? Sure, tons.
So, there's this one guy, Goldfish Graveyard, right?


He aaalways hits on me whenever he writes in. Like, relentlessly.

WHOA!
THAT'S ME...

ANYWAY, THE LOVE LETTERS ARE ALL FINE AND GOOD, BUT HERE'S THE REAL KICKER!
WEIRD. I FEEL LIKE I SHOULD BE HAPPY, BUT... MEH.
REALLY?
HIC
SOUNDS LIKE I HAVE COMPETI-TION.


Don't worry. I'm not interested...
SO, BEING THE CARING COWORKER I AM, I TOOK HER ASIDE AND TOLD HER TO WATCH OUT FOR GUYS WHO TRY TO PULL THAT KINDA SHIT, AND YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED NEXT?
THING IS, THEY WERE ALL JUST HIS THINLY-VEILED ATTEMPTS TO SWEET TALK ANOTHER CHICK WHO WORKS THERE.
TURNS OUT, THIS GUY'S A REGULAR AT THE RESTAURANT I WORK AT WHO LEFT COMMENTS ON THE STORE'S WEBSITE PRACTICALLY EVERY SINGLE DAY.
11:27:48
34 TACHIBANA-SAAAAAAAN!
I'll come to see you again today! And eat, of cou
Cloudy Heart 2014-11-06 12:09:15
35 NO SUBJECT
Though I am still early in my training, I spent yet
ruminating on Tachibana-san's gentle countenanc
deprivation is a recipe for disaster, but I can't ve
AFTER THAT...
SO I ROASTED HIS ASS ON THE AIR. HE WHO CHASES TWO HARES CATCHES NEITHER, JACKASS!
THIS SCUM-BAG HAD THE AUDACITY TO WRITE IN AGAIN LIKE I WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS UP TO,
JEEZ, YOU EATING FOR TWO OR SOME-THING?
CARE FOR SOME CANNED MUSSELS?
WAY TO CUT ME OFF WHEN I'M ON A ROLL.
...ACTUALLY, I THINK I'M DONE. TOSS ME A CAN, MUSSEL MAN.
DON'T MIND ME. PLEASE, KEEP RANTING.
...HE STOPPED WRITING INTO THE SHOW ALTOGETHER AND NOW ONLY COMMENTS ON THE RESTAURANT SITE.
YEAH, I'M THE ONE WHO TOLD HIM TO, BUT STILL!
IT'S LIKE GETTING OFF THE TOILET BUT STILL FEELING LIKE YOU HAVE TO PEE JUST A LITTLE.

There's one dude...
...who goes by the name Pencil Alley.
UHH... OH, YEAH.
HIC... ANYONE ELSE?
Now this guy's a class act. Supposedly, he lives in Akita Prefecture and tunes in with the Radiko app. His submissions are always gold.
AH, SHUT UP...
but after another listener, Joker Skonsky, swooped in and stole the spotlight,
I guess he used to be a regular on the No Badger-Hunting Hour over on HCB radio.
his airtime dropped like a rock, so he brought his writing chops over to my show instead like a true graceful loser.

And they're all way more entertaining than the stuff our resident scriptwriter pulls out of his ass in his spare time.
I dunno if he's still stuck on the Badgers' format or what, but his scripts are always worth a full 20-minute segment.
THAT SAID, I'M GLAD HE DID.
I DON'T WANT MY SHOW...
...TO BE SOMETHING PEOPLE LISTEN TO FOR KICKS AND GIGGLES À LA YOUR TYPICAL AM-RADIO BULLSHIT,
But! Let's get one thing straight, okay?
First time I've actually said it, though.
Something that gets the lymphatic system flowing, y'know? That's always been my motto.
KEEP DREAM-ING...
but some-thing that brings the audience all the comfort of a warm, fluffy towel.

OKAY. QUESTION, UH... SOMETHING.
HAS ANYTHING HAPPENED AT WORK RECENTLY THAT REALLY TICKED YOU OFF?
BETWEEN THE RADIO STATION AND THE CURRY SHOP, I CAN THINK OF PROBABLY 25 THINGS JUST THIS MONTH.
THE MOST RECENT BEING LAST WEEK'S LIVE BROADCAST.
I SHOWED UP OVER AN HOUR LATE THAT NIGHT.
SORRY AGAIN! SOME PUNK-ASS STUDENTS WERE HAVING A NEW YEAR'S PARTY AT THE CURRY RESTAURANT AND JUST WOULDN'T FUCKING LEAVE...
I THOUGHT WE'D BE FINE WITH JUST A FIVE MINUTE BRIEFING,
BUT IT ENDED UP BEING A PRETTY DULL SHOW OVERALL.
AS I SHUFFLED OUT OF THE BOOTH HANGING MY HEAD,
MY WRITER WHO WAS SMOKING IN THE HALL TURNED TO ME AND SAID:
YOU KNOW, KODA.
ATLAS WOULDN'T HAVE TO CARRY THE WORLD ON HIS SHOULDERS IF EVERYONE PULLED THEIR OWN DAMN WEIGHT.

*APPROX. $800 USD.

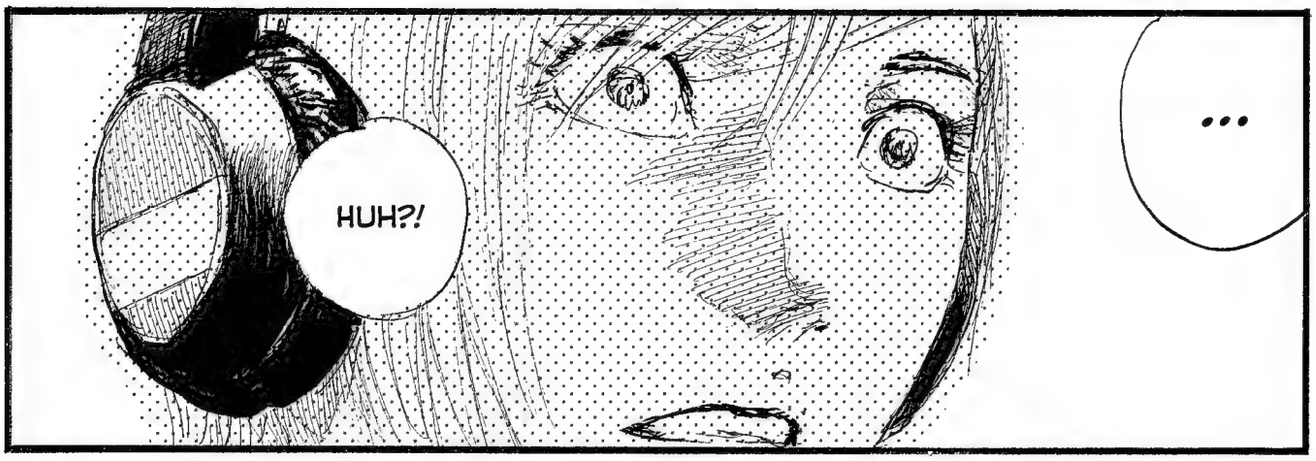
YOU JUST GOT A LONGER SLOT, REMEMBER?
UH... WHY DOES IT SOUND LIKE I'M ABOUT TO BE CANCELED ?!
WELL... HONESTLY?
RATHER THAN SAY I "ENJOY" IT, I GUESS IT JUST SORTA CLICKED WITH ME.

THINKING BACK ON ALL THE JOBS I'VE HAD,
I USUALLY GET TOLD BY MANAGEMENT TO DO THINGS BY THE BOOK,
THEN ULTIMATELY GET FIRED FOR BEING TOO MUCH OF A "FREE-SPIRIT," WHATEVER THAT MEANS.
BUT IN RADIO, I HEAR STUFF LIKE,
BLOW 'EM AWAY WITH YOUR WORDS.
OR,
DON'T YOU THINK RADIO LISTENERS TUNE IN HOPING THE HOST WILL EVENTUALLY GO OFF THE RAILS?
FYI,
THE LADY WHO SAID THAT'S CURRENTLY SITTING IN A JAIL CELL.

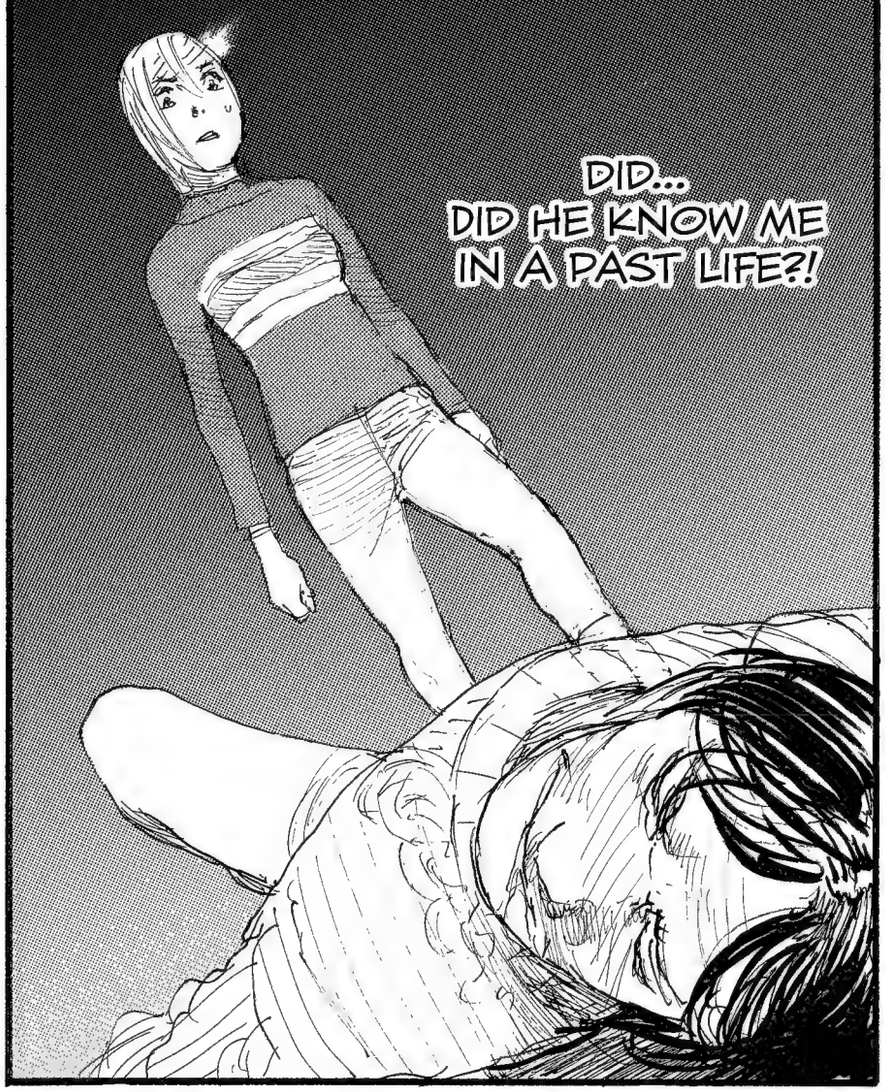
BUT I HAVE TO ADMIT, SHE HAS A POINT.
IN MY EXPERIENCE, THE SHOWS WHERE I FEEL SHIT GOES WAY WRONG END UP BEING A HIT WITH THE AUDIENCE.
I DUNNO. MAYBE I'M MORE CUT OUT FOR RADIO THAN I THOUGHT.

THIS AIN'T A BAR, Y'KNOW.
SORRY. COULD I HAVE SOME WATER, PLEASE?
'SCUSE ME! CAN I GET SOME WATER TOO?
WHY'D YOU EVEN COME TO SAPPORO ?!
IS THIS DUDE EVEN LISTENING TO A WORD I'M SAYING?
HIC
UGH... I'M FUCKIN' SLOSHED.
AHH. OKAY.
FOR MY LAST QUESTION ...
TELL ME...
...WHAT RADIO "MEANS" TO ME OR WHAT-EVER.
I SERIOUSLY HOPE YOU'RE NOT GONNA ASK ME...

30 YEARS AGO,
DID YOU EVER IMAGINE THE RADIO INDUSTRY WOULD BE WHERE IT IS TODAY?


...
HUH?!

I'M SO SORRY. HE MIGHT USE ALCOHOL TO RELAX, BUT HE'S ACTUALLY A TERRIBLE LIGHTWEIGHT.
THEN DON'T LET HIM DRINK IN THE FIRST PLACE!
HEY! Y'ALL RIGHT, TOM?!
I'D WAY RATHER DEAL WITH A NERVOUS WRECK THAN *THIS!*
THE HELL WAS THAT SOUND?
AND SO IT WAS.
KNOWING MATO-SAN, THIS IS ALL PROBABLY GOING ON THE AIR UNEDITED, HUH?


DID...
DID HE KNOW ME
IN A PAST LIFE?!

SOMEONE CALL A CAB. I'LL CARRY HIM OUT.
HEY, MATO-SAN. WHAT YEAR WAS IT 30 YEARS AGO?

1986, WHY?
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.
AN UTTERLY POINTLESS EXCHANGE.

MINARE, I KNOW THINGS GOT A LITTLE OUTTA HAND TODAY,
BUT WOULD YOU MIND HOLDING YOUR JUDGMENT UNTIL YOU LISTEN TO HIS SHOW?
I PROMISE HE ISN'T THIS BAD WHEN HE'S SOBER.
HONESTLY, THAT'S THE LAST THING I WANNA DO RIGHT NOW.

what a hunk.
WHOA... YOU ALMOST SOUND LIKE A REAL BOSS.
YOU JUST LEAVE THEM TO ME. I'LL HANDLE IT.

HERE I WAS HOPING WE COULD MAKE DRINKS WITH GUESTS A REGULAR THING, BUT SEEING AS *THIS* IS OUR TRIAL RUN...
SOMETHING TELLS ME THE HIGHER-UPS WON'T BE HAVING THAT.

STILL, HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO LISTEN TO HIS SHOW ON MY BUSTED-ASS FLIP PHONE?
GUESS I COULD BORROW MIZUHO'S SMARTPHONE, BUT...

C'MON NOW.
YOU DON'T NEED AN APP TO LISTEN TO OVERSEAS RADIO.

YOU ALREADY HAVE THE PERFECT TOOL FOR THE JOB.
HUH?

Chapter 69 「 DON'T COME BACK. 」

VOYAGER
VOYAGER
SATURDAY, 5:00 P.M.
THAT CUSTOMER SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW.

OH! WELCO—

THERE SHE IS...

OOF. COLD TODAY, ISN'T IT?
KLNK
ガシ
...LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU'RE READY TO ORDER.
WILL DO, THANKS.
I'LL HAVE THE COCONUT MILK SEA-FOOD CURRY AND VEGETABLE CURRY AYURVEDA COMBO, SOUP CHANA MASALA, SPINACH PANEER, ALOO CHAAT, AND BAIGAN PAKODA, PLEASE.
AND FOR BREAD, I'LL DO THE ZOPF AND TREKORNSBROD. ALSO, SOME SAFFRON RICE AND A LASSI, PLEASE.

NOT THAT IT'S A BOTHER OR ANYTHING, SINCE IT'S USUALLY PRETTY DEAD AT THAT TIME, AND SHE NEVER LEAVES ANY FOOD BEHIND.
SHE ALWAYS COMES IN AS SOON AS WE OPEN FOR DINNER AND ORDERS ENOUGH FOOD FOR FOUR PEOPLE.
SURE THING.
CAN I GET A RECEIPT, PLEASE?
Huh?! Funabashi-sensei said *what*?!
YEAH, ABOUT THAT. THE OTHER DAY, SHE...
SHE ALWAYS TAKES NOTES WHILE SHE'S EATING.
THINK SHE'S IN THE BIZ?

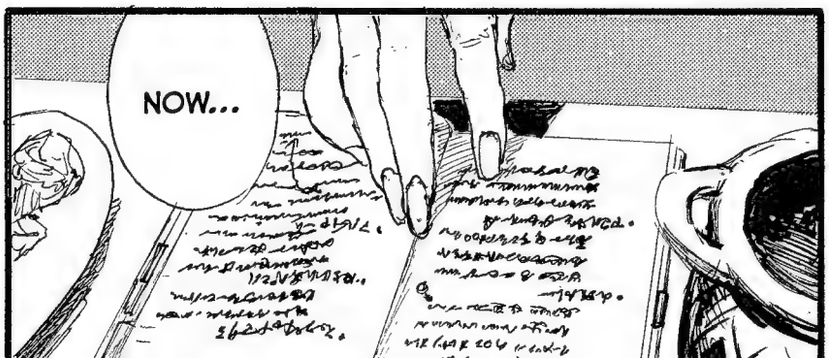
MAYBE SHE'S AN EDITOR FOR AN ONLINE GOURMET MAGAZINE OR SOMETHING.
...WAS THE LAST ONE WE'LL BE TAKING FROM HIM, OKAY?
LISTEN, NEXT TIME HE COMES IN,
NO MATTER WHAT HE HAS FOR US, TELL HIM HIS LAST SCRIPT...
GUESS I DIDN'T GET THROUGH TO HIM AFTER ALL.
IS THAT RIGHT?
YES?
SAY, MISS.
THE NEXT WEEK
I'LL HAVE THE SOUR CHICKEN LEVEL 4, OKRA CURRY, PANEER MAKHANI, NEPALESE DAL CURRY, CHEESE PAKODA, EDAMAME SHADHEKO, AND WHATEVER BREAD YOU RECOMMEND, PLEASE.
ARE YOU BY CHANCE PREGNANT?

SIIP
WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT?

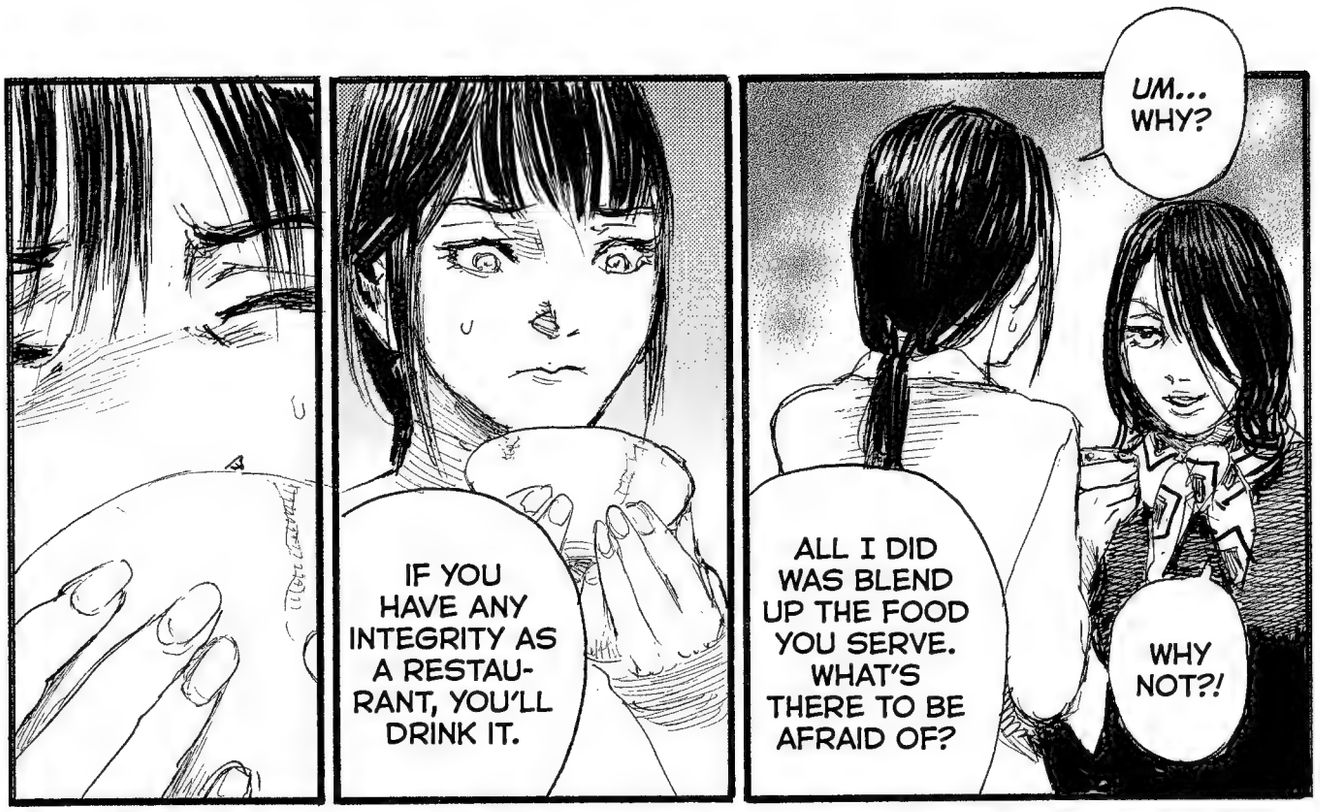
HUH ?!
N-NO, WHY?
I SEE... SORRY. FORGET I SAID ANY-THING.

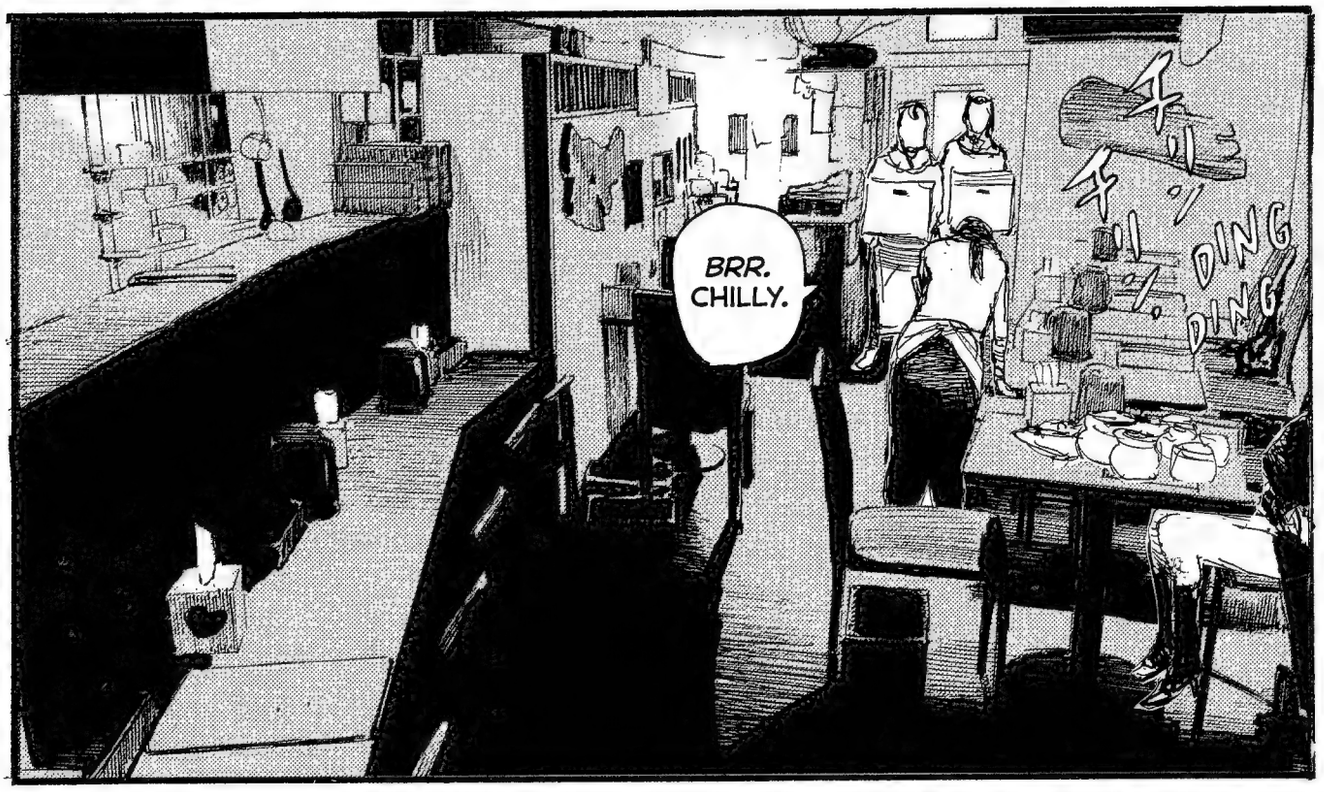
DIDN'T SHE JUST SAY SHE'S FULL?
ALRIGHTY. CAN I GET THE SHRIMP MASALA CURRY, BEEF TENDON CURRY, FISH TIKKA, AND AN ORDER OF SAFFRON RICE, PLEASE?
maybe I'm just hearing things.

THE NEXT WEEK
PHEW.
A DREAMLAND OF BREAD AND CURRY.
VOYAGER
FINALLY TRIED EVERY-THING ON THE MENU.
AHH. I'M STUFFED.


NOW...

she brewing a potion?
NOW WHAT?
JAGA JAGA
OKEY-DOKEY.
YES, SIR.
EXCUSE ME, MISS?
NAKAHARA-KUN! COULD YOU RUN OVER TO THE IMPORT STORE AND HELP THEM UNLOAD BEFORE IT GETS BUSY?
YES?
COULD I ASK YOU TO DOWN THIS IN ONE GULP, PLEASE?


IF YOU HAVE ANY INTEGRITY AS A RESTAU-RANT, YOU'LL DRINK IT.
UM... WHY?
ALL I DID WAS BLEND UP THE FOOD YOU SERVE. WHAT'S THERE TO BE AFRAID OF?
WHY NOT?!


BRR. CHILLY.
DING DING

KLUMP

TACHI-BANA-SAN, COULD YOU FILL THE PITCHER FOR...

HAA
NGH...
AAH...
HAA
AHA
UHF
H-HEY!
WHAT'S
WRONG?!
I...
I'M
SORRY.
MY LEGS
JUST...
GAVE OUT.

BROWN MUSTARD SEED, FENUGREEK, SAFFRON...
GARLIC, LONG PEPPER, CLOVE, FENNEL,
HAA
HUF
HAA
*THIS IS A WORK OF FICTION.
WHAT BETTER PLACE TO REAP THE BENEFITS OF SO MANY DIFFERENT SPICES THAN A CURRY RESTAURANT?
THOUGH I'M A LITTLE WARY OF SAFFRON SINCE IT CAN POTENTIALLY CAUSE MIS-CARRIAGES.
INVIGORATION, INCREASED CIRCULATION, URINARY TRACT REGULATION, BOOSTED ESTROGEN PRODUCTION,
HEIGHTENED STIMULATION, LACTATION FORTIFICATION, IMPROVED UTERUS FUNCTION...

YOU SEE, WITH VALENTINE'S DAY COMING UP,
I'M PLANNING TO DO A FEATURE I CALL "SHAKE AND BAKE! 30 FOODS THAT'LL PUT YOU IN THE BABY-MAKING MOOD."
...HOW VULGAR.
ALLOW ME TO INTRO-DUCE MYSELF.
HERE'S MY CARD.
MIHARU YURI, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF *LAMED MONTHLY?*
Y'MEAN THAT ONE BIG-NAME POP CULTURE MAG? I SEE IT AT CONVENIENCE STORES ALL THE TIME.
FOR NOW, I'D LIKE TO INTERVIEW THIS YOUNG WOMAN HERE,
BUT IF I MAY BE SO BOLD, I ALSO HAPPEN TO HAVE A RECIPE FOR MEN,
SO IF YOU GENTLEMEN WOULD BE SO KIND AS TO TASTE-TEST FOR ME...
IF YOU'D LIKE, I'D BE HAPPY TO PARTAKE AS WELL. WE CAN GATHER AROUND THE TABLE AND BASK IN THE EROGENOUS AGONY TOGETHER.

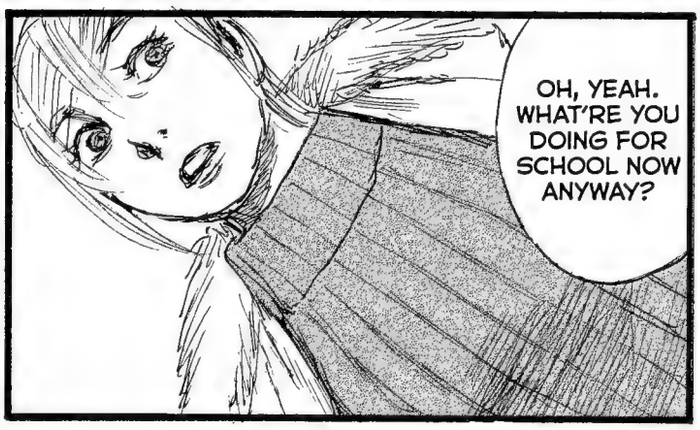
TRUTH BE TOLD, THIS WOULD NOT BE THE LAST WE OR MINARE-SAN WOULD SEE OF THIS WOMAN. BUT THAT IS A TALE FOR ANOTHER TIME...

Chapter 67「NOT FOR BEGINNERS.」

OH!

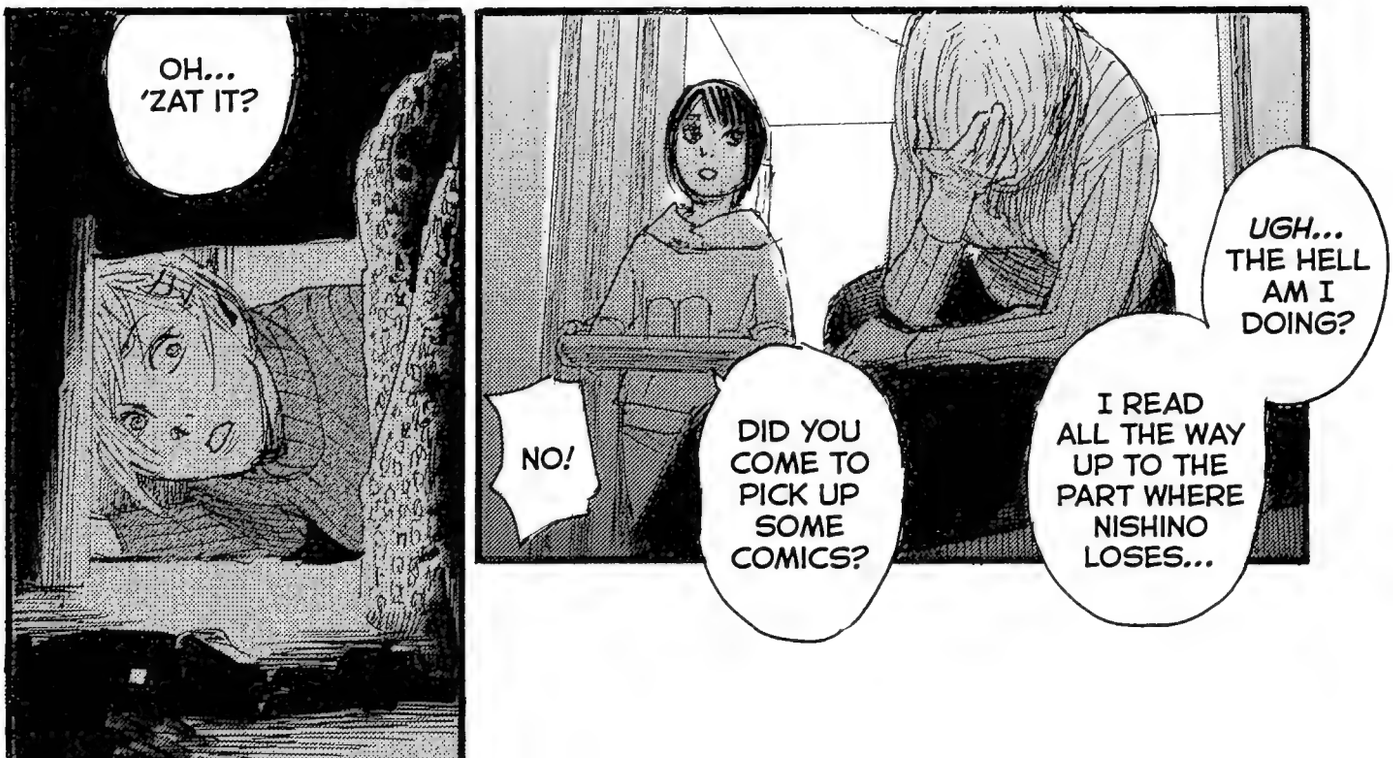
MINARE-SAN!
HEY, HIROMI. WHERE'S YOUR MOM?
WORK. WANT ME TO CALL HER?
GOD, NO! I'M JUST ASKING BECAUSE I'M TRYING TO KEEP FACE TIME WITH HER TO A MINIMUM.

M'KAY, THEN.

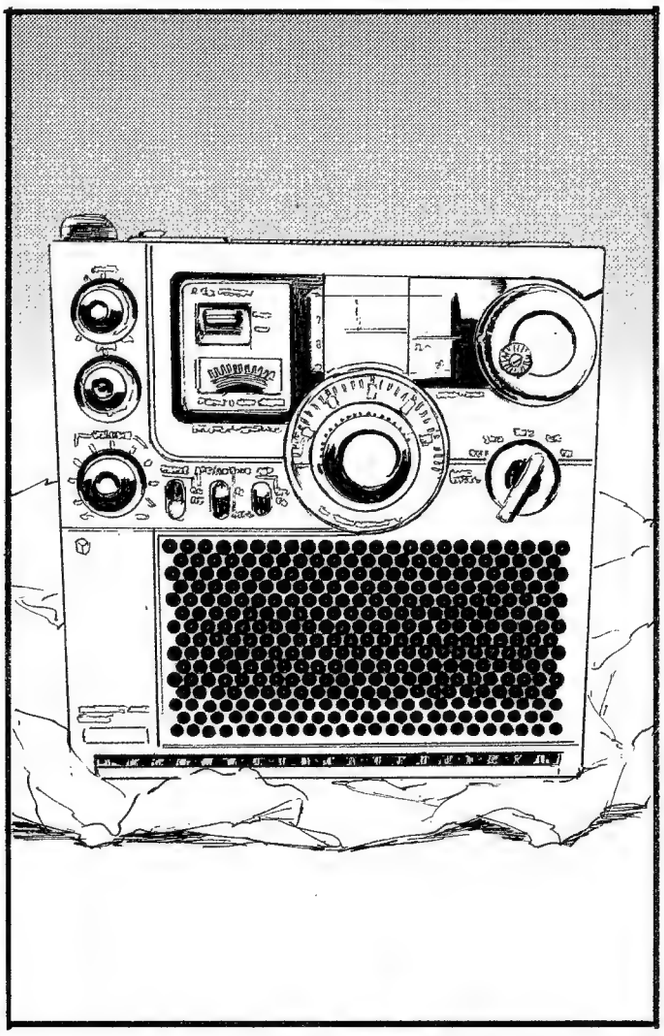

OH, YEAH. WHAT'RE YOU DOING FOR SCHOOL NOW ANYWAY?

FOR REAL?
ONLINE CLASSES.
THAT MAKES TWO PEOPLE I KNOW DOING VIRTUAL LEARNING.

*A 1985 SPORTS MANGA ABOUT JUDO.

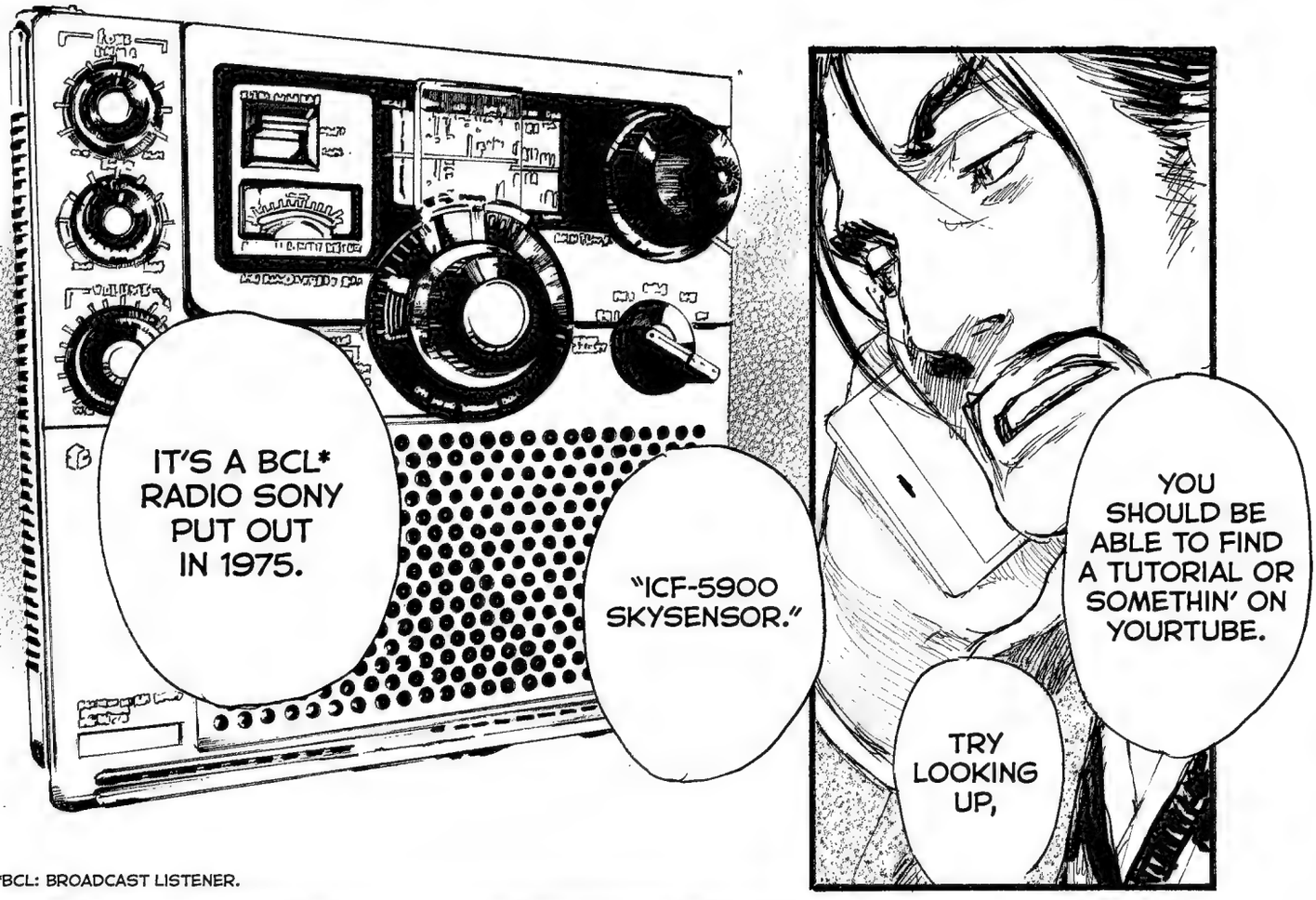


WHAT'S THIS? A RADIO?



HEY. MATO-SAN?
I FOUND THE THING.

HM? HOW DOES IT WORK?
YEAH? GOOD.
WELL, I COULD TELL YOU, BUT WE'RE KINDA SHORT ON TIME. THE SHOW STARTS IN TEN MINUTES.



*BCL: BROADCAST LISTENER.

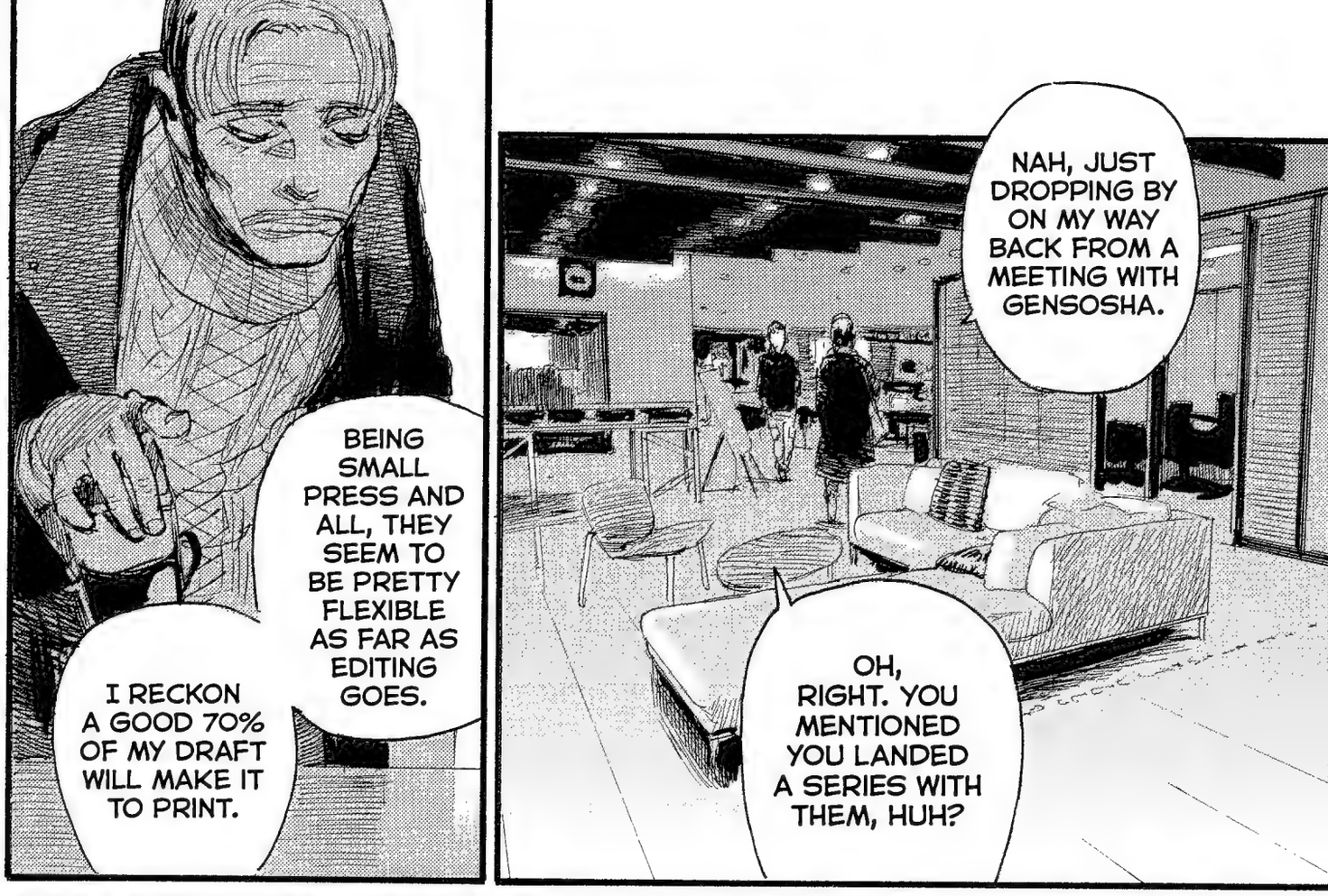
UM... MINARE-SAN?
I MEAN, DO I REALLY HAVE TO TUNE IN *NOW?* CAN'T I JUST WAIT UNTIL MIZUHO GETS HOME?
YOU'RE SHITTIN' ME.
UHH. I HATE TO TELL YA, BUT I DON'T HAVE INTER-NET AT MY PLACE.
WHOA! WHERE'D THE MODEM COME FROM?!
'SUP?
TALK ABOUT MAKING YOURSELF AT HOME...
THERE WAS A SHOW ON SAHARA PRIME MY MOM REALLY WANTED TO WATCH.
I'M SORRY.

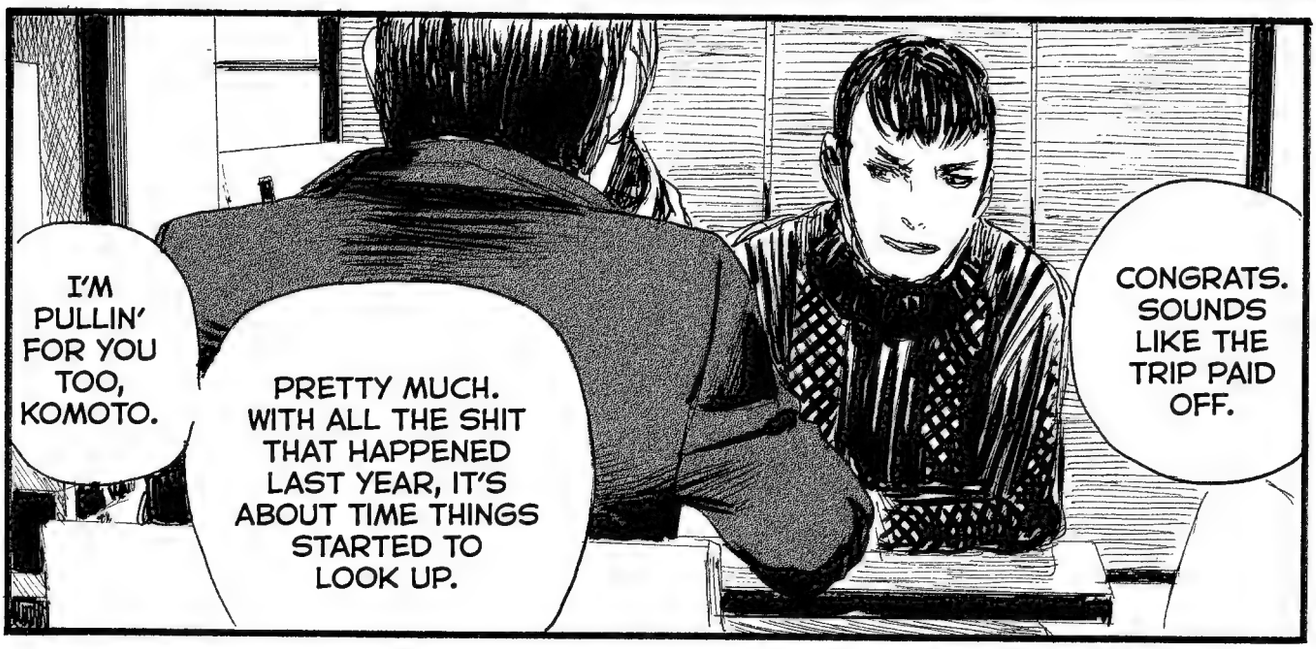
LESSEE. LOGIN, LOGIN...
MAN, I COULDA JUST ASKED NAKAHARA. HE RECORDED THE WHOLE THING ON DVD, NO COMMER-CIALS OR ANYTHING.
WHICH SHOW ANYWAY?
THE EMPEROR'S COOK.
That was quick.
HEY, MATO-SAN?
SO... GOT THE NET SITCH FIGURED OUT.
WHOA, JACKPOT.
FUCK.
IS THERE ANY-THING MORE ANNOYING THAN TYPING WITH A REMOTE?
HUH. THAT'S NEAT.
UHH. IS THIS THE ANTENNA?

BAND SELECT TO SW2. MARKER SWITCH, ON.
MAIN TUNING DIAL TO 12,000 KILOHERTZ.
SUBLET DIAL...
ZRRT
ZZT
OOP!
SOUNDS LIKE CHINESE.
MORE LIKE A MIX OF CHINESE AND ENGLISH STATIONS.
I DUNNO HOW TO MAKE IT ANY CLEARER.
TZZ
TZZ

KINDA SUCKS THAT ALL THESE TUTORIALS EXPECT YOU TO HAVE AT LEAST *SOME* RADIO EXPERIENCE.
OKAY... WHAT FREQUENCY IS CABBAGE PATCH'S STATION?
OH! THINK I GOT IT.
guard in a large white house from August 1917 until May 1918. Although the house was cold in
the winter and the food was plain, their lives were not unbea The girls sewed, emb
WHAAA? SERI-OUSLY?
After a week of travel, the fa arrived in the t of Tobolsk. There they lived under

TSK. NO ANSWER. MUST BE LIVE RIGHT NOW.
HELLO?! MATO-SAN?!
oh, that's what you meant.
clueless
FOR A MOMENT THERE, I WAS ACTUALLY IMPRESSED THAT YOU COULD UNDERSTAND IT, MINARE-SAN.
IT SOUNDS LIKE A GOD DAMN SUTRA!
EVENIN'.
HEY, KUREKO-SAN.
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE WORKING TONIGHT.
MRS

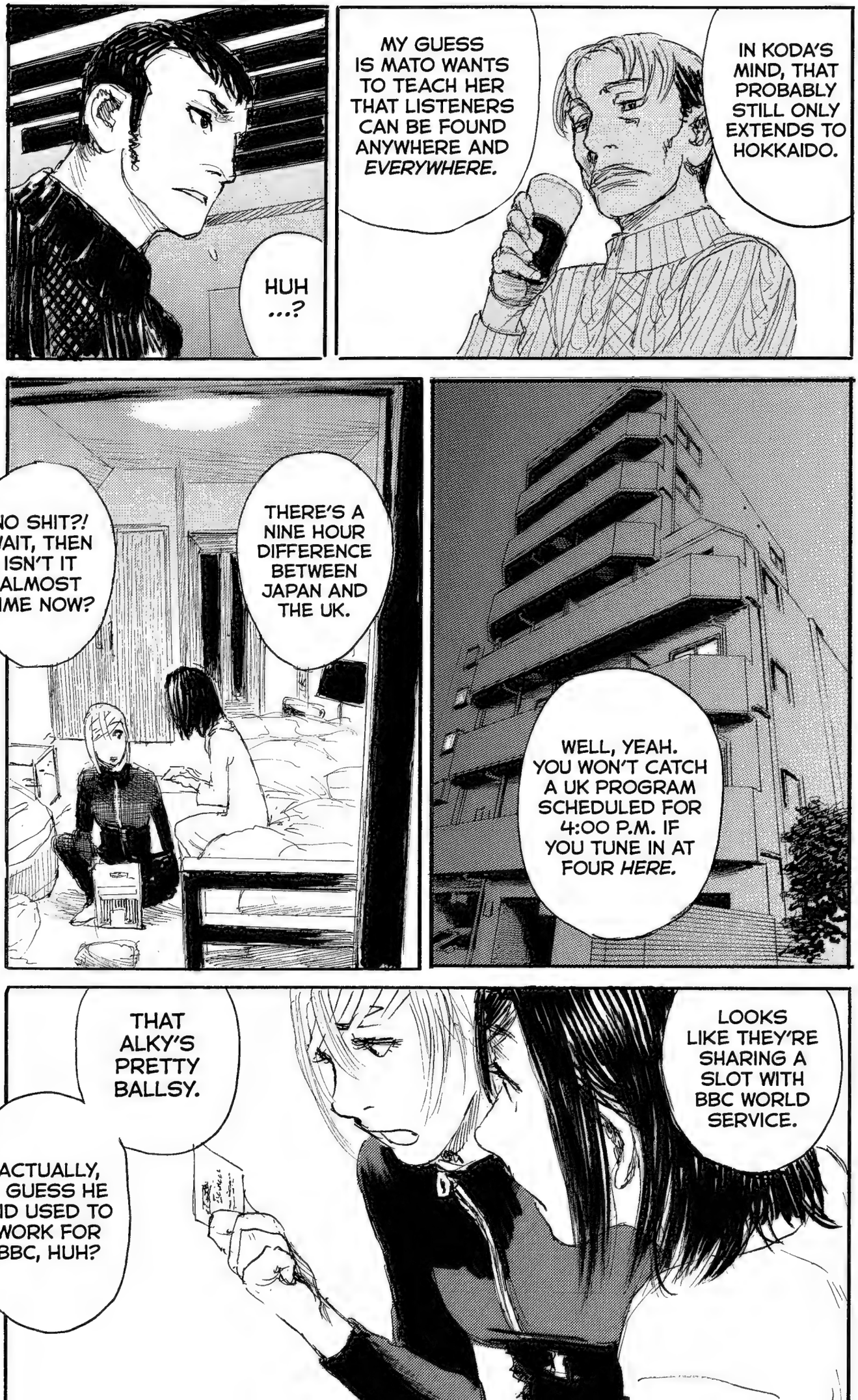

BEING SMALL PRESS AND ALL, THEY SEEM TO BE PRETTY FLEXIBLE AS FAR AS EDITING GOES.
I RECKON A GOOD 70% OF MY DRAFT WILL MAKE IT TO PRINT.
NAH, JUST DROPPING BY ON MY WAY BACK FROM A MEETING WITH GENSOSHA.
OH, RIGHT. YOU MENTIONED YOU LANDED A SERIES WITH THEM, HUH?

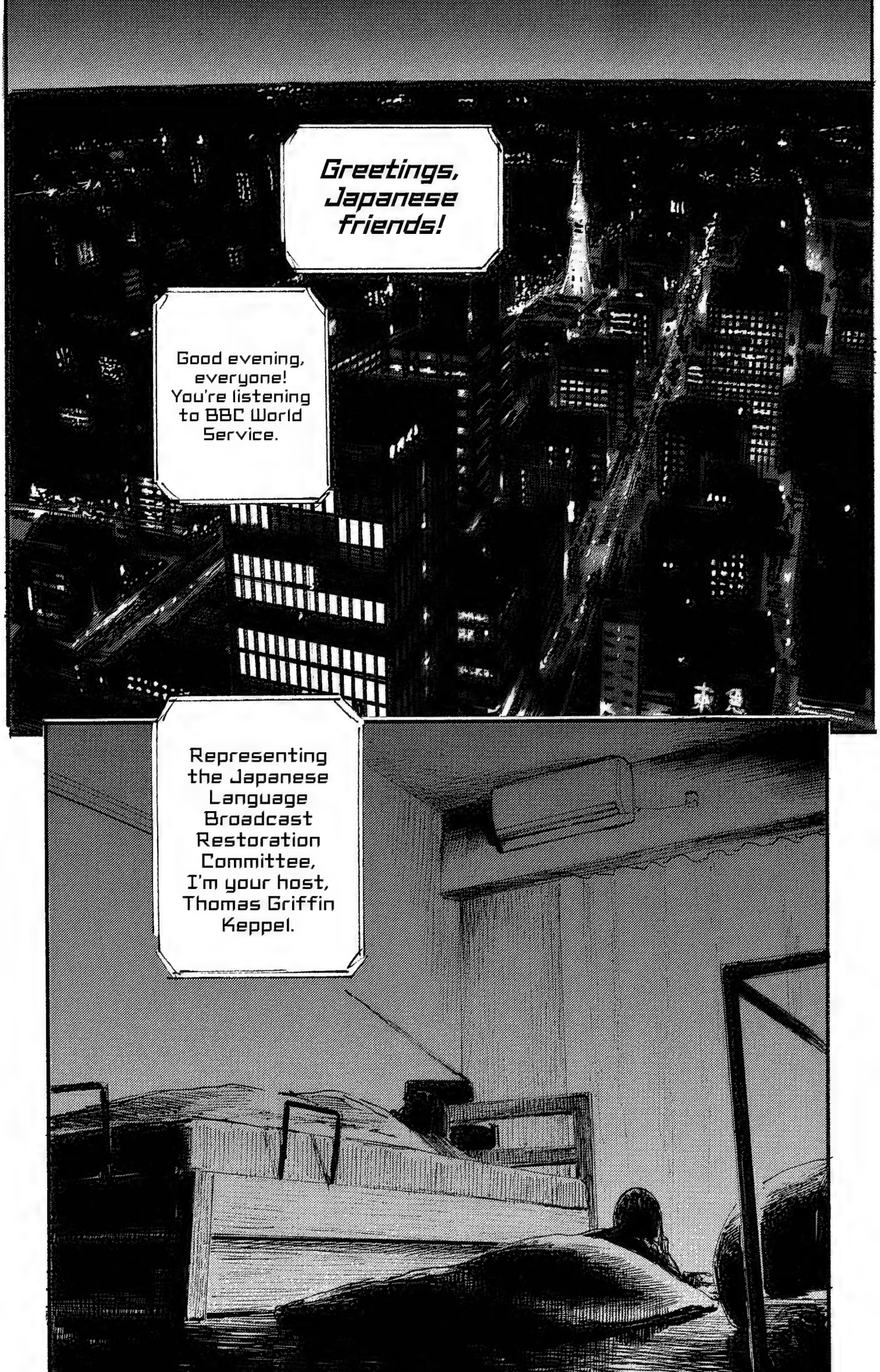

I'M PULLIN' FOR YOU TOO, KOMOTO.
PRETTY MUCH. WITH ALL THE SHIT THAT HAPPENED LAST YEAR, IT'S ABOUT TIME THINGS STARTED TO LOOK UP.
CONGRATS. SOUNDS LIKE THE TRIP PAID OFF.

SO IT SEEMS. I THINK THE SHOW'S SUPPOSED TO AIR TONIGHT.
BY THE WAY, I HEAR KODA HAD GUEST FROM OVER-SEAS ON THE OTHER NIGHT.

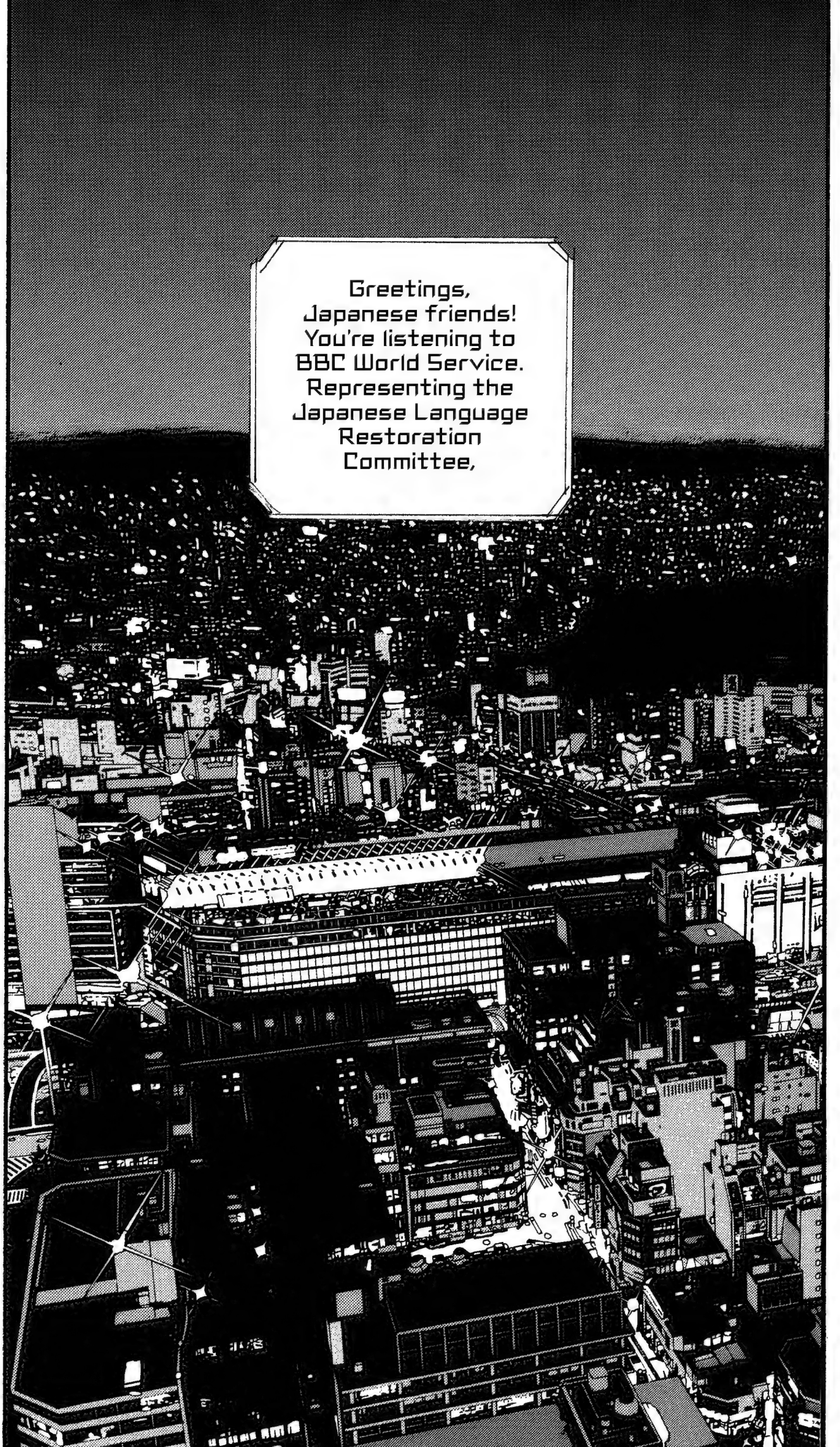
MORE OR LESS.
YOU KNOW HIM?
I'M NOT BUDDIES WITH HIM LIKE MATO, BUT WE'VE MET.
WAIT, THOMAS ?!
HUH... 'ZAT RIGHT.
THEY USED A SONG IN IT...
...BY THIS ONE PORTU-GUESE BAND, RIGHT?
WELL, TWO YEARS LATER, SAID BAND TOURED JAPAN FOR THE FIRST TIME, SO THE STATION GOT THE BRIGHT IDEA TO DO A TWO-NIGHT SPECIAL FEATURING POP MUSIC FROM PORTUGAL AND SPAIN.
HEY, KOMOTO. DO YOU REMEMBER THE COMMERCIAL FOR THE 1991 HONDA ACCORD?
CAN'T SAY I DO. THAT WAS BEFORE MY TIME.

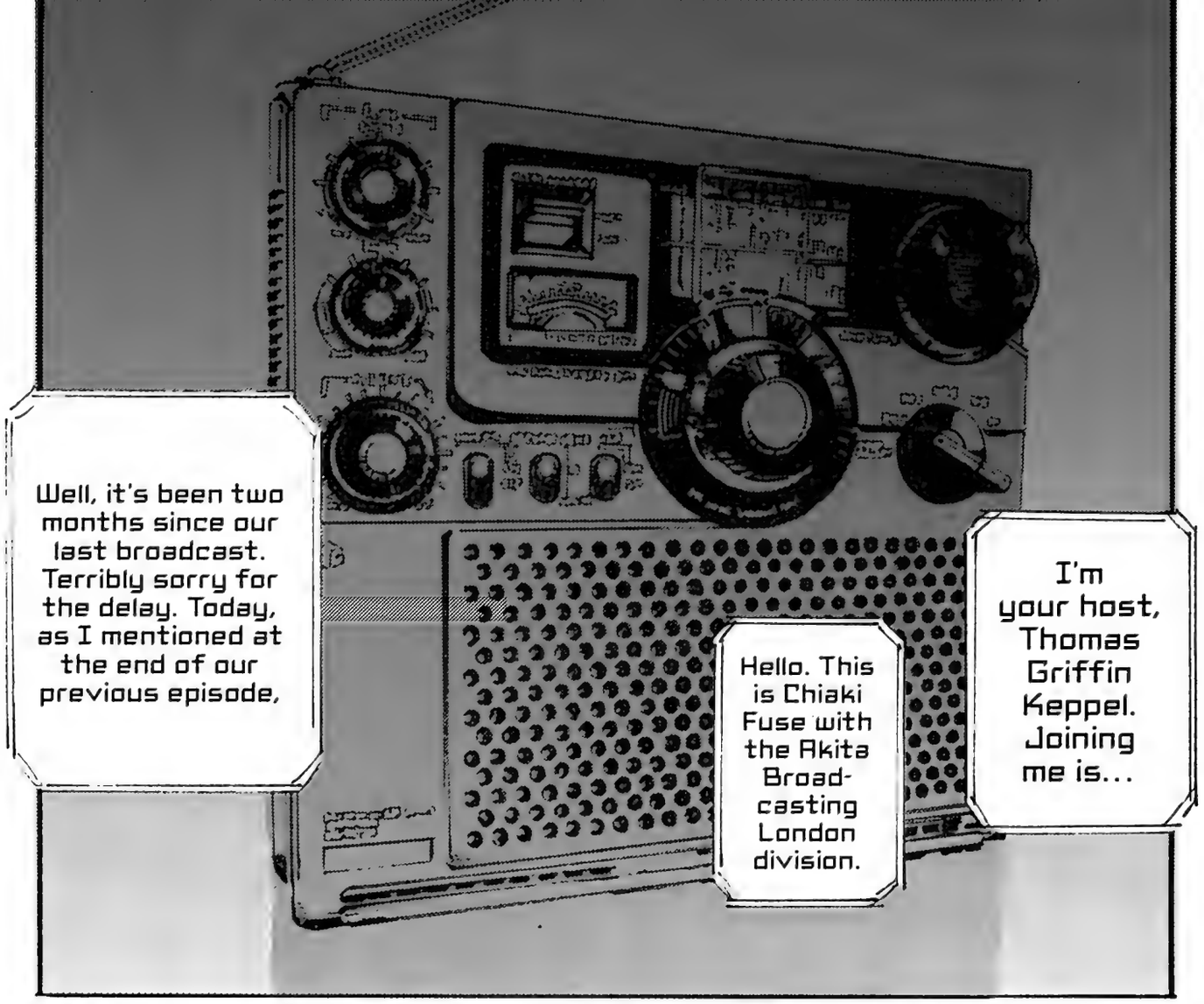
CUZ O' THAT, WE GOT A BUNCH OF POSTCARDS AND FAXES FROM PORTUGUESE AND SPANISH FOLKS LIVING IN JAPAN,
THANKING US FOR PLAYING MUSIC FROM THEIR HOME-LAND. SOME EVEN SAID THEY WERE MOVED TO TEARS.
BACK THEN, YOU REALLY HAD TO COMB THROUGH THE RECORD SHOPS' MEASLY INTER-NATIONAL SECTION TO FIND ANYTHING THAT WASN'T IN ENGLISH.
THAT'S A TOUCHING STORY.
AS FOR KODA,
TILL NOW, SHE'S JUST USED HER LATE-NIGHT SLOT TO DO WHATEVER THE HELL SHE WANTS FOR 20 MINUTES.
Like I had a choice!
BUT EVER SINCE THE QUAKE, I GET THE FEELING SHE'S CHANGED A LITTLE.
RADIO HAS THE POTENTIAL TO HELP PEOPLE IN PROFOUND WAYS.
AND WHILE THAT'S ALWAYS BEEN TRUE OF THE MEDIUM,
KNOWING IT AND EXPERIENCING IT ARE TWO VERY DIFFERENT THINGS.
HAS SHE REALLY CHANGED THAT MUCH?

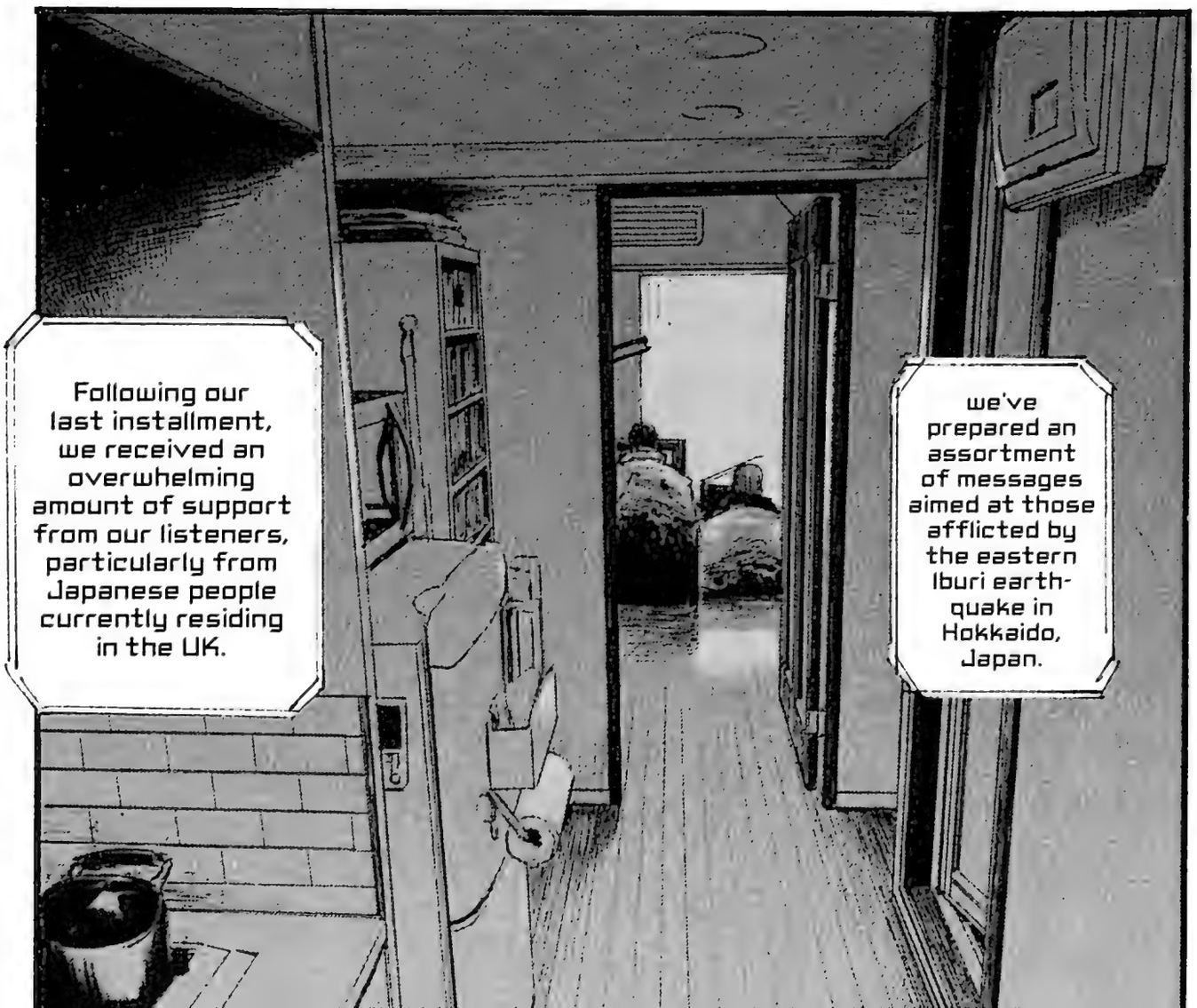

HUH ...?
MY GUESS IS MATO WANTS TO TEACH HER THAT LISTENERS CAN BE FOUND ANYWHERE AND *EVERYWHERE.*
IN KODA'S MIND, THAT PROBABLY STILL ONLY EXTENDS TO HOKKAIDO.
NO SHIT?! WAIT, THEN ISN'T IT ALMOST TIME NOW?
THERE'S A NINE HOUR DIFFERENCE BETWEEN JAPAN AND THE UK.
WELL, YEAH. YOU WON'T CATCH A UK PROGRAM SCHEDULED FOR 4:00 P.M. IF YOU TUNE IN AT FOUR *HERE.*
THAT ALKY'S PRETTY BALLSY.
ACTUALLY, I GUESS HE DID USED TO WORK FOR BBC, HUH?
LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE SHARING A SLOT WITH BBC WORLD SERVICE.

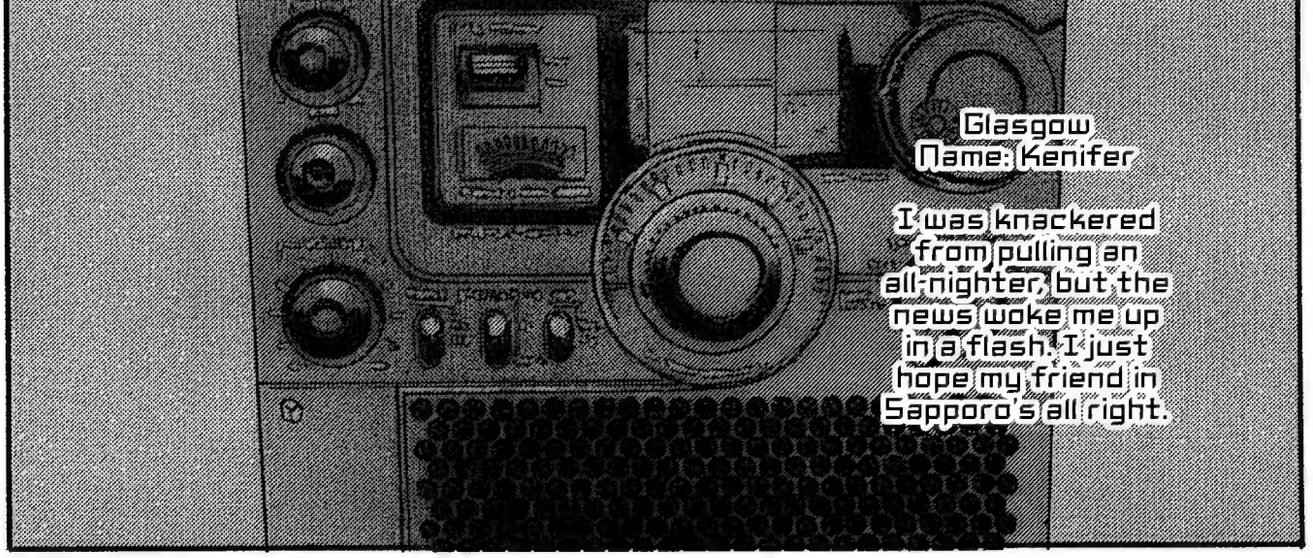

Greetings, Japanese friends!
Good evening, everyone! You're listening to BBC World Service.
Representing the Japanese Language Broadcast Restoration Committee, I'm your host, Thomas Griffin Keppel.

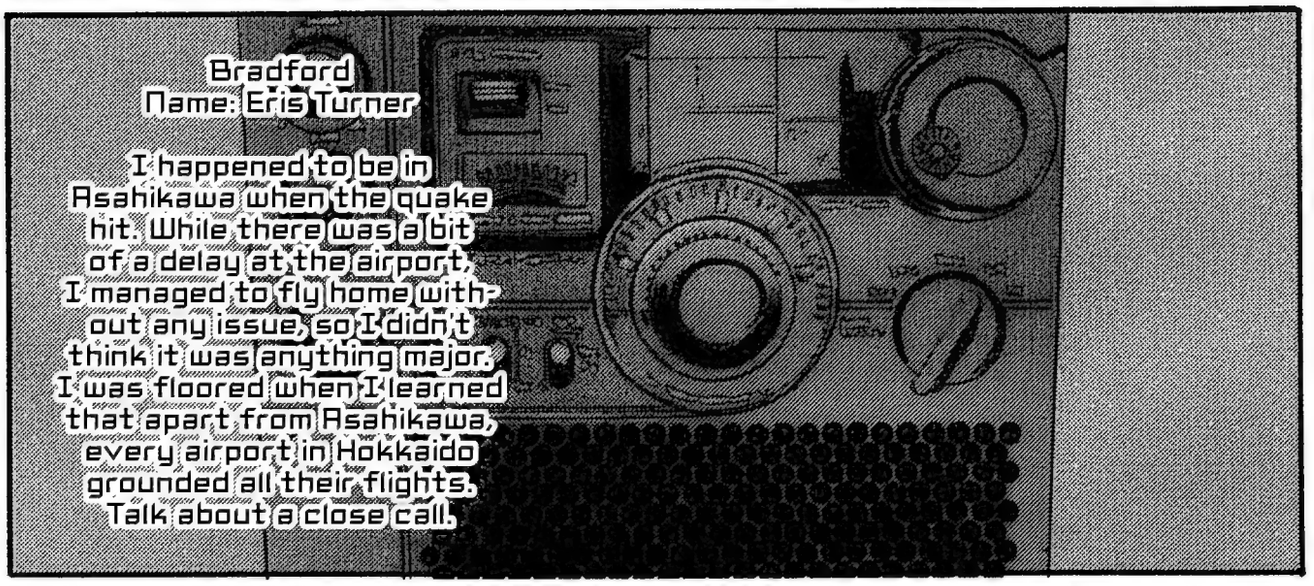
Chapter 88 「 IT'S TOO SOON TO CALL IT QUITS. 」

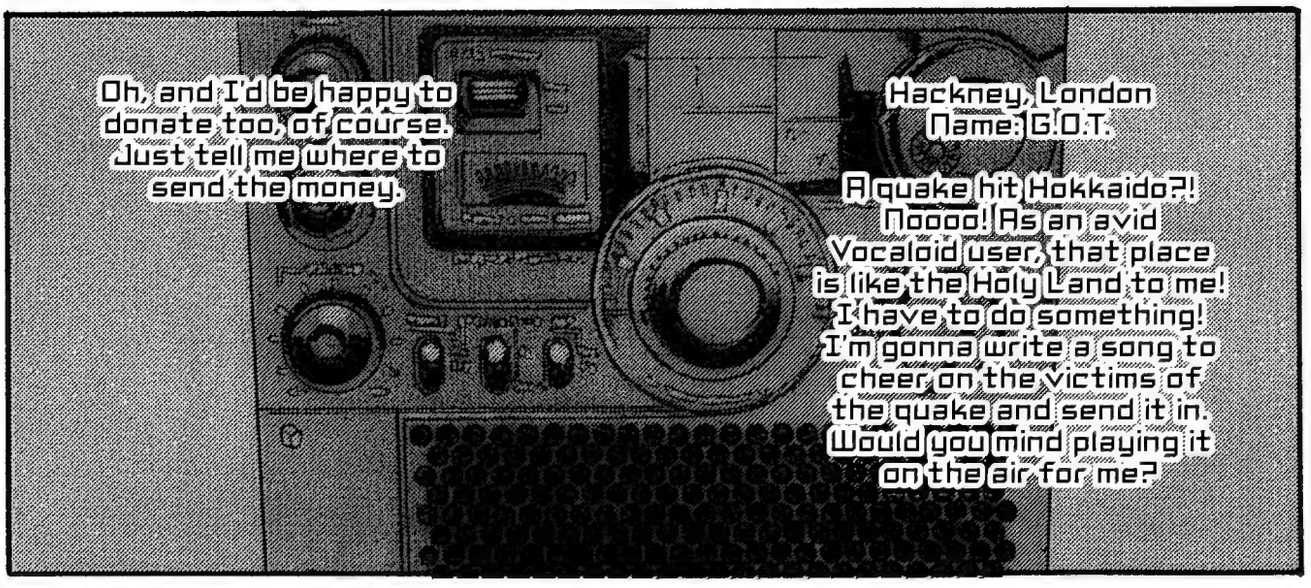

Greetings,
Japanese friends!
You're listening to
BBC World Service.
Representing the
Japanese Language
Restoration
Committee,

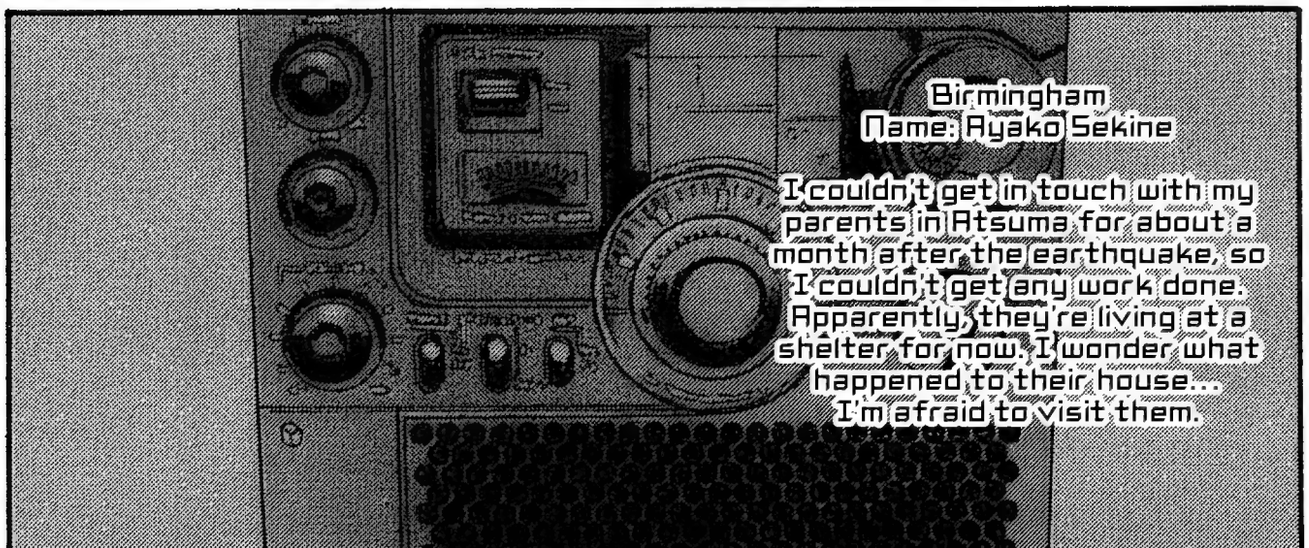

Well, it's been two months since our last broadcast. Terribly sorry for the delay. Today, as I mentioned at the end of our previous episode,
Hello. This is Chiaki Fuse with the Akita Broad-casting London division.
I'm your host, Thomas Griffin Keppel. Joining me is...

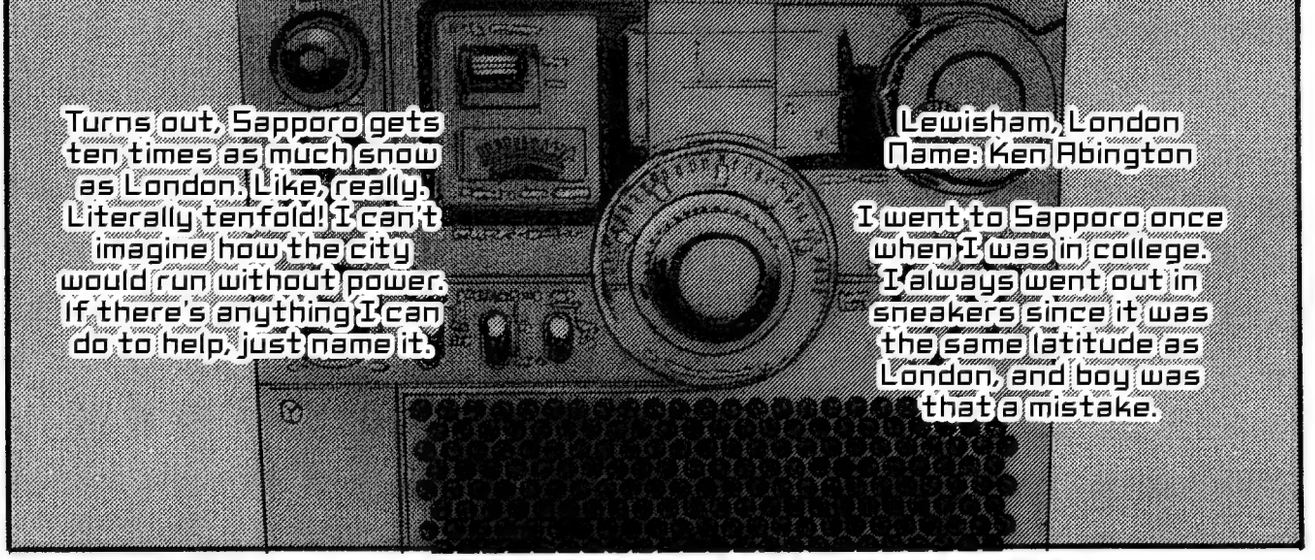

Following our last installment, we received an overwhelming amount of support from our listeners, particularly from Japanese people currently residing in the UK.
we've prepared an assortment of messages aimed at those afflicted by the eastern Iburi earth-quake in Hokkaido, Japan.

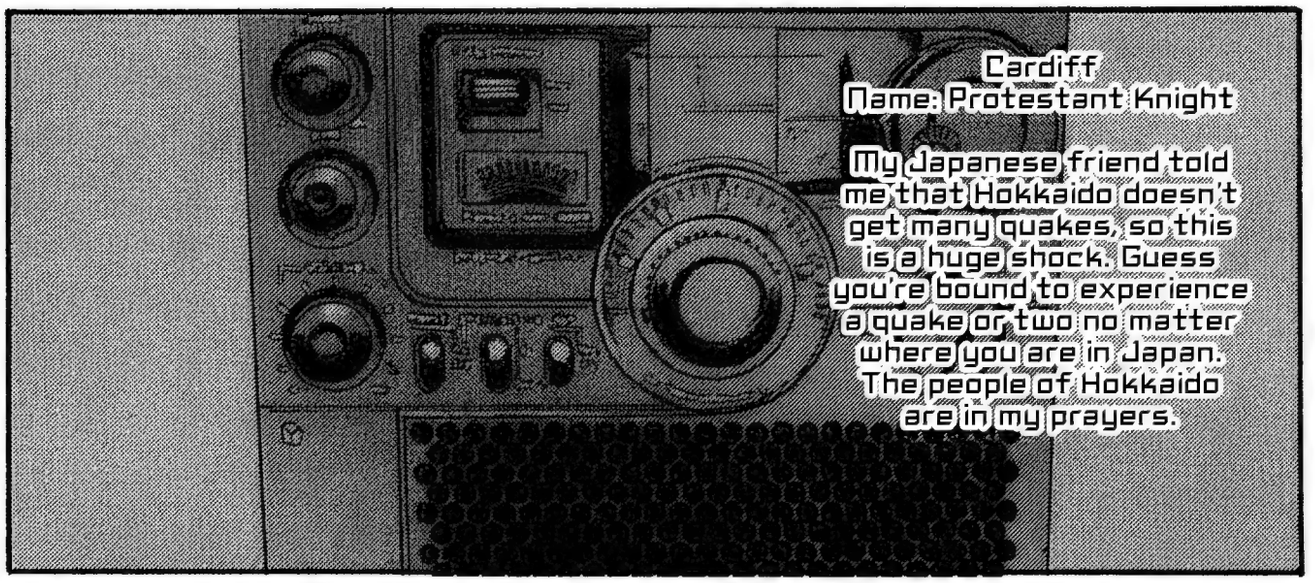

Glasgow
Name: Kenifer
I was knackered from pulling an all-nighter, but the news woke me up in a flash. I just hope my friend in Sapporo's all right.

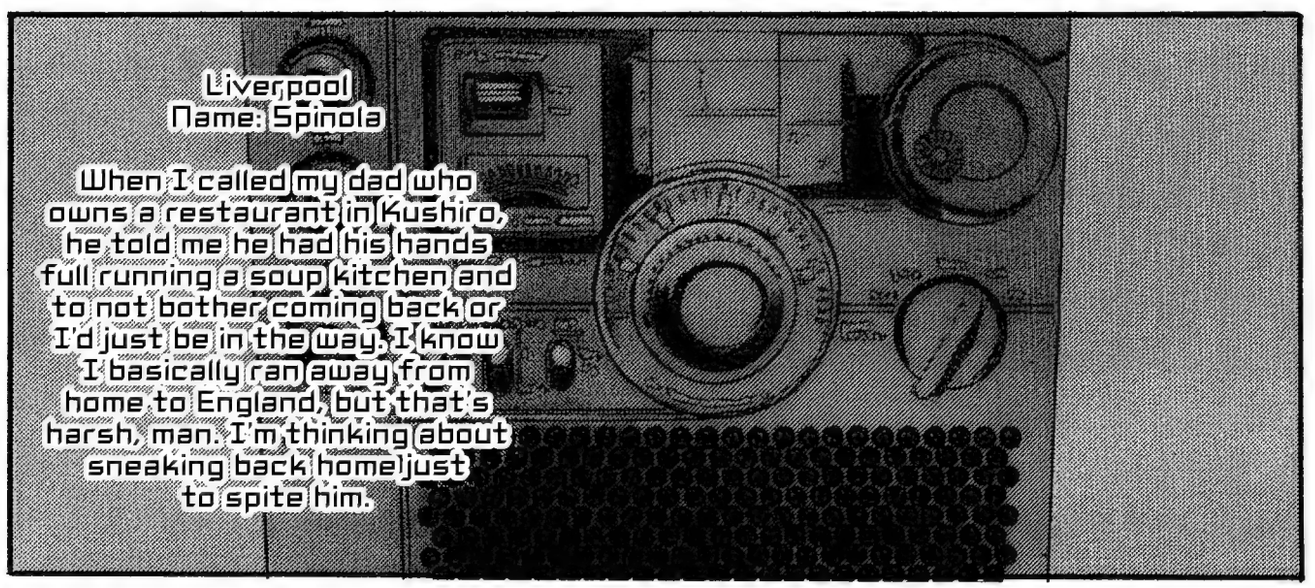

Bradford
Name: Eris Turner
I happened to be in Asahikawa when the quake hit. While there was a bit of a delay at the airport, I managed to fly home without any issue, so I didn't think it was anything major. I was floored when I learned that apart from Asahikawa, every airport in Hokkaido grounded all their flights. Talk about a close call.

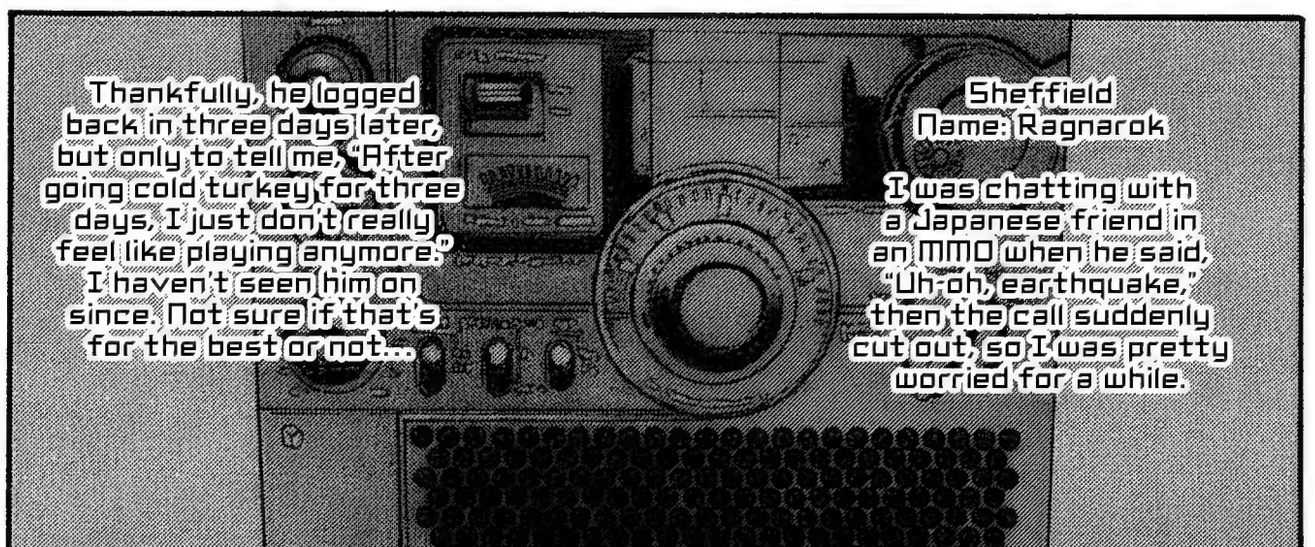

Hackney, London
Name: G.O.T.
A quake hit Hokkaido?! Noooo! As an avid Vocaloid user, that place is like the Holy Land to me! I have to do something! I'm gonna write a song to cheer on the victims of the quake and send it in. Would you mind playing it on the air for me?
Oh, and I'd be happy to donate too, of course. Just tell me where to send the money.

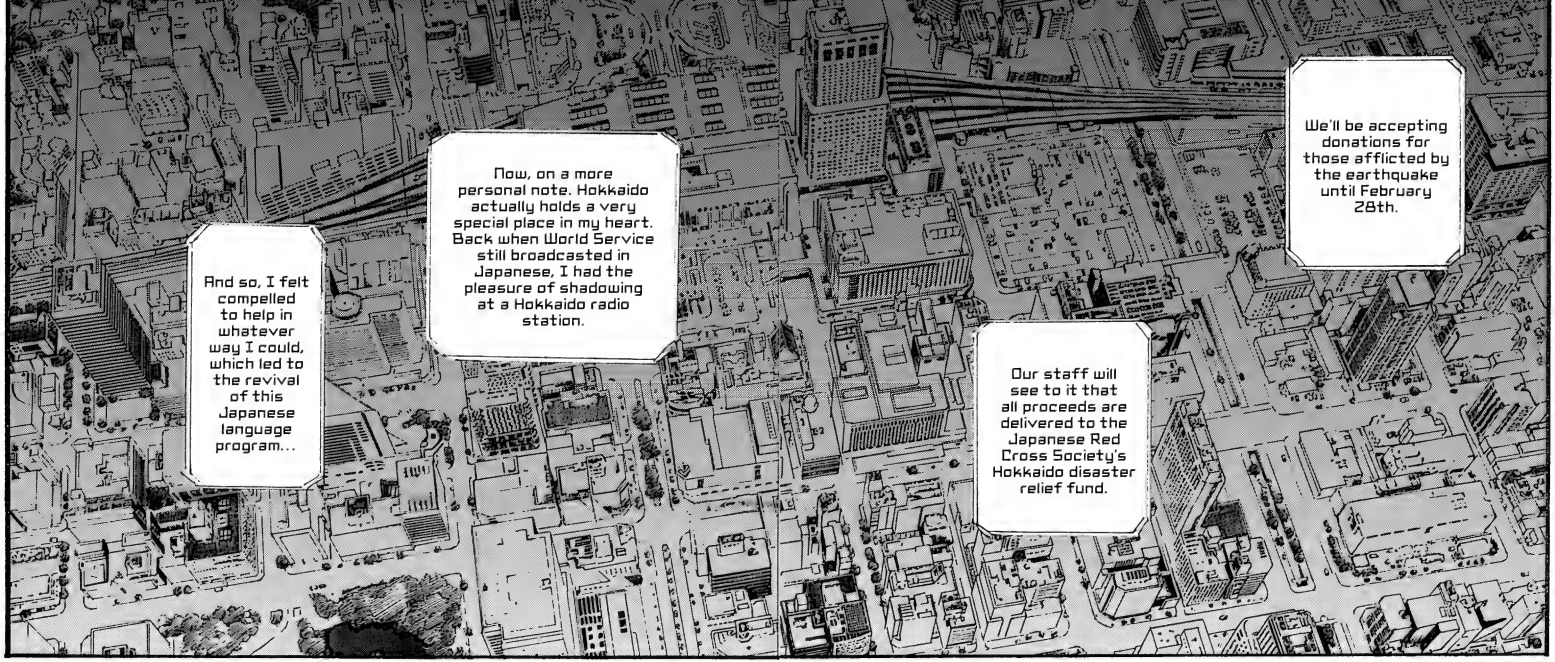

Birmingham
Name: Ayako Sekine
I couldn't get in touch with my parents in Atsuma for about a month after the earthquake, so I couldn't get any work done. Apparently, they're living at a shelter for now. I wonder what happened to their house... I'm afraid to visit them.

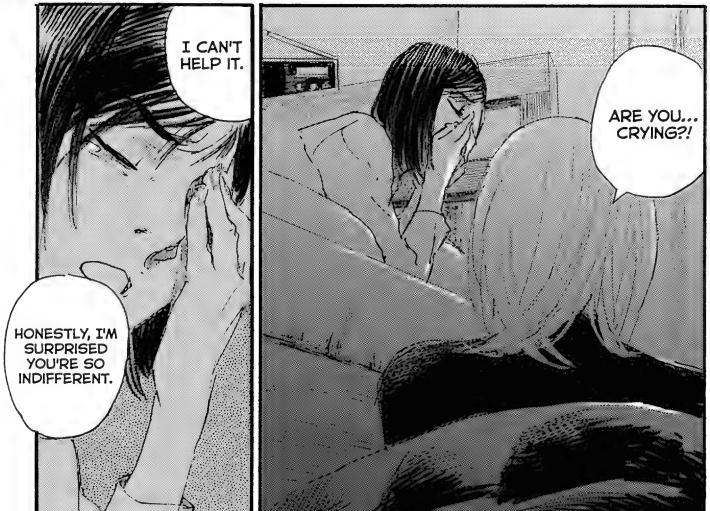

Turns out, Sapporo gets ten times as much snow as London. Like, really. Literally tenfold! I can't imagine how the city would run without power. If there's anything I can do to help, just name it.
Lewisham, London
Name: Ken Abington
I went to Sapporo once when I was in college. I always went out in sneakers since it was the same latitude as London, and boy was that a mistake.


Cardiff
Name: Protestant Knight
My Japanese friend told me that Hokkaido doesn't get many quakes, so this is a huge shock. Guess you're bound to experience a quake or two no matter where you are in Japan. The people of Hokkaido are in my prayers.


Liverpool
Name: Spinola
When I called my dad who owns a restaurant in Kushiro, he told me he had his hands full running a soup kitchen and to not bother coming back or I'd just be in the way. I know I basically ran away from home to England, but that's harsh, man. I'm thinking about sneaking back home just to spite him.


Thankfully, he logged back in three days later, but only to tell me, "After going cold turkey for three days, I just don't really feel like playing anymore." I haven't seen him on since. Not sure if that's for the best or not...
Sheffield
Name: Ragnarok
I was chatting with a Japanese friend in an MMO when he said, "Uh-oh, earthquake," then the call suddenly cut out, so I was pretty worried for a while.


We'll be accepting donations for those afflicted by the earthquake until February 28th.
Now, on a more personal note. Hokkaido actually holds a very special place in my heart. Back when World Service still broadcasted in Japanese, I had the pleasure of shadowing at a Hokkaido radio station.
And so, I felt compelled to help in whatever way I could, which led to the revival of this Japanese language program...
Our staff will see to it that all proceeds are delivered to the Japanese Red Cross Society's Hokkaido disaster relief fund.

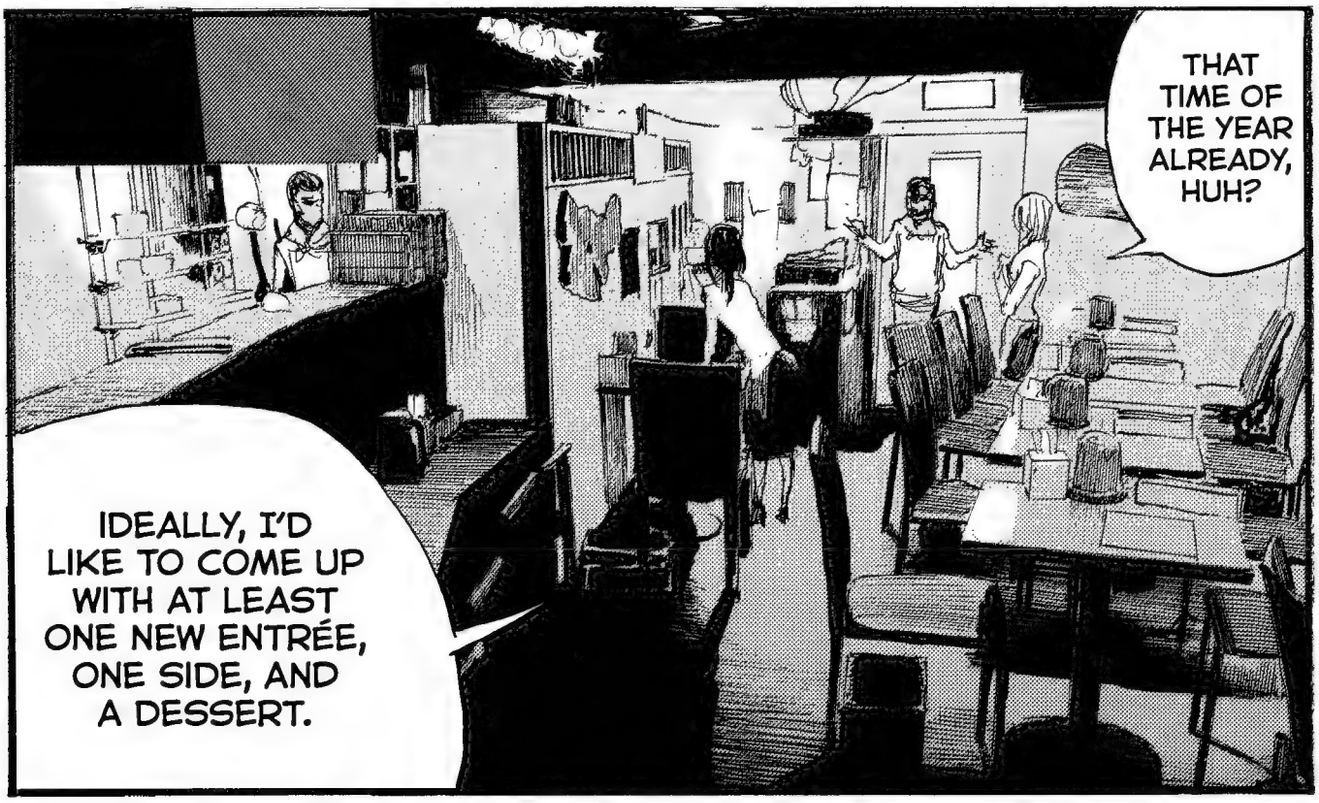

I CAN'T HELP IT.
HONESTLY, I'M SURPRISED YOU'RE SO INDIFFERENT.
ARE YOU... CRYING?!

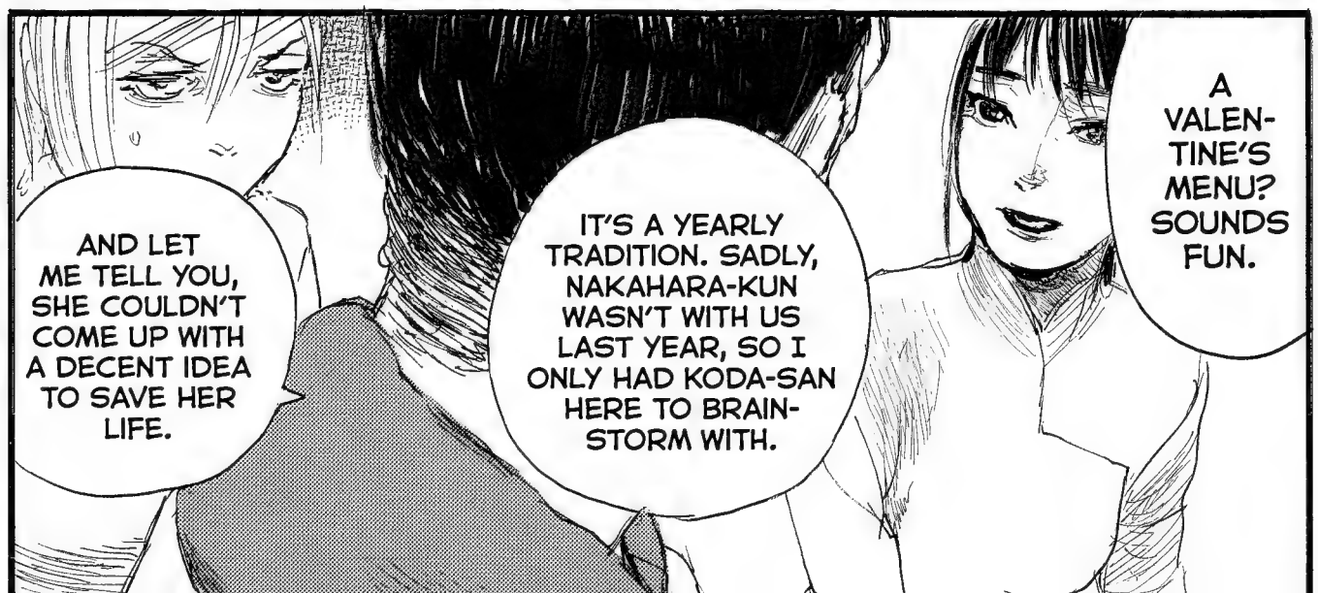
HIM? UH-UH. THIS SEGMENT'S WAY TOO HEARTFELT TO HAVE BEEN HIS IDEA.
HM? UMM. THOMAS KEPPEL, I ASSUME.
I WOULD KNOW. DUDE FELT UP MY ASS A SOLID NINE TIMES.
HUH? HEY...
...WHO THE HELL CAME UP WITH THIS SHOW?

THE EARTH-QUAKE WAS A DISASTER WE HOKKAIDOANS WON'T FORGET ANYTIME SOON.
BUT AT THE END OF THE DAY,
FOR BETTER OR WORSE,
THE CASUALTIES WEREN'T NEARLY BAD ENOUGH TO MAKE HEAD-LINES INTER-NATIONALLY.
SO, HEARING PEOPLE OVERSEAS CALL OUT IN SUPPORT OF HOKKAIDO,
AND HAVING SO MANY PEOPLE RESPOND IN KIND...
...JUST REALLY WARMS MY HEART, AND IT MAKES ME WANT TO REACH OUT TO PEOPLE IN NEED TOO.
WHEN DID BBC BROAD-CAST IN JAPANESE, ANYWAY?
UP UNTIL 1991, AS FAR AS I KNOW.
HUH...
THE ONLY ASIAN PROGRAMS THEY DO NOW ARE IN CANTONESE AND VIETNAMESE.

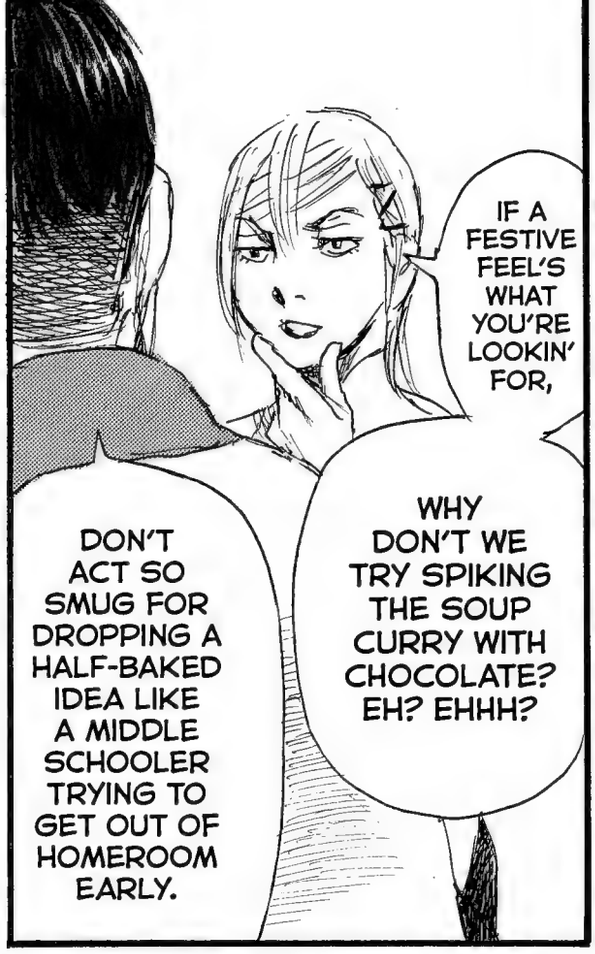
TRUE. EVERYTHING YOU MENTIONED IS BASICALLY WHAT'S BEEN KILLING THE RADIO INDUSTRY.
RIGHT?
STILL, ISN'T IT A LI'L LATE TO BRING IT BACK NOW?
THESE DAYS, YOU CAN GET INTERNATIONAL NEWS JUST ABOUT ANYWHERE ONLINE. VIDEO SITES, BLOGS, SOCIAL MEDIA...
HEY, WHY DON'T WE INVITE THOMAS BACK ON THE SHOW?
I MEAN, IF YOU SAY SO...
FOR REAL?
THERE'S A LOT I'D LIKE TO ASK HIM ABOUT BECOMING A DIRECTOR ANYWAY.
UM... I MORE MEANT WE SHOULD REDO THINGS SO IT *DOESN'T* BECOME A TOTAL DISASTER LIKE LAST TIME.
LIKE SOME CHICKEN SKEWERS FROM KISUMU OR SOMETHING!
BUT, UHH, CAN WE GET SOME SNACKS TO GO WITH THE BEER NEXT TIME?

OKAY, GANG! HUDDLE UP!


THAT TIME OF THE YEAR ALREADY, HUH?
IDEALLY, I'D LIKE TO COME UP WITH AT LEAST ONE NEW ENTRÉE, ONE SIDE, AND A DESSERT.

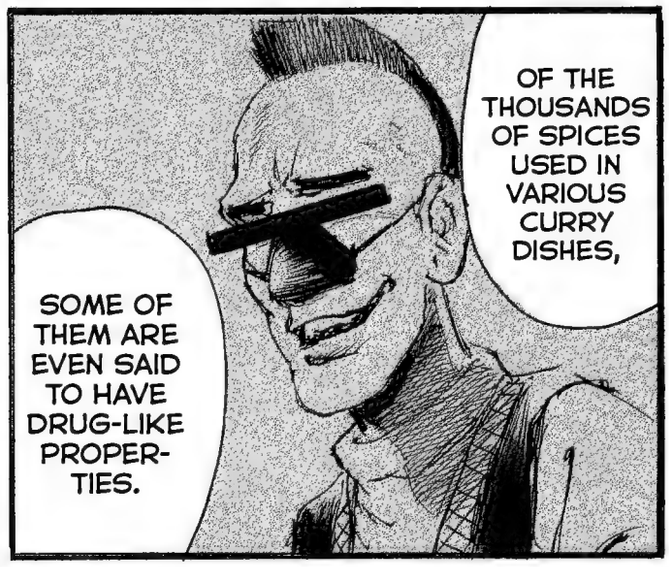

A VALEN-TINE'S MENU? SOUNDS FUN.
IT'S A YEARLY TRADITION. SADLY, NAKAHARA-KUN WASN'T WITH US LAST YEAR, SO I ONLY HAD KODA-SAN HERE TO BRAIN-STORM WITH.
AND LET ME TELL YOU, SHE COULDN'T COME UP WITH A DECENT IDEA TO SAVE HER LIFE.

HMM.
ANY IDEAS, NAKA-HARA-KUN?
OH, C'MON! KNEADING GHOST PEPPER POWDER INTO THE BREAD DOUGH TO MAKE EVERYTHING V-DAY COLOR WAS A GREAT IDEA!
WHAT BACKWOODS DEVIL-WORSHIPING VILLAGE WERE YOU BORN IN?
CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING FLAVOR-WISE AT THE MOMENT,
BUT Y'KNOW HOW WE HAVE THAT VEGGIE-LOADED CURRY?
WHAT IF WE TAKE EVERY DISH THAT USES ROOT VEGETABLES, BOILED EGGS, SEITAN, GELATIN, AND SUCH,
AND DO THE SAME THING, BUT INSTEAD OF JUST HEARTS, WE USE A VARIETY OF HOLIDAY CUTOUTS.
ALONG WITH THE SPECIAL MENU, I THINK THAT'D REALLY HELP GIVE THE STORE A FESTIVE FEEL.
AHH. GOOD THINKING.
WHAT IF WE JAZZ IT UP BY CUTTING EVERYTHING INTO HEARTS OR SOME-THING?
A DREAMLAND OF BREAD AND CURRY. VOYAGER
VOYAGER
UM. IN THAT CASE...


IF A FESTIVE FEEL'S WHAT YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR,
WHY DON'T WE TRY SPIKING THE SOUP CURRY WITH CHOCOLATE? EH? EHHH?
DON'T ACT SO SMUG FOR DROPPING A HALF-BAKED IDEA LIKE A MIDDLE SCHOOLER TRYING TO GET OUT OF HOMEROOM EARLY.

NOW, THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!
I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON YOUR PLANNING SKILLS, TACHIBANA-SAN!
NO, NO. I WAS JUST EXPANDING ON NAKA-HARA-SAN'S IDEA.

THEN HOW 'BOUT THIS?
SO, THIS IS ALL JUST AN URBAN LEGEND, BUT...


OF THE THOUSANDS OF SPICES USED IN VARIOUS CURRY DISHES,
SOME OF THEM ARE EVEN SAID TO HAVE DRUG-LIKE PROPER-TIES.

AS FOR THE MENU, I'D LIKE TO GO WITH A DISH THAT PACKS A PUNCH.
FOR SOMEONE WITH NO IDEAS OF HIS OWN, THIS DUDE SURE LOVES TO MAKE VAGUE DEMANDS, HUH?
LIKE... SOMETHING THAT REALLY CAPTURES THE ESSENCE OF LOVE, YOU KNOW?

SO, USING YOUR GUYS' SPICE KNOWLEDGE, ALONG WITH THE INFO IN THAT ONE 16 GIG ARCHIVE,
WHAT IF WE WERE TO CONCOCT A CURRY THAT ACTS AS AN APHRODISIAC, HMM?
I MEAN, WE'D PROBABLY WANNA BE LI'L MORE SUBTLE ABOUT IT, SO WE COULD JUST SAY IT'S "BLESSED WITH A SPELL TO MAKE LOVE COME TRUE" OR SOME BULLSHIT.
IF WORD GETS OUT THAT PEOPLE HAVE BEEN HOOKING UP AFTER EATING HERE ON DATES, WE'RE GOLDEN.
AND ONCE THE PRECEDENT'S SET, WE CAN JUST TAKE OUT THE PRICEY SPICES. NOT LIKE THE CUSTOMERS CAN TASTE THE DIFFERENCE OR ANYTHING.

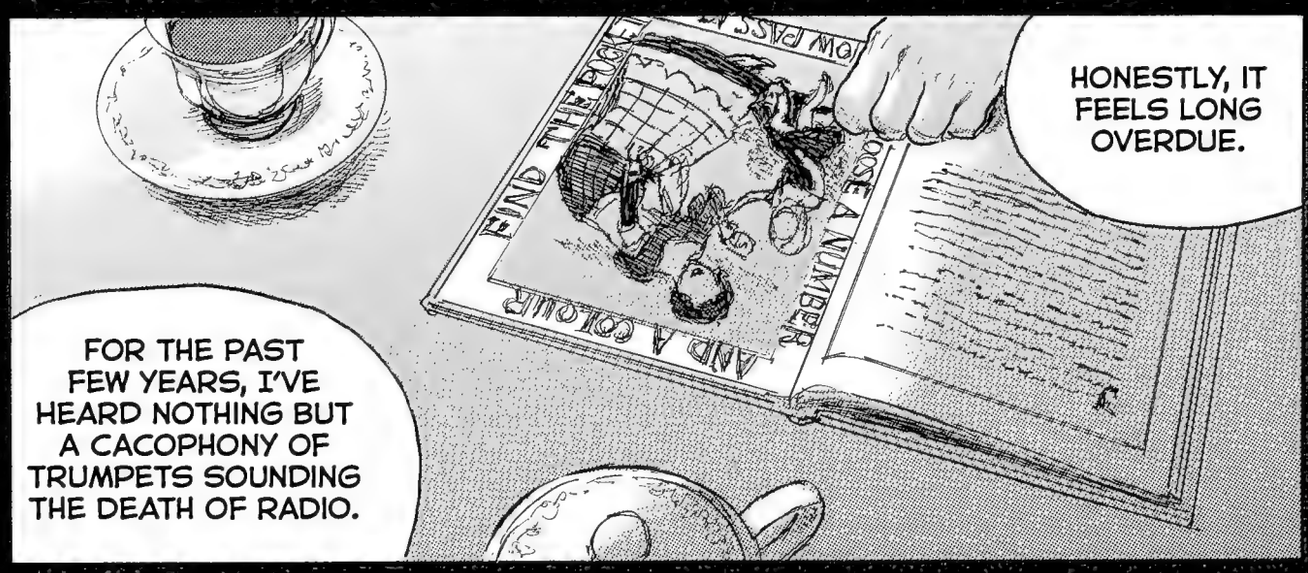
SLAP!
OH, SHI— TACHI-BANA-SAN!
DID THAT AWFUL WOMAN PUT YOU UP TO THIS?!
I THOUGHT IT WAS ODD THAT SHE ONLY SHOWED UP WHEN YOU WERE OFF!
HUH?! THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
WHAT WOMAN? WHO?!
scarred
LONDON, 1988

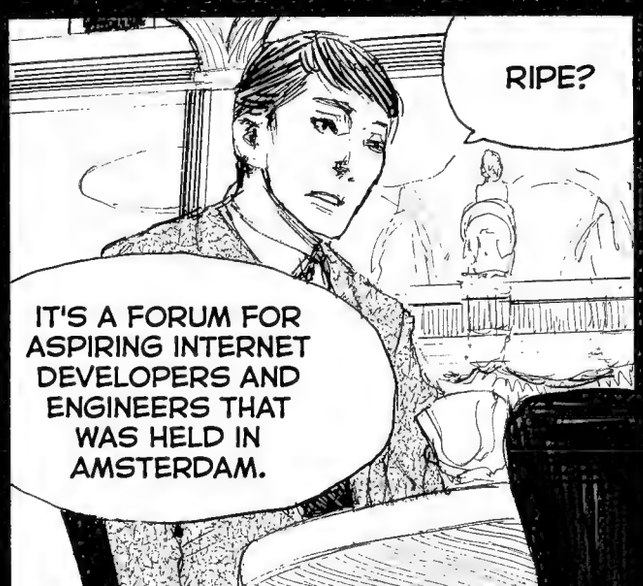
SISSEL...
...HEY, THOMAS.
HAVE YOU TAKEN TO FONDLING MEN'S BUTTS TOO?
OH, SORRY! BAD HABIT.
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN.
BEG PARDON. YOU JUST LOOKED SO STUNNING IN YOUR KIMONO.
HEH HEH. SO, IT SEEMS THE LADYKILLER INFAMOUSLY KNOWN AS THE RADIO INDUSTRY'S HENRY VIII...
...HAS FINALLY BRIDGED THE GENDER GAP, HAS HE?

YOU'RE REALLY GOING BACK TO JAPAN, THEN?

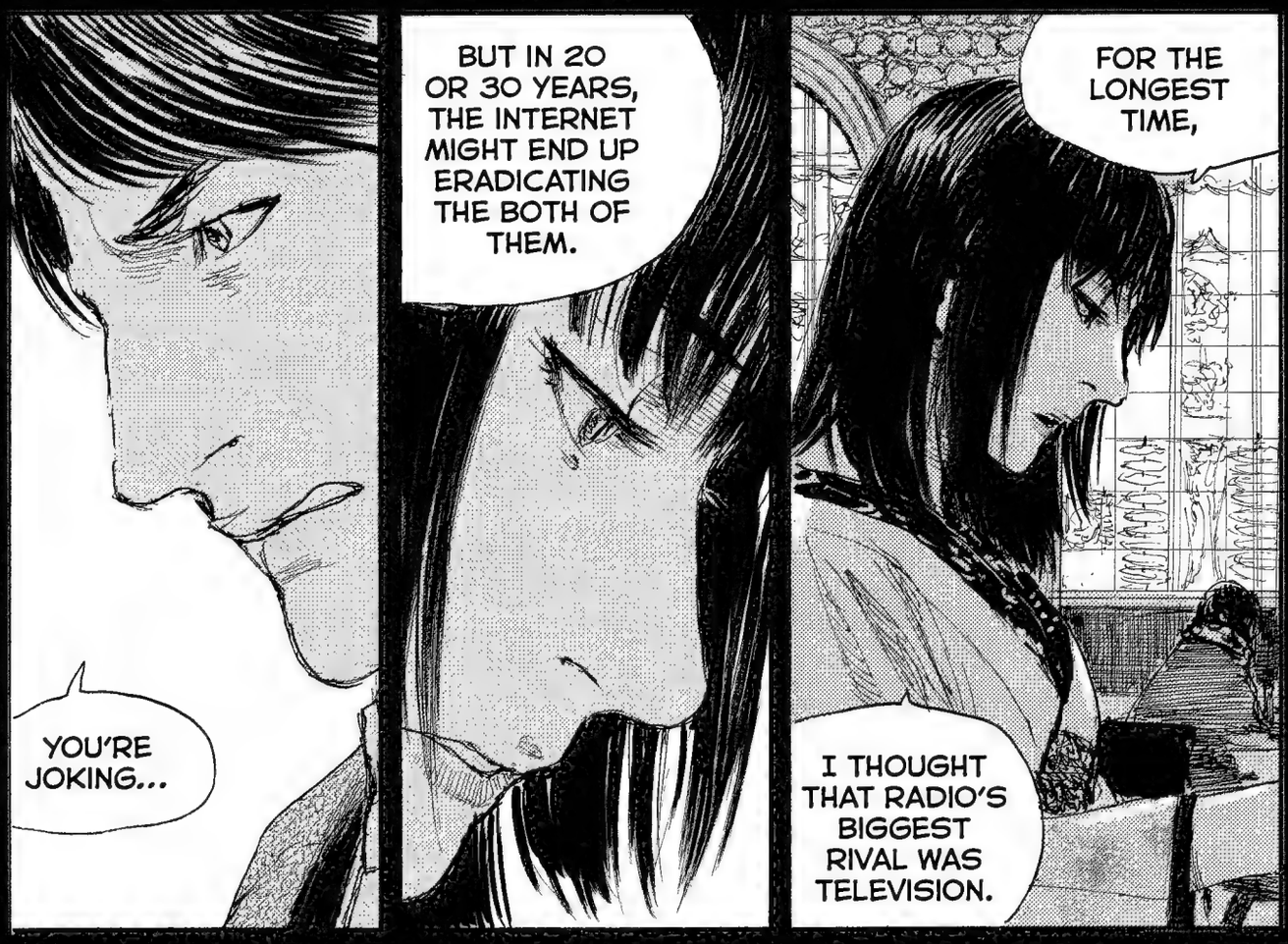
I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE IT. I WORE IT JUST FOR YOU.
TOOK TWO HOURS TO PUT ON, BUT... CONSIDER IT A PARTING GIFT.

MM-HM.
I'VE DONE JUST ABOUT ALL I CAME TO ENGLAND TO DO.


HONESTLY, IT FEELS LONG OVERDUE.
FOR THE PAST FEW YEARS, I'VE HEARD NOTHING BUT A CACOPHONY OF TRUMPETS SOUNDING THE DEATH OF RADIO.
FIND THE PUZZLE
AND A COLOUR
CHOOSE A NUMBER


RIPE?
IT'S A FORUM FOR ASPIRING INTERNET DEVELOPERS AND ENGINEERS THAT WAS HELD IN AMSTERDAM.

THE OTHER DAY, A FRIEND OF MINE SHOWED ME SOME INTERESTING MATERIALS REGARDING RIPE, YOU KNOW.
MASQUERADE



MASQUERADE: A FAMOUS BRITISH PICTURE BOOK WHICH SPARKED A REAL-LIFE TREASURE HUNT. THE TREASURE WAS EVENTUALLY DISCOVERED IN THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS-SHAPED MONUMENT OF CATHERINE OF ARAGON, HENRY VIII'S FIRST WIFE.

EVEN A MEDIUM LESS SOPHISTICATED THAN RADIO SUCH AS A PICTURE BOOK...
...CAN STILL THROW MODERN PEOPLE INTO SUCH A FERVOR.
GOOD POINT.
WELL... YOU'VE GOT ME THERE.
IT ISN'T THE QUALITY OF THE OUTLET THAT DRIVES THE MASSES WILD,
BUT THE INTELLECT INHERENT TO THE CONTENT OF SAID OUTLET!

Chapter 69
「I TAKE AFTER NO ONE.」

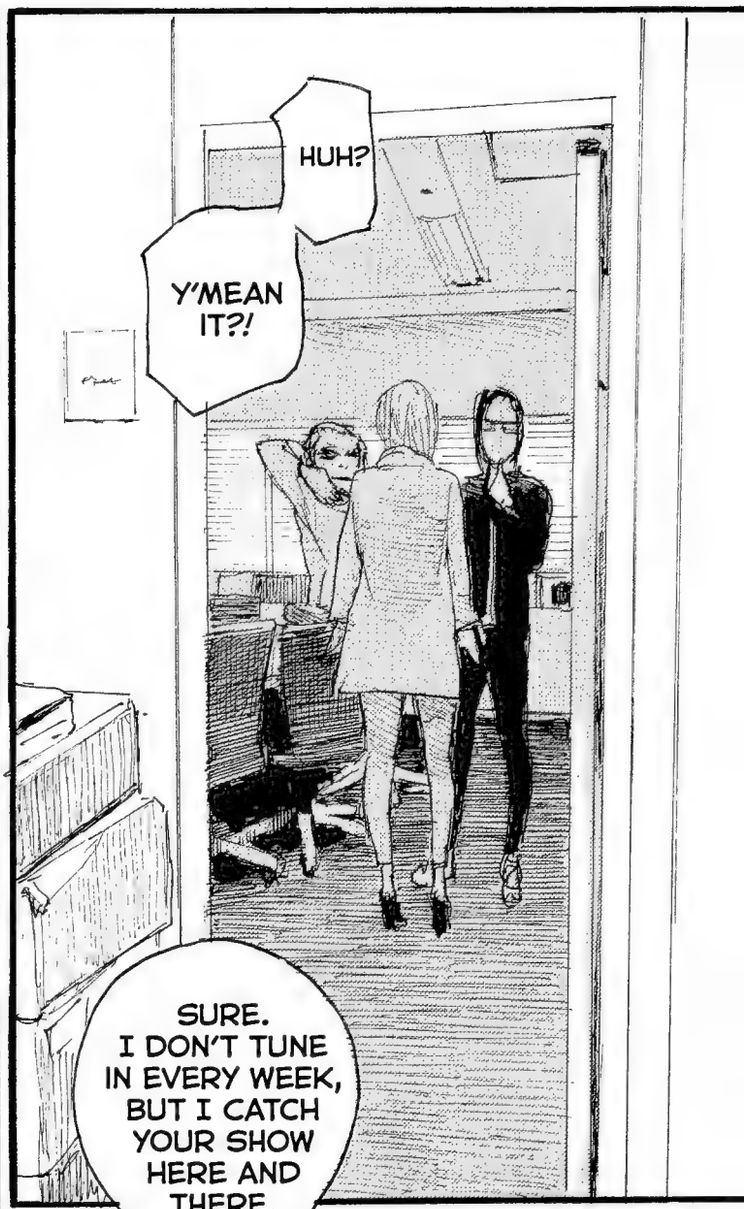
PLEASED TO MEET YOU. I'M MINARE KODA, THE HOST OF MRS'S *WAVE, LISTEN TO ME.*
THE PLEASURE IS OURS. WE'RE BADGER TAIJI.

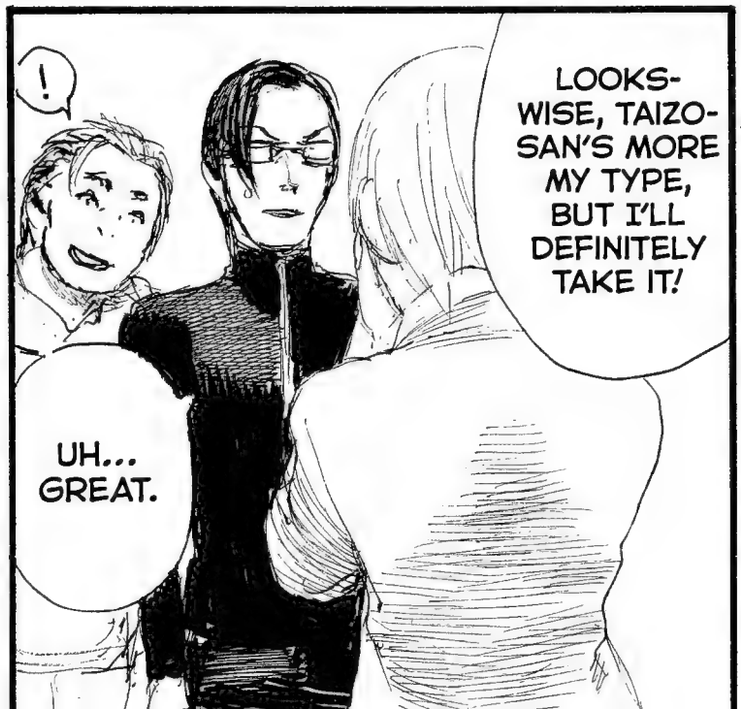
HUH ?!
HEY... WHAT'S WRONG?!
KHAGH!
HNN- NGH!
SORRY. DON'T MIND ME...
JUST GOT A SHOOTING PAIN IN MY BLADDER FROM THE NERVES.
YOU ALL RIGHT? WANNA USE THE RESTROOM BEFORE WE START?
...BUT I NEVER THOUGHT I'D GET TO MEET ONE OF MY TOP 40 COMEDY DUO'S IN PERSON.
YEAH? TOP 40, HUH?
I'VE HAD GUESTS ON AND COLLABED WITH OTHER HOSTS BEFORE...

IT'S GOOD TO FINALLY MEET YOU.
YOU'RE *THE* KODA-SAN, HUH?
STILL,

cerebellum?
UH...HUH. MIND SAVING THOSE COMMENTS TILL YOU GET HOME?
IF THIS IS HOW I REACT TO BADGER TAIJI, I MIGHT JUST BLOW MY CEREBELLUM WHEN I MEET KAKURYU...

THAT MIGHT BE THE BEST COMPLIMENT I'VE GOTTEN SINCE I STARTED RADIO!
OH, WOW!


HUH?
Y'MEAN IT?!
SURE. I DON'T TUNE IN EVERY WEEK, BUT I CATCH YOUR SHOW HERE AND THERE.


!
LOOKS-WISE, TAIZO-SAN'S MORE MY TYPE, BUT I'LL DEFINITELY TAKE IT!
UH... GREAT.

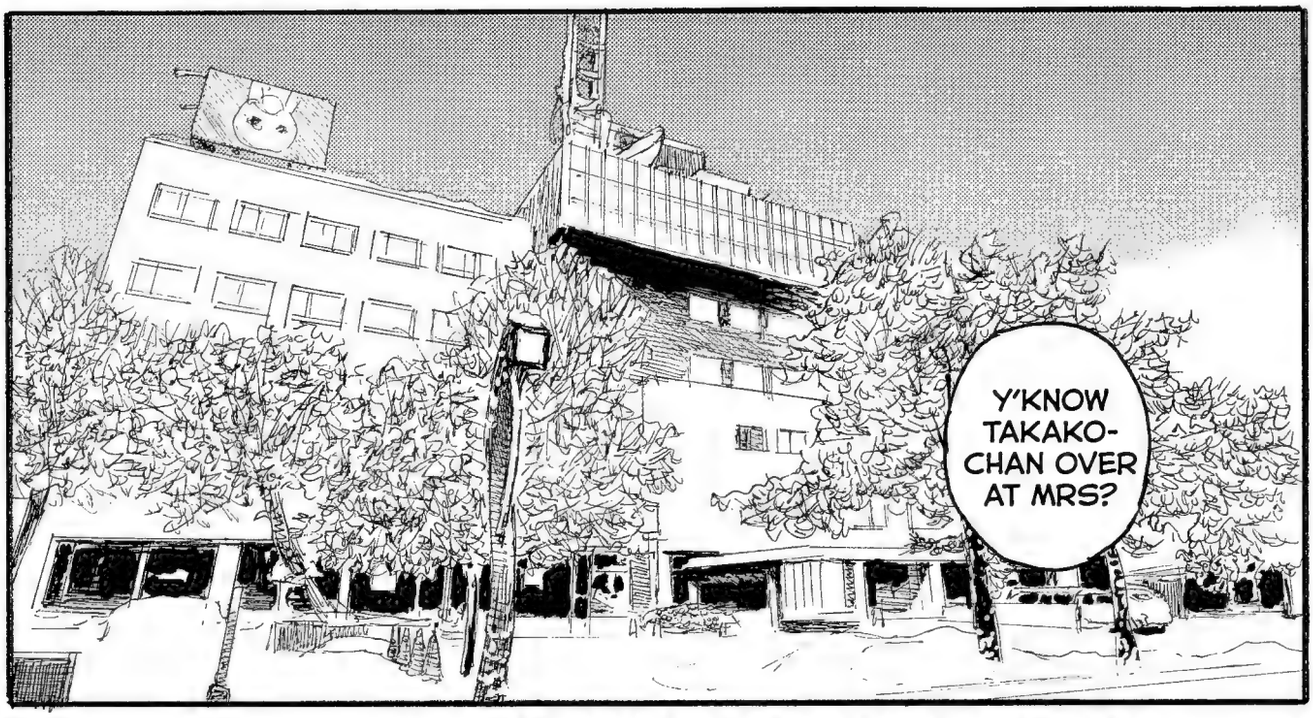
YEAH? WANNA ADD ME ON LINE, THEN?
UGH, SERIOUSLY? I'M DISAPPOINTED, TAIZO-SAN.
Not really, but eh.
NOT ONLY AM I ON TEAM JIRO NOW,
BUT I'M SO GONNA POST THIS ONLINE.
WHOA! JUST HANG ON A SEC!
ARE YOU SERIOUSLY TRYING TO CHEAT ON YOUR WIFE AGAIN?
HEY! WHAT D'YA MEAN AGAIN?!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, WHAT I DO I MEAN?
JIRO'S BEEN PUTTIN' THE MOVES ON A LISTENER TOO, Y'KNOW!
*UNINTENDED AFFIRMATION.
OOF...
what's with these guys?
I'm takin' you with me, asshole!
WHAT?! HAVE NOT!

DAMN. THAT'S COMEDIANS FOR YA.
AND A LISTEN-ER? PSH.
THEY REALLY DO JUMP FROM CHICK TO CHICK AT SUPERSONIC SPEED.
DON'T GO GREEN WITH ENVY NOW.
SOUNDS PRETTY SPICY WORKING IN RADIO AND TV, HUH, MATO-SAN? MUST BE NICE.
BY ANY CHANCE, DO YOU MEAN JOKER SKONSKY?
MIGHT SOUND INGENUOUS SINCE I'VE NEVER ACTUALLY SEEN HER, BUT I HEAR SHE'S A PRETTY LITTLE—
OH, YOU KNOW HER?
I haven't touched her, by the way.
'COURSE. I LISTEN TO YOUR SHOW TOO.
HRGH! MY BLADDER!
Y'ALL RIGHT THERE?

SORRY. I JUST REMEMBERED WHEN I HEARD THAT SHOW, AND THE STRESS GOT TO ME.
ACCORDIN' TO NANBA, YOU SPENT MOST OF THAT TIME EATIN' AND SLEEPIN'.
THAT'S BACK WHEN I WAS BEING HELD HOSTAGE...
STILL, I'M JELLY.
YOU SHOULD BE THANKFUL. LATE-NIGHT SHOWS RARELY GET WRITERS AT ALL.
DON'T CARE. I'LL TAKE A YOUNG, SWEET, HONEST GIRL ANY DAY, EVEN IF SHE'S AN AMATEUR.
MY SCRIPT-WRITER'S A CRUSTY OLD HUSK OF A MAN.
SO, WHAT'S MISS SKONSKY LIKE, ANYHOW?

BUT APPARENTLY, *HE'S* IN LOVE WITH ANOTHER GIRL THERE, AND IT'S BEEN, UH... FRUSTRATING FOR HER.
YEAH, WELL, CAN'T THINK ANYONE WHOSE LIFE'S GOIN' WELL WOULD ASPIRE TO BE A WRITER.
AND MAN, WHAT ARE YOU, HER COUNSELOR?
HUH.
Good to see you, mato-chan.
Evenin' Nakai-san. Long time.
SHE WORKS PART-TIME AT A RESTAU-RANT.
AND SHE'S IN LOVE WITH A CO-WORKER.
HM?
PFFT...
THAT'S GOTTA BE AWKWARD. IF I WERE HER, I'D JUST UP AND QUIT.
WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
THOUGH REAL TALK, I KINDA AGREE WITH YOU.
Y'KNOW, YOU REALLY STRIKE ME AS A "MAIN CHARACTER" SORT OF PERSONA.

NEXT STOP, VTS RADIO.
WHY DON'T WE JUST DRIVE THERE?
YOU WANNA END THE NIGHT ON A SOBER NOTE?
WELL, WHEN YOU PUT *THAT* WAY...


Y'KNOW TAKAKO-CHAN OVER AT MRS?

WHO'S THAT?
TAKAKO OHORI. SHE'S THE LEAD DIRECTOR.
HER FATHER USED TO WORK AT VTS BACK WHEN WE WERE A HYBRID STATION. HE WAS FOUR YEARS MY SENIOR.

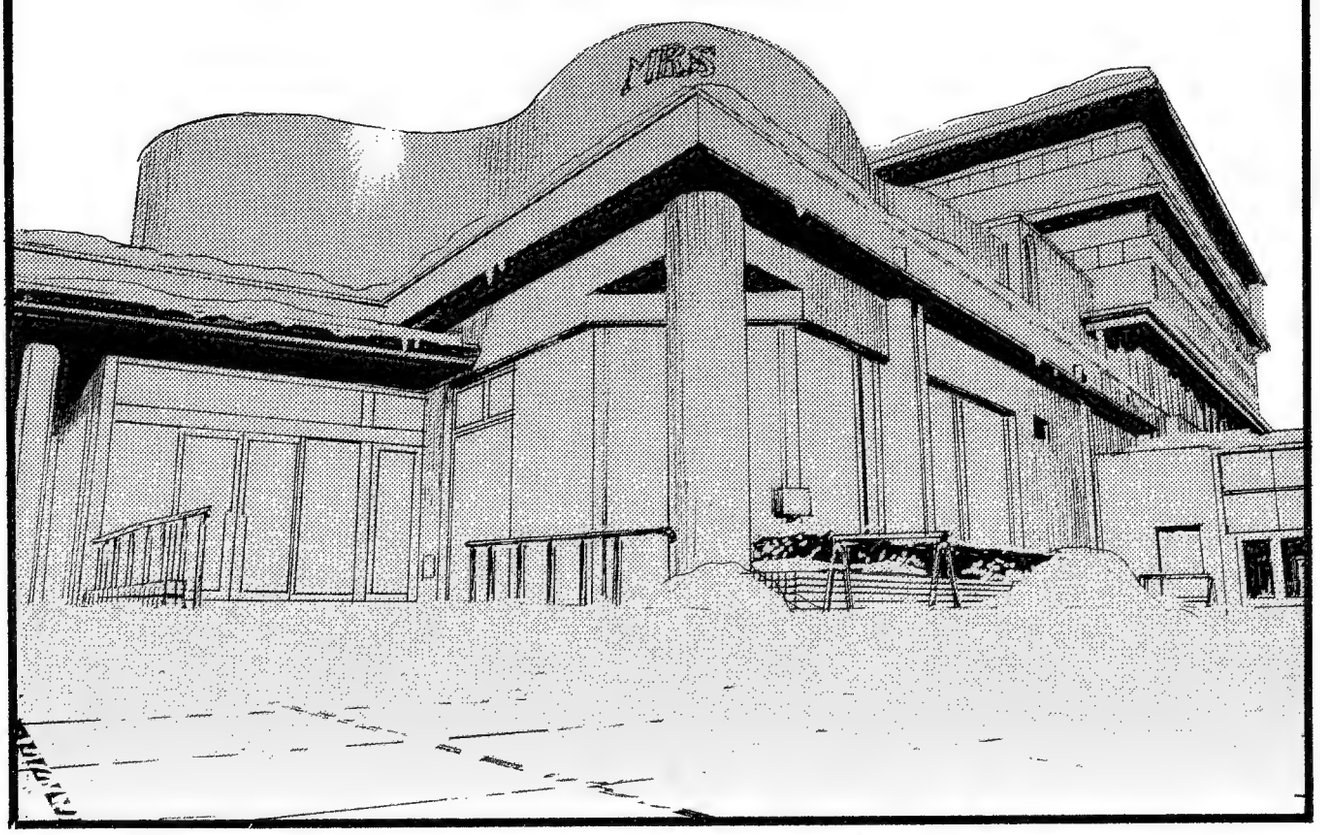
DUNNO WHY THEY PICKED A FOSSIL LIKE ME FOR THIS GIG AGAIN, THOUGH.
OH, STOP. YOU'RE STILL A YOUNGIN' AT HEART, HANABISHI-SAN.

MY DAUGHTER JUST BEAT IT INTO MY HEAD HOW IMPORT-ANT IT IS TO UPDATE YOUR AWARENESS ONCE IN A WHILE.
HEH. YOU SHOULD HEAR HOW I TALK AT HOME.
YOU'RE A MASTER AT KEEPIN' YOUR VERNACULAR UP WITH THE TIMES.

HA HA...
BROAD-CASTING'S A ONE-WAY STREET.
ONCE YOU SAY SOMETHING ON THE AIR, YOU CAN'T TAKE IT BACK.

YOU TOO.
GOOD WORK, BOSS.
BUT SEEIN' AS YOU'RE THE NEW KID ON THE BLOCK, THAT'S NOT IN THE PICTURE.
SOME SAID THEY'D VISIT US OVER AT MRS,
I CAN IMAGINE.
MAN, VISITING THREE NEW STATIONS IN ONE DAY IS EXHAUSTING.
NO WORRIES. I TOLD NANBA TO CALL ME IF ANYTHING CAME UP.
I APPRECIATE YOU OPENING UP YOUR DAY FOR ME, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE STATION?

SO? WHAT'D YOU THINK?
I LIKE HANABISHI-SAN. HE'S JUST MY TYPE.
NOT EXACTLY WHAT I MEANT.
DESPITE BEING IN THE BIZ WAY LONGER, THEY ALL SEEMED TO TAKE THEIR JOBS MUCH MORE SERIOUSLY THAN I DO.
DO YOU HAVE A SERIOUS BONE IN YOUR BODY?
WELL, I CAN'T SAY YOU'RE WRONG.
BUT...
...I RECKON THAT'S JUST PART OF YOUR CHARM.
HEY. WHY DO YOU SOUND LIKE YOU'VE GIVEN UP ON ME ALREADY?
DON'T BE SILLY.
I'M SAYING YOU'RE UNIQUE. THAT'S A GOOD THING.



HAVE A GOOD NIGHT, YOU TWO.
NIGHT!

I'M GONNA DO A DRINK RUN. CANNED COFFEE FOR YOU?
SURE, THANKS.

UN-
KNOWN
NUMBER
...
090 5517 XXXX
BVV
BVV
BVV
BVV
OH!
SHOULD
I IGNORE
IT?
BUT...
...WHAT IF
SOMETHING
HAPPENED TO
MINARE-SAN
AND MATO-SAN?
...HELLO?

Chapter 12「IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK IT IS.」

HELLO?
...

YES, THAT'S RIGHT.
OH, NO. I'M...

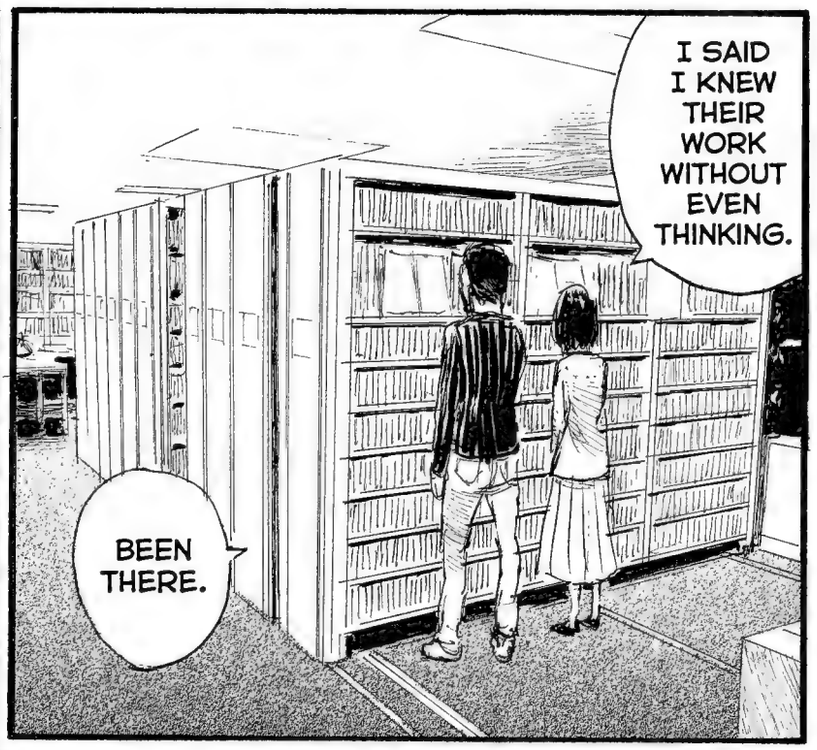
HM?
4
STUDI
RADIO NOAH?

AN INTER-VIEW?
SURE, THAT'D BE GREAT!
OH... SORRY.
YES...
YES, I'M AWARE OF IT.
PARDON?
NO, I'M ACTUALLY JUST THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR.
I'LL BRING IT UP WITH HER AND THE DIRECTOR AND...
NO, IT'S NOT THAT, BUT...
I... SEE.
UM... I DON'T KNOW.

HAVE YOU HEARD OF A MAGAZINE CALLED *RADIO NOAH?*
...NAH, CAN'T SAY I HAVE.

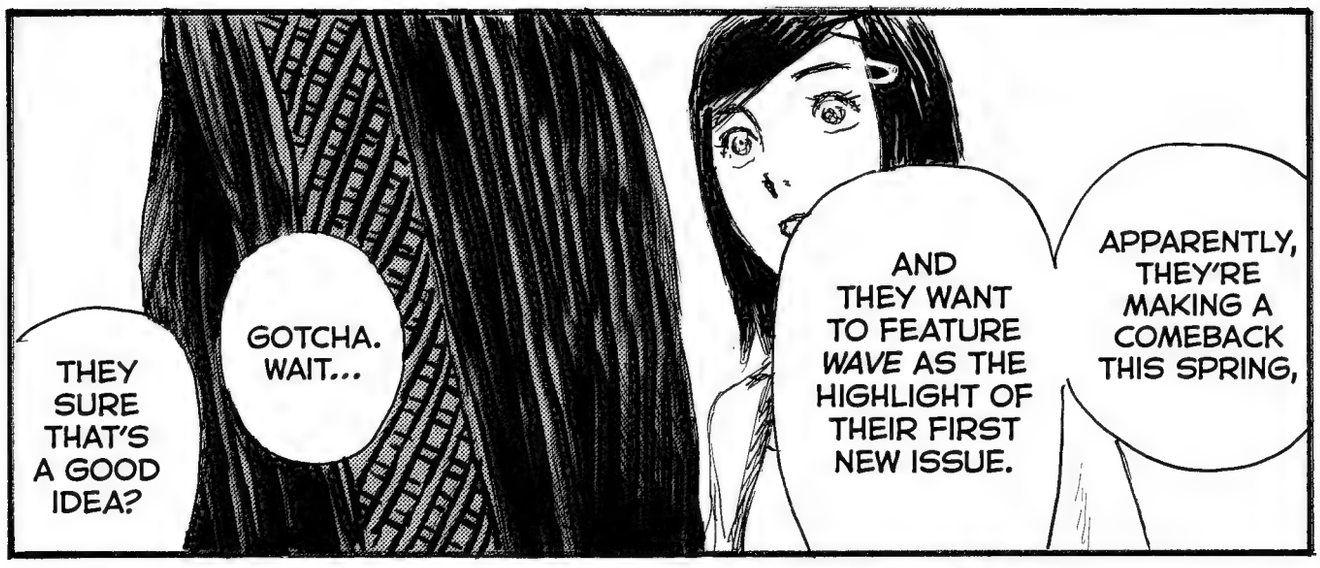
KOMOTO-SAN?

PUB-LISHED BY CHIIKU-SHA?
NEVER HEARD OF 'EM.


I SAID I KNEW THEIR WORK WITHOUT EVEN THINKING.
BEEN THERE.

OH. FOUND IT.

HUH. THAT'S WEIRD.
THIS SHELF IS SUPPOSED TO BE FOR THE LATEST ISSUES OF AUDIO AND BROADCASTING MAGS,
BUT THIS IS FROM TWO YEARS AGO.
THAT *IS* THEIR LATEST ISSUE. THEIR LAST, EVEN.

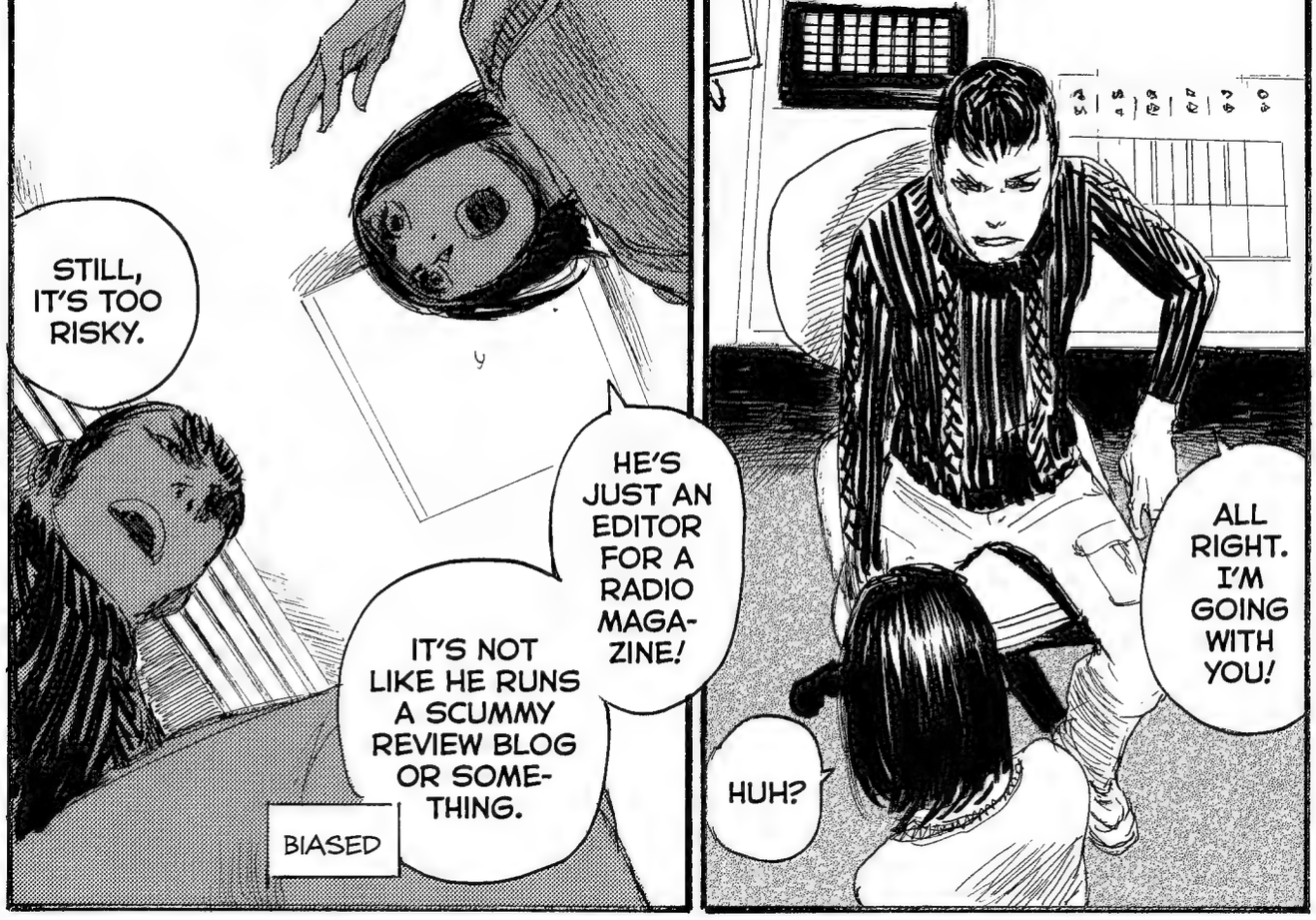

APPARENTLY, THEY'RE MAKING A COMEBACK THIS SPRING,
AND THEY WANT TO FEATURE *WAVE* AS THE HIGHLIGHT OF THEIR FIRST NEW ISSUE.
GOTCHA. WAIT...
THEY SURE THAT'S A GOOD IDEA?

HEY, KOMOTO. Y'ALL STILL USING THAT QURULI CD?
KASHI-WAGI-SAN!
AHH. THESE GUYS, HUH?
I THINK MATO-SAN BOUGHT THIS, ACTUALLY.
FOR REAL?

I TRIED LOOKING UP CHIIKUSHA ONLINE, BUT I COULDN'T FIND MUCH ABOUT THEM.
THEY ONLY RECENTLY STARTED UPDATING THEIR HOME-PAGE AGAIN.
PROBABLY BECAUSE THEY ONLY PUT OUT THIS AND ONE OTHER MAG ABOUT TV.
GOTTA SAY, THOUGH, IT'S AN INTEREST-ING READ.
OF THE FEW INTERVIEWS I SEE IN HERE, THEY'RE ALL HIGHLY CRITICAL.
THEIR EDITOR-IN-CHIEF CLEARLY LISTENS TO SO MUCH RADIO, IT'S A WONDER THEY FIND TIME TO SLEEP AT ALL.
MOST OF THE ARTICLES ARE PRETTY BITING, TOO.
NOT SURE WHY THEY'D WANNA WASTE PAGES ON A NICHE LATE-NIGHT SHOW LIKE OURS.
THEY'RE JUST TURNING THE SPOTLIGHT ON THE LITTLE GUYS MAJOR PUBLICATIONS ALWAYS PASS OVER. YOU KNOW HOW IT IS.
HAVE YOU TALKED TO MATO-SAN YET?
I SENT HIM A TEXT EARLIER, BUT HE JUST REPLIED WITH, "SURE. I DON'T SEE WHY NOT."

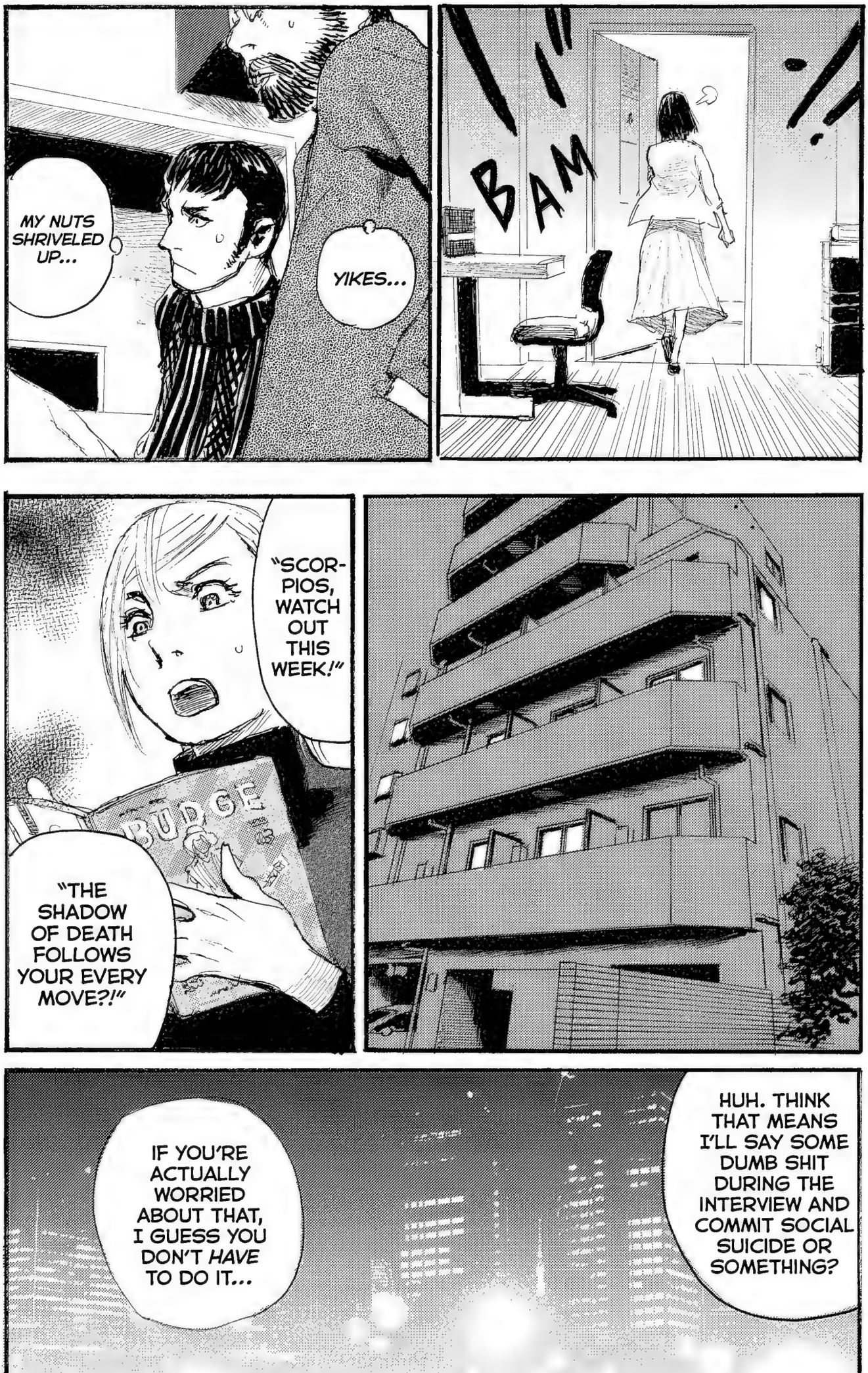
SO, WHEN'S IT GONNA BE?
YEAH, ABOUT THAT...
AND WHEN I TEXTED MINARE-SAN, SHE SAID, "NO WAY. AM I FINALLY GONNA BECOME THE WOMAN OF CULTURE I WAS ALWAYS MEANT TO BE?"
TELL HER TO GET REAL, WILL YA?
THE THING IS, HE SAID HE WANTED TO SIT DOWN WITH SOMEONE FROM PRODUCTION BEFORE THEY TALK TO MINARE-SAN.
WHAT? WHY BOTHER?
CAN'T HE JUST EMAIL YOU THEIR QUESTIONS OR SOME-THING?
SEE, THAT'S WHAT I TRIED TO TELL HIM TOO, BUT...
...HE INSISTED...
...ON SPEAKING TO ME IN PERSON.

SMELLS FISHY.
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
AND WHEN I SUGGESTED HE MEET WITH THE DIRECTOR INSTEAD, HE SAID HE'D RATHER TALK TO ME.
THAT'S ANOTHER THING.
IF THEY WANTED TO SET UP AN INTERVIEW, WHY CALL AN AD'S CELL INSTEAD OF THE STATION?
I WONDER. HE ACTUALLY CALLED MY CELL PHONE, NOT THE OFFICE.
BIASED
A LOT OF EDITORS ARE SHIFTY LIKE THAT.
MAYBE HE HEARD A YOUNG WOMAN ANSWER THE PHONE AND THOUGHT IT'D BE EASIER TO GET HIS WAY THROUGH YOU.
THE STATION'S NUMBER IS LISTED ON OUR HOMEPAGE SPECIFICALLY FOR INQUIRIES LIKE THIS.
HE STILL WOULDN'T NORMALLY CALL YOU.
WELL, I GIVE MY NUMBER OUT FAIRLY OFTEN FOR WORK APPOINTMENTS AND STUFF, SO I FIGURE HE MUST'VE GOTTEN IT FROM SOME-ONE ELSE.

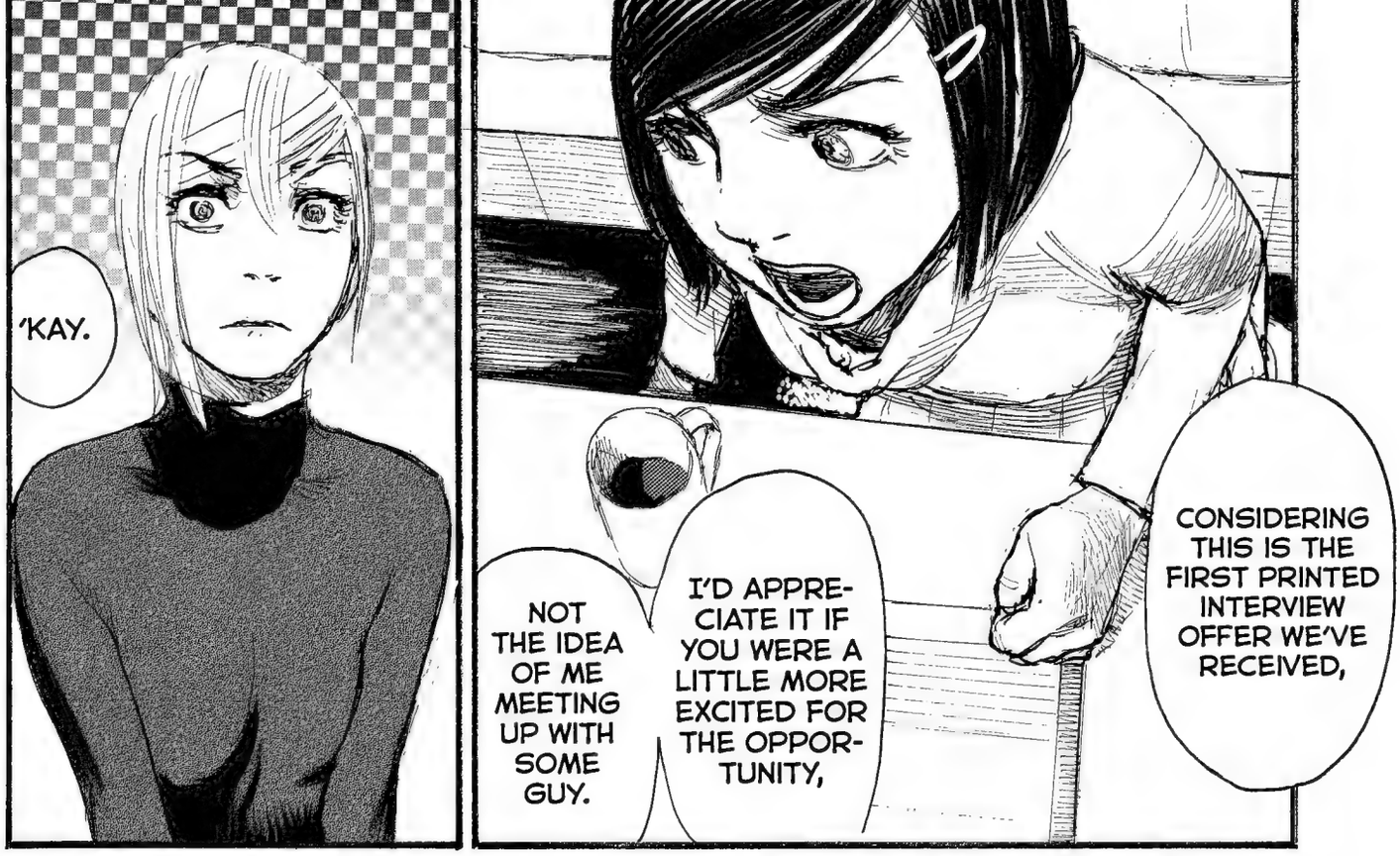

STILL, IT'S TOO RISKY.
HE'S JUST AN EDITOR FOR A RADIO MAGA-ZINE!
IT'S NOT LIKE HE RUNS A SCUMMY REVIEW BLOG OR SOME-THING.
BIASED
ALL RIGHT. I'M GOING WITH YOU!
HUH?

WHA– HEY!
YEAH. THAT MAKES THE MOST SENSE.
WHY NOT HAVE HIM COME TO THE STATION?

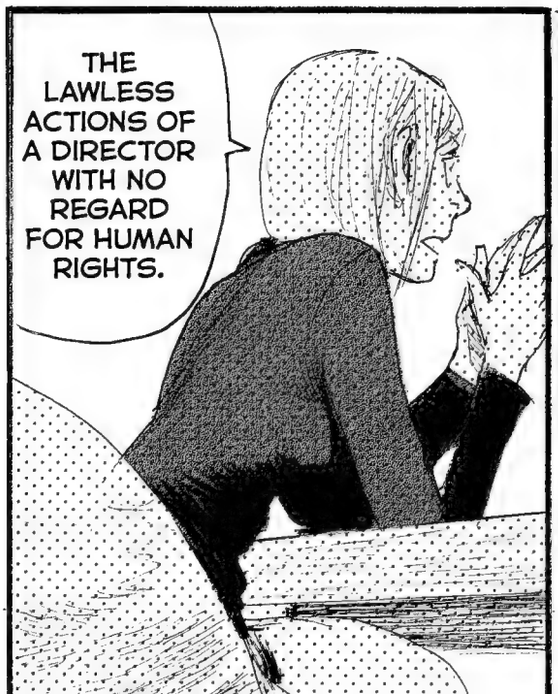
PLEASE STOP TREATING ME LIKE A CHILD! I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!

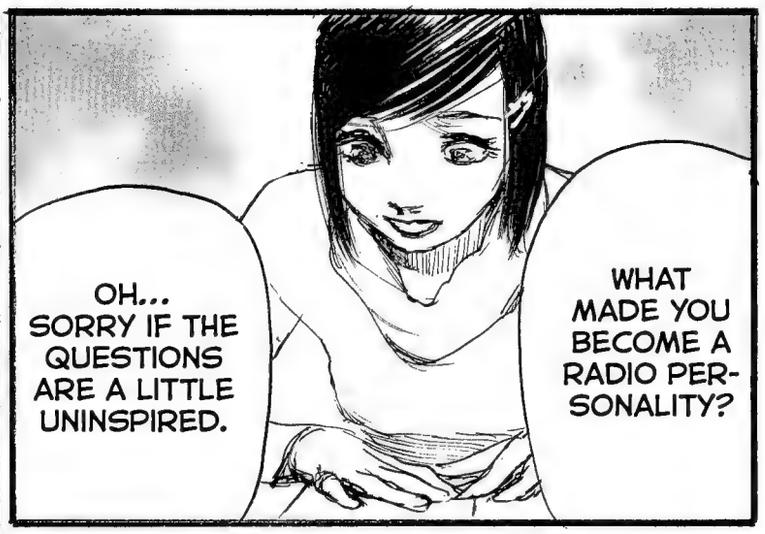

MY NUTS SHRIVELED UP...
YIKES...
BAM
"SCORPIOS, WATCH OUT THIS WEEK!"
"THE SHADOW OF DEATH FOLLOWS YOUR EVERY MOVE?!"
IF YOU'RE ACTUALLY WORRIED ABOUT THAT, I GUESS YOU DON'T *HAVE* TO DO IT...
HUH. THINK THAT MEANS I'LL SAY SOME DUMB SHIT DURING THE INTERVIEW AND COMMIT SOCIAL SUICIDE OR SOMETHING?

BESIDES, WE ONLY SPOKE ON THE PHONE.
AND WHILE YOU ACT LIKE THIS ISN'T YOU PROBLEM, REMEMBER, THIS IS *YOUR* INTERVIEW WE'RE TALKING ABOUT.
YOU MIGHT NOT REALIZE IT, BUT YOU LOOK LIKE THE KINDA GIRL EVERY BITTER INCEL ON THE PLANET FANTASIZES ABOUT.
I CAN SEE WHERE KOMOTO-SAN'S COMING FROM.
PLEASE STOP. ARE YOU *TRYING* TO SCARE ME?
SO, WHERE YOU MEETING THIS GUY TOMORROW?
MEH FACE
EVERYONE KNOWS FIRST MEETINGS BE-TWEEN INDUSTRY WORKERS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE DONE AT A HOTEL LOUNGE CAFÉ!
THIS DUDE'S TOTALLY GONNA TRY TO WINE AND DINE YOU!
BIASED
WE'RE JUST GETTING COFFEE...
AT AN UNDER-GROUND CAFÉ.
YEAH, NO! UH-UH!
BAM BAM
AND BY THE WAY, MINARE-SAN.


'KAY.
NOT THE IDEA OF ME MEETING UP WITH SOME GUY.
I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU WERE A LITTLE MORE EXCITED FOR THE OPPORTUNITY,
CONSIDERING THIS IS THE FIRST PRINTED INTERVIEW OFFER WE'VE RECEIVED,

SURE! HIT ME.
THIS IS ALL A FIRST FOR ME TOO.
MIND IF WE DO A QUICK MOCK INTERVIEW?
I ACTUALLY CAME UP WITH A FEW QUESTIONS THEY MIGHT ASK YOU.

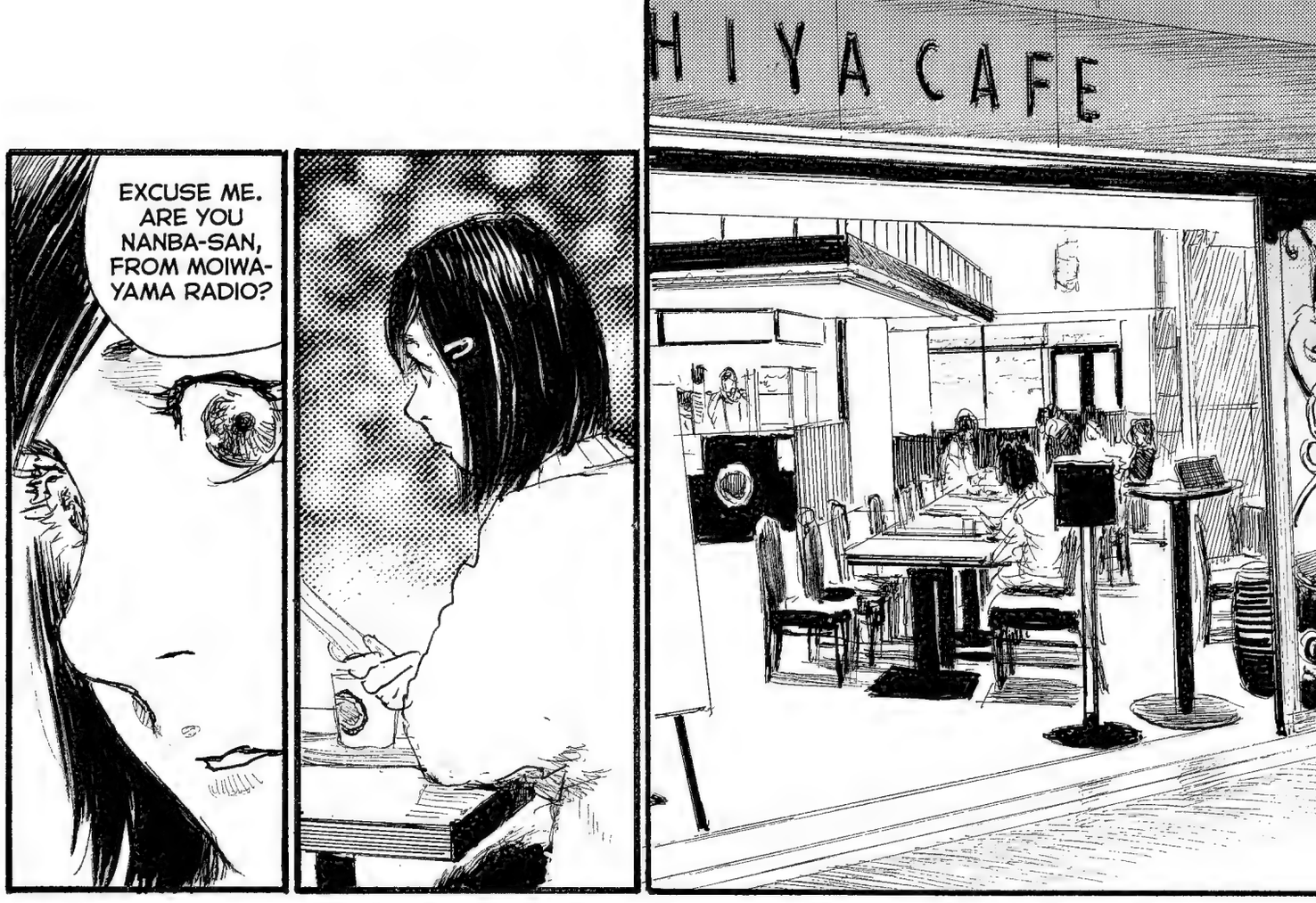

THE LAWLESS ACTIONS OF A DIRECTOR WITH NO REGARD FOR HUMAN RIGHTS.


OH... SORRY IF THE QUESTIONS ARE A LITTLE UNINSPIRED.
WHAT MADE YOU BECOME A RADIO PERSONALITY?

FIGHTERS DE NIGHT AND NHK GRAND SUMO LIVE.
WHAT SHOW DO YOU LISTEN TO THE MOST?
THE TIME MY DAD DOZED OFF AT THE WHEEL LISTENING TO ANN* AND CRASHED INTO A TELEPHONE POLE, TOTALING OUR CAR WE WERE STILL PAYING OFF.
WHAT'S YOUR MOST MEMORABLE RADIO-RELATED EXPERIENCE?
*ALL NIGHT NIPPON
UHH. A BOX THAT MAKES SOUND?
WHAT IS RADIO TO YOU?
SURE. SO, ON MY SHOW, WE ASK PEOPLE TO WRITE IN ABOUT THEIR PROBLEMS AND STUFF, BUT TO BE HONEST, I COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS, SO IF Y'ALL COULD JUST KEEP IT TO YOURSELF, THAT'D BE SWELL.
IS THERE ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO SAY TO YOUR LISTENERS?

Y'KNOW, NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT...
WHAT? DO YOU WANT ME TO GRADE YOU?
HOWZAT?
DUDE FROM CHIIKUSHA ASIDE,
IF YOU DO FIND A NICE GUY, DON'T BE SHY AND TELL ME, OKAY?
...IF YOU GET YOURSELF A MAN, I'M GONNA HAVE TO MOVE OUT, HUH?
AS IF IT'D BE SOMEONE I MEET THROUGH WORK FOR THE FIRST TIME.
YOU NEVER KNOW. THEY SAY WHEN YOU MEET YOUR SOULMATE, YOU FEEL LIKE YOU'VE ALWAYS KNOWN THEM—LIKE YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN MARRIED IN A PAST LIFE OR SOMETHING.
OH, STOP.
YOU'LL ALWAYS BE WELCOME HERE.

THAT'S HOW I FELT WHEN I MET MITSUO, ANYWAY.
THAT RUINS EVERY-THING!

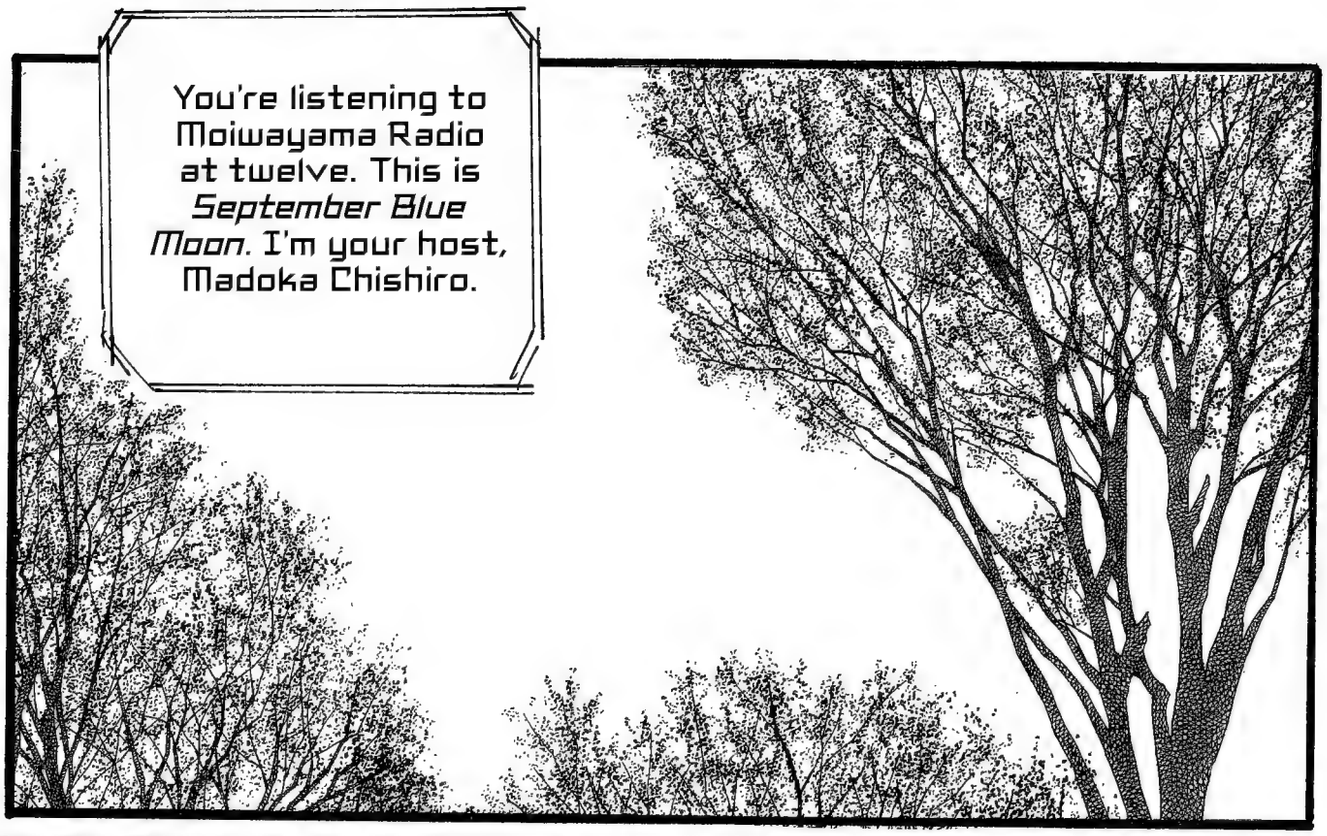

EXCUSE ME. ARE YOU NANBA-SAN, FROM MOIWA-YAMA RADIO?
HIYA CAFE

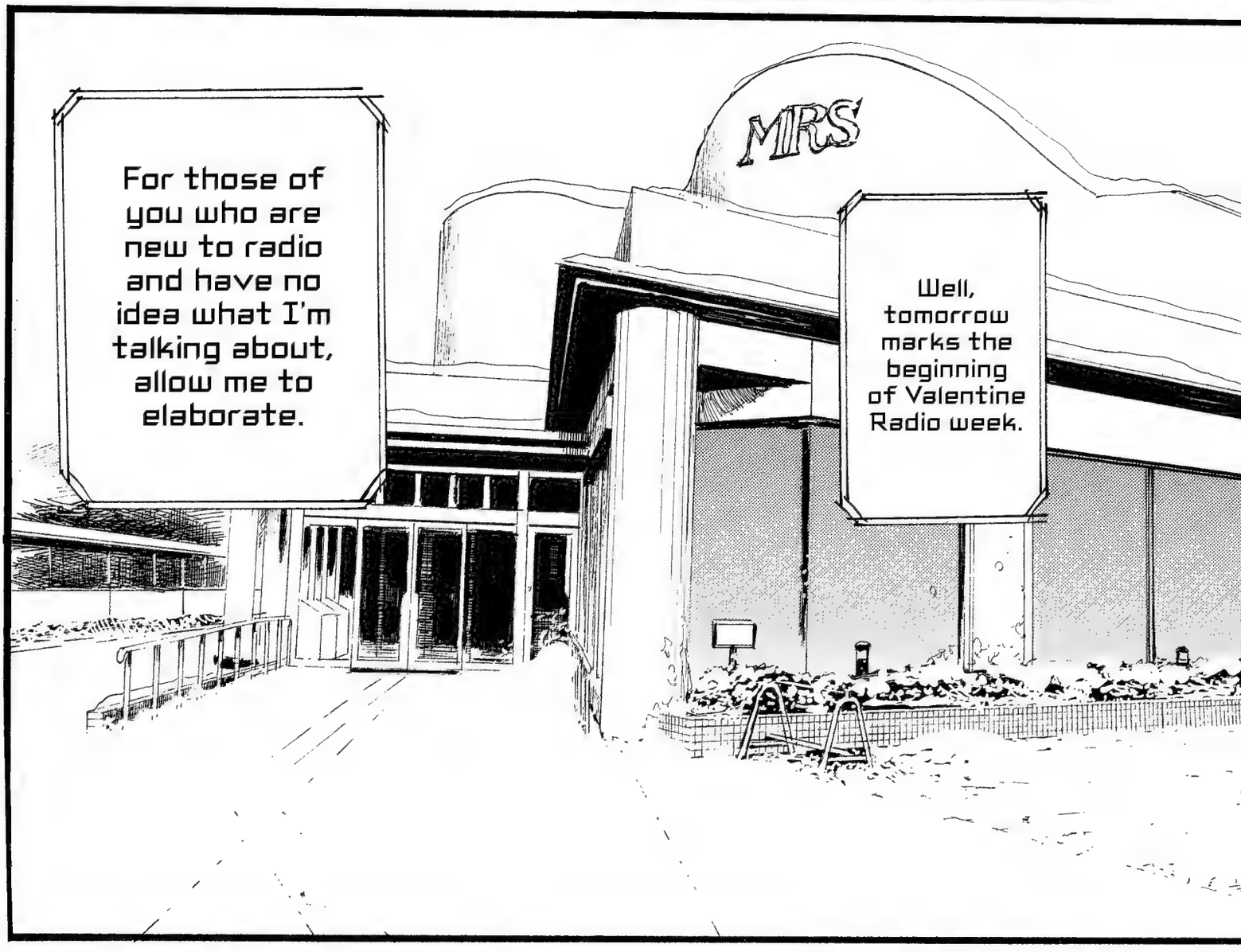
PLEASED TO MEET YOU. I'M OTAKI, FROM CHIIKUSHA.
YES, I AM. AND YOU ARE?

OH...
HE'S... GORGEOUS.
...WOW.
SURE THING, BUT...I'M NOT SURE HOW MUCH HELP I'LL BE.
I'M REALLY JUST THE DIRECTOR'S HELPER.
OH? IF I'M NOT MIS-TAKEN...
...YOU RUN THE SHOW'S TWITTER, DON'T YOU?
THANK YOU FOR AGREEING TO SIT DOWN WITH ME ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE.

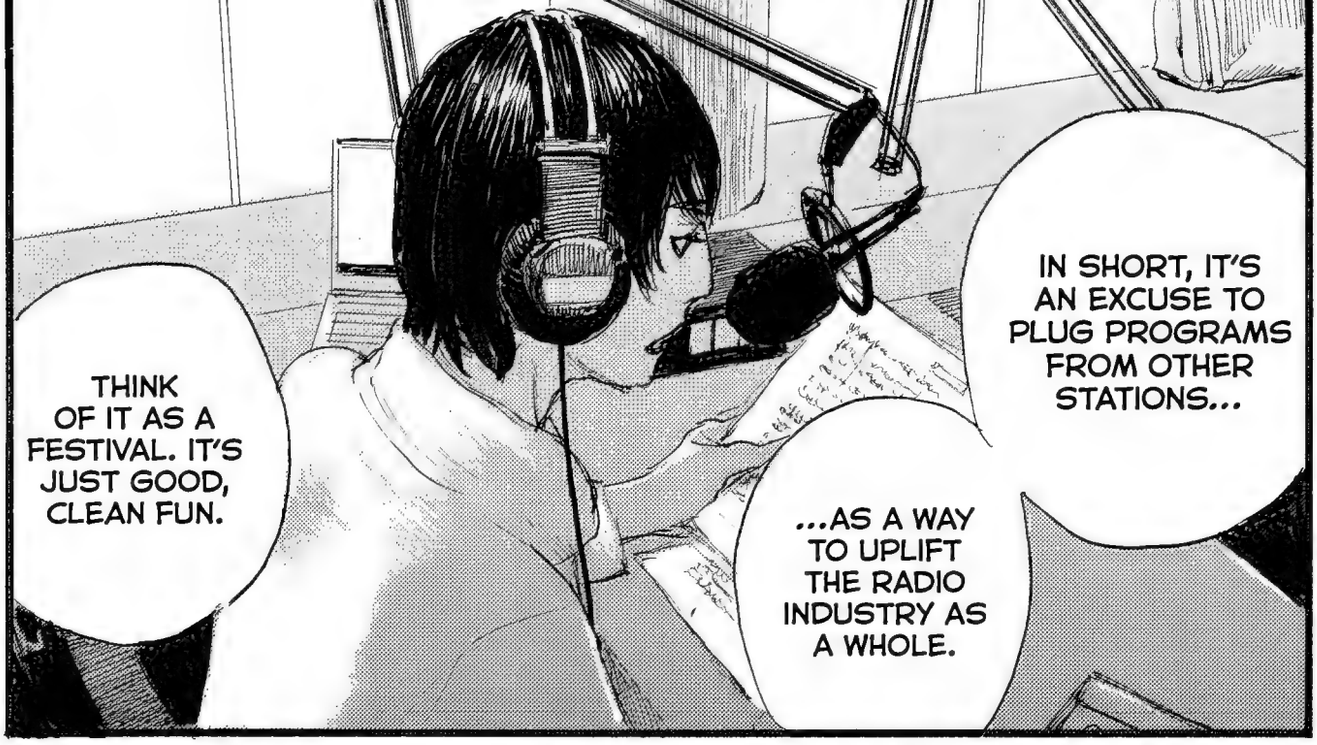
I IMAGINE AN AD THE SAME GENDER AND NEARLY THE SAME AGE AS THE HOST IS MORE LIKELY TO KNOW WHAT MAKES HER REALLY TICK.
BUT THAT'S JUST ME.
RATHER THAN A DIRECTOR WHO'S ONLY EVER WITH THE HOST ON-AIR,
YES... I DO.
DO YOU MIND IF I ORDER MY COFFEE REAL QUICK?
HE'S SHARP.
ALSO...
I CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL LIKE... WE'VE MET BEFORE.
THIS IS BIZARRE.

Chapter.71 「WHO ARE YOU REALLY?」

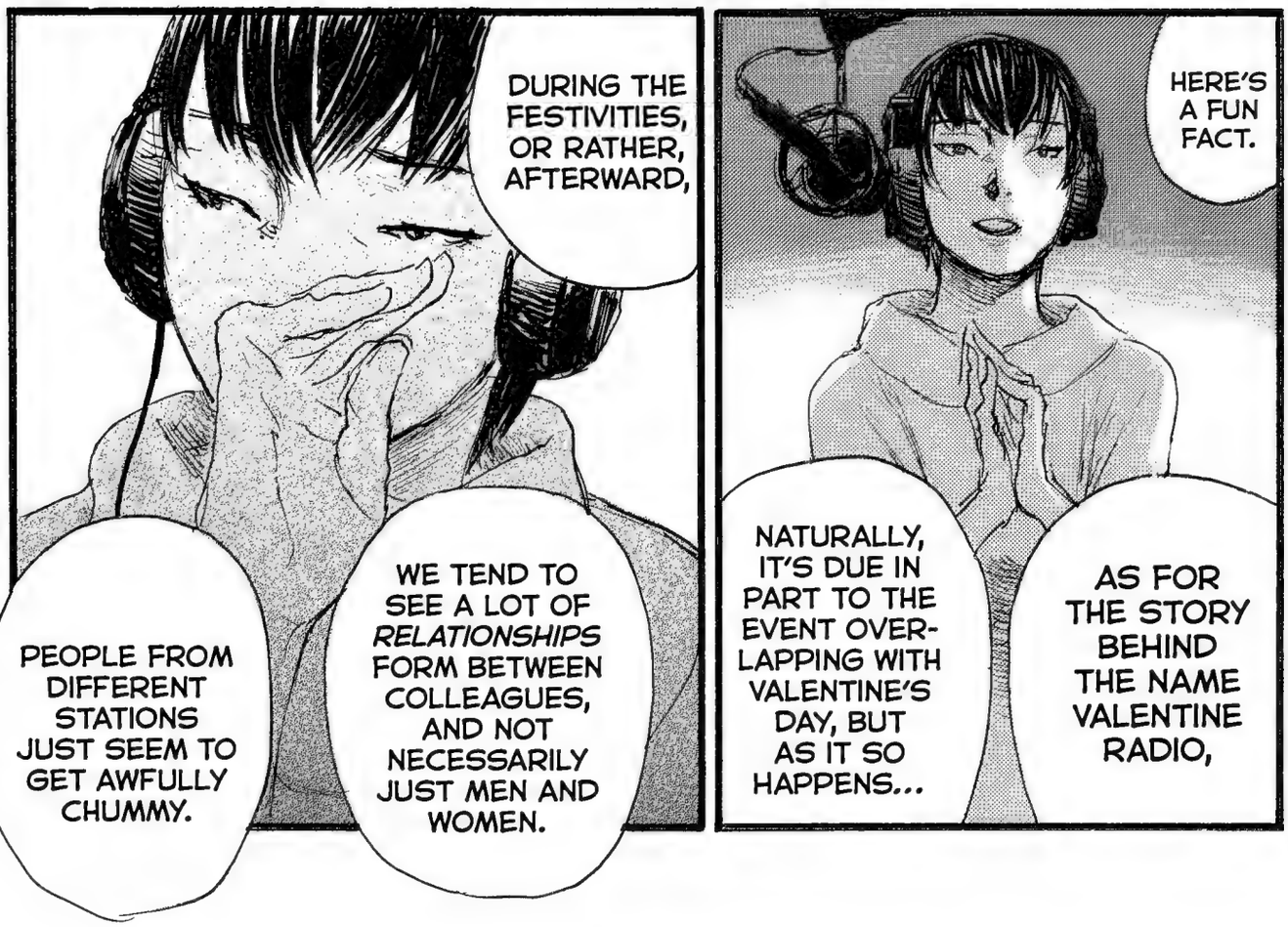

You're listening to Moiwayama Radio at twelve. This is *September Blue Moon*. I'm your host, Madoka Chishiro.


For those of you who are new to radio and have no idea what I'm talking about, allow me to elaborate.
Well, tomorrow marks the beginning of Valentine Radio week.
MRS

VALENTINE RADIO IS A WEEKLONG EVENT WHEREIN I'LL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF SITTING DOWN WITH A NUMBER OF GUESTS,
RADIO HOSTS AND LISTENERS ALIKE,
AND EVEN BE MAKING A FEW GUEST APPEARANCES MYSELF.
AND IT ISN'T JUST LIMITED TO MRS. AS IT HAPPENS, WE'LL BE COLLABORATING WITH FOUR OTHER STATIONS IN HOKKAIDO.
WHAT'S MORE, ON TOP OF SWAPPING GUESTS,
WE'LL ALSO BE SWAPPING SEGMENTS IN ORDER TO SPICE THINGS UP.
UGH. I STILL CRINGE THINKING ABOUT LAST YEAR.
SOME OF YOU MAY REMEMBER MY IMPROMPTU POETRY SESSION WITH SLAPSTICK SAITO.
I'M GLAD PEOPLE SEEMED TO ENJOY IT, BECAUSE IT WAS ABSOLUTELY MORTIFYING FOR ME.


IN SHORT, IT'S AN EXCUSE TO PLUG PROGRAMS FROM OTHER STATIONS...
...AS A WAY TO UPLIFT THE RADIO INDUSTRY AS A WHOLE.
THINK OF IT AS A FESTIVAL. IT'S JUST GOOD, CLEAN FUN.

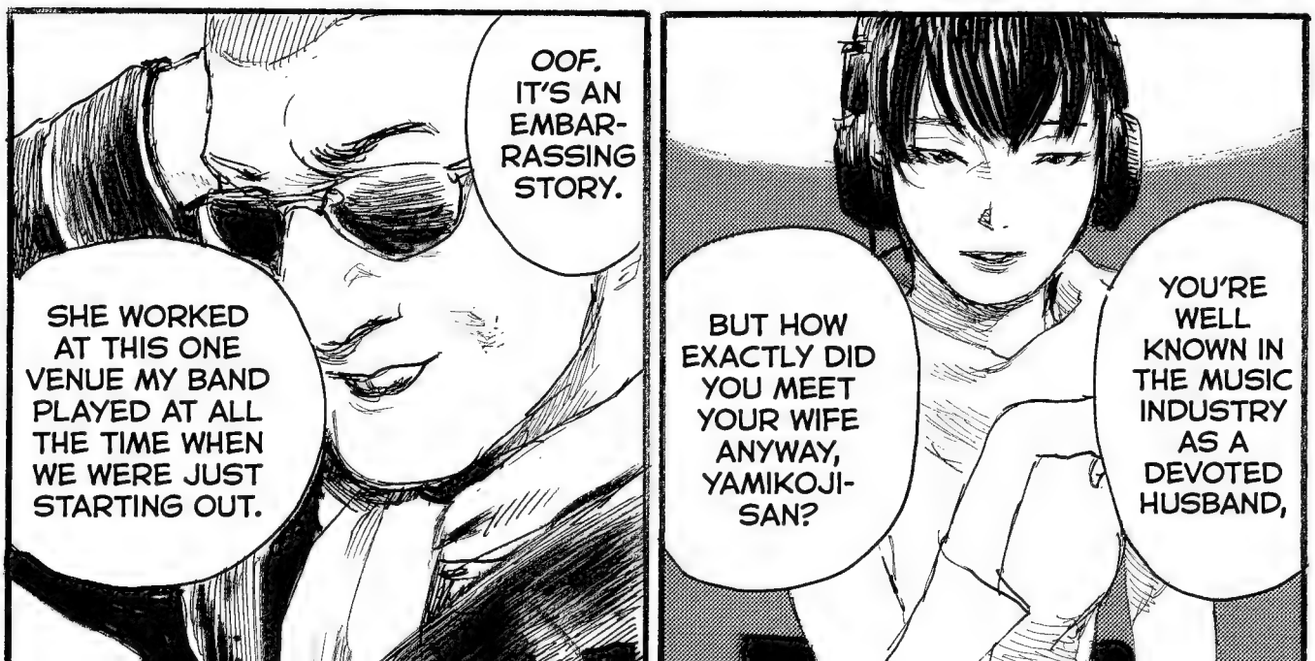
OH, AND WE'LL ALSO BE AUCTIONING OFF PERSONAL ITEMS AND USED EQUIPMENT FOR CHARITY.
LET ME TELL YOU, THE EQUIPMENT AUCTION TENDS TO GET PRETTY HEATED EVERY YEAR.
WE'VE GOT SOME REAL GEARHEAD LISTENERS OUT THERE.


HERE'S A FUN FACT.
AS FOR THE STORY BEHIND THE NAME VALENTINE RADIO,
NATURALLY, IT'S DUE IN PART TO THE EVENT OVERLAPPING WITH VALENTINE'S DAY, BUT AS IT SO HAPPENS...
DURING THE FESTIVITIES, OR RATHER, AFTERWARD,
WE TEND TO SEE A LOT OF *RELATIONSHIPS* FORM BETWEEN COLLEAGUES, AND NOT NECESSARILY JUST MEN AND WOMEN.
PEOPLE FROM DIFFERENT STATIONS JUST SEEM TO GET AWFULLY CHUMMY.

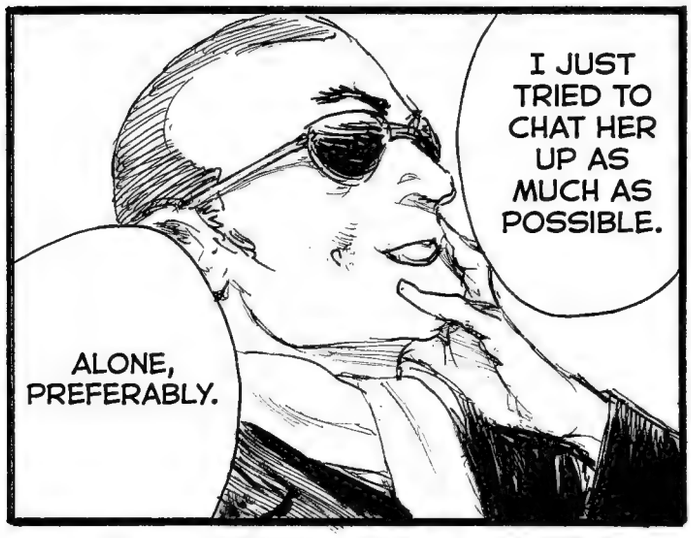
I CAN'T SEEM TO GET A DATE TO SAVE MY LIFE.
EVEN WITH SO MUCH LOVE IN THE AIR,
THE FUNNY THING IS...
I HEAR THREE COUPLES HAVE GOTTEN MARRIED SO FAR.
NO WONDER, CONSIDERING WE MEET WITH EACH OTHER FOR A FULL TWO MONTHS LEADING UP.
HARD TO BELIEVE I'M MRS'S MOST PICKED HOST FOR VALENTINE RADIO, HUH?
MM HM HM HM...
OH, WELL. AS LONG AS EVERYONE ENJOYS THE SHOW, THAT'S ALL I CAN ASK FOR.
I BEG TO DIFFER.
I JUST DON'T GET IT. IT'S NOT LIKE I'M INTIMIDATING OR ANYTHING.

NOW, GETTING AHEAD OF THE MERRIMENT, I HAVE A GUEST HERE WITH ME TODAY.
PLEASE WELCOME THE ONE AND ONLY EMPEROR COWPER, HIJIRI YAMIKOJI-SAN!
PFF HA HA HA HA
YOU'RE TOO KIND.
IS IT JUST ME, OR ARE THESE INTRO-DUCTIONS GETTING LAZIER AND LAZIER?

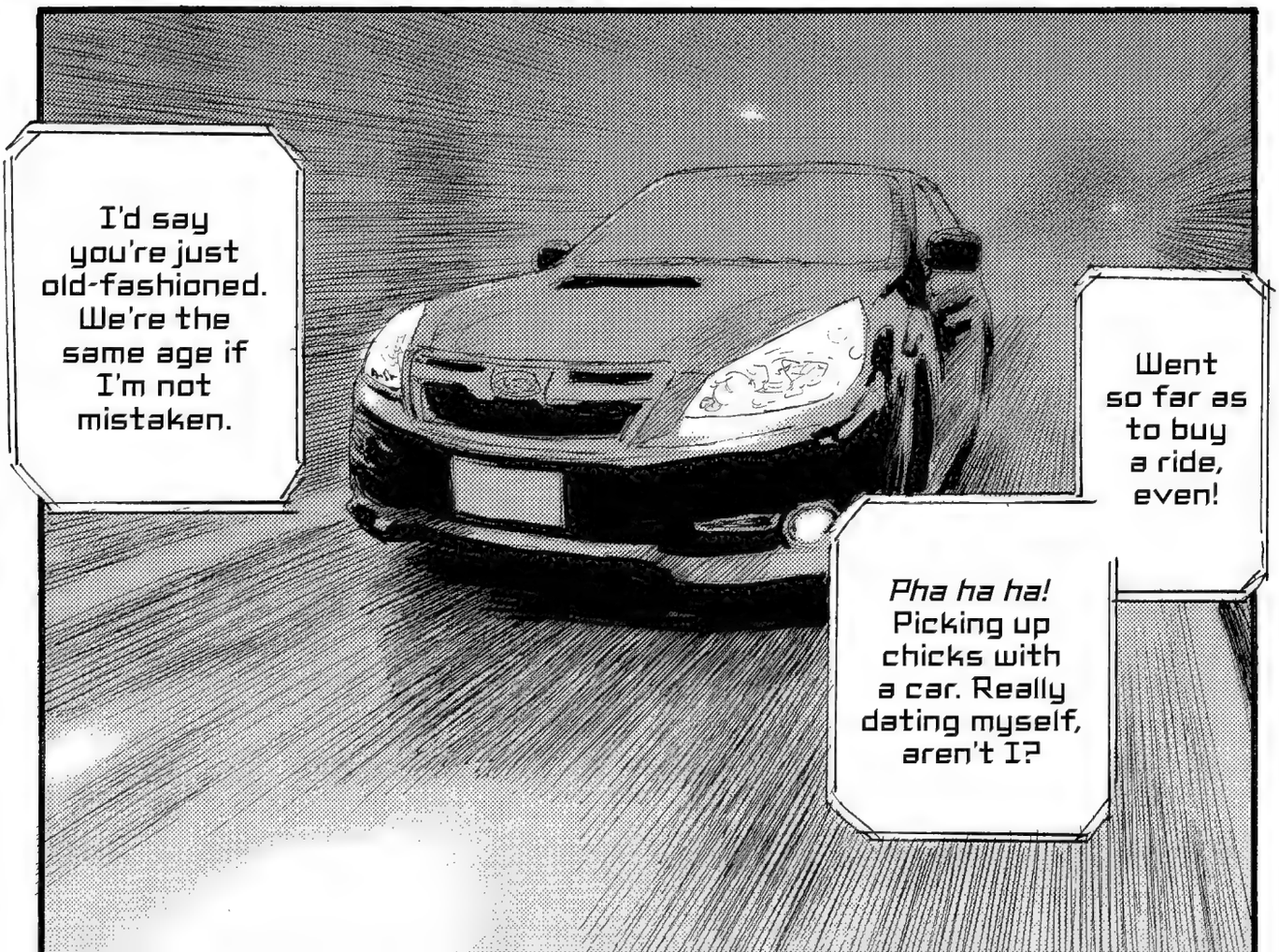
STILL, I NEVER IMAGINED YOU WERE SO LOVE-STARVED, MADOKA-SAN.
IF I WERE STILL SINGLE, I'D SNATCH YOU UP IN A HEARTBEAT.
HEY! I'M DOING JUST FINE, THANK YOU!
I'VE JUST BEEN THINKING IT MIGHT BE ABOUT TIME FOR ME TO SETTLE DOWN!

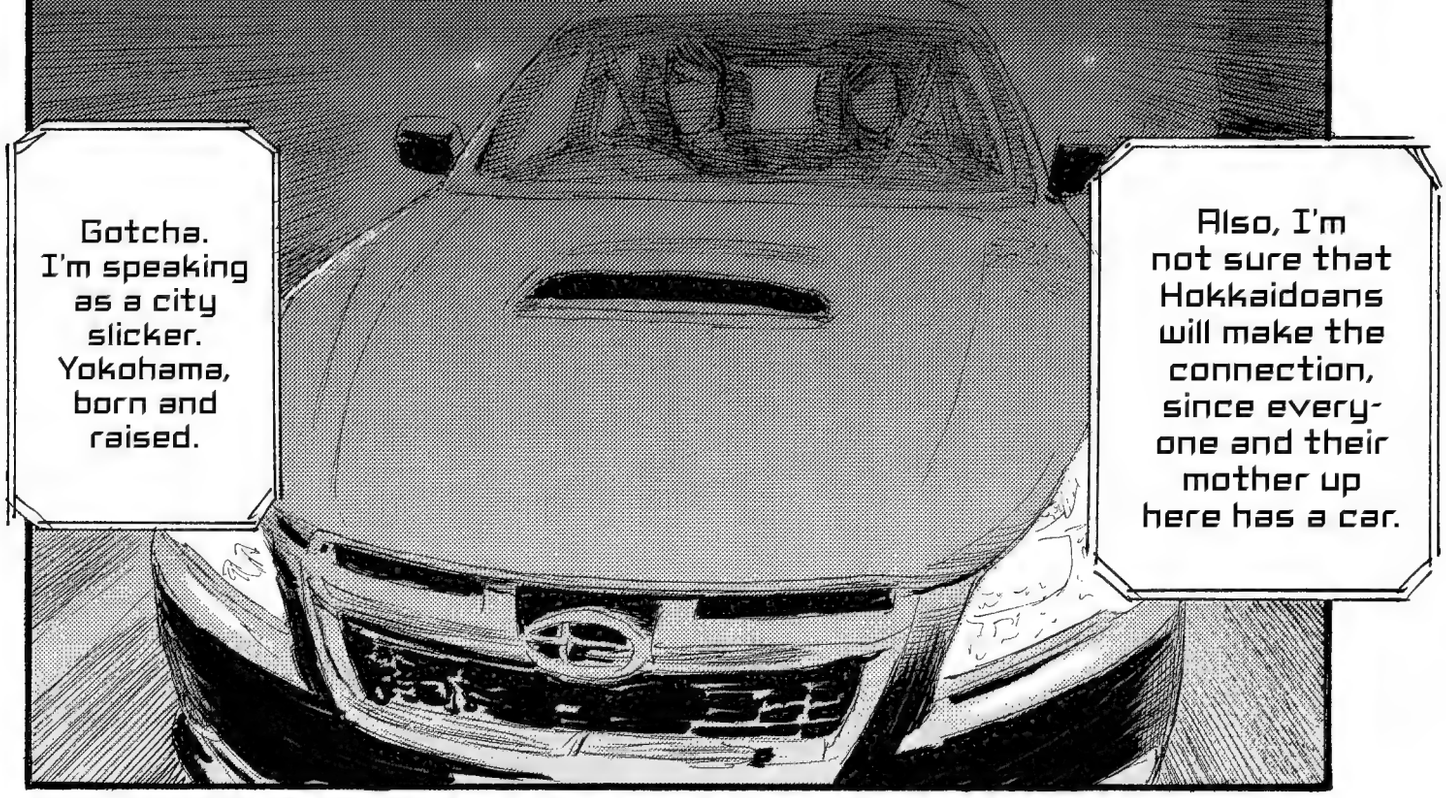

YOU'RE WELL KNOWN IN THE MUSIC INDUSTRY AS A DEVOTED HUSBAND,
BUT HOW EXACTLY DID YOU MEET YOUR WIFE ANYWAY, YAMIKOJI-SAN?
OOF. IT'S AN EMBAR-RASSING STORY.
SHE WORKED AT THIS ONE VENUE MY BAND PLAYED AT ALL THE TIME WHEN WE WERE JUST STARTING OUT.

SHE WAS AS HARDHEADED AS IT GETS. KINDA GIRL WHO THOUGHT MUSICIANS WERE FOR ADMIRING, NOT DATING. EVEN THOUGH SHE WAS IN THE BIZ.
DON'T SPEAK TOO SOON.
REALLY? I THINK THAT'S SWEET.


I JUST TRIED TO CHAT HER UP AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE.
ALONE, PREFERABLY.

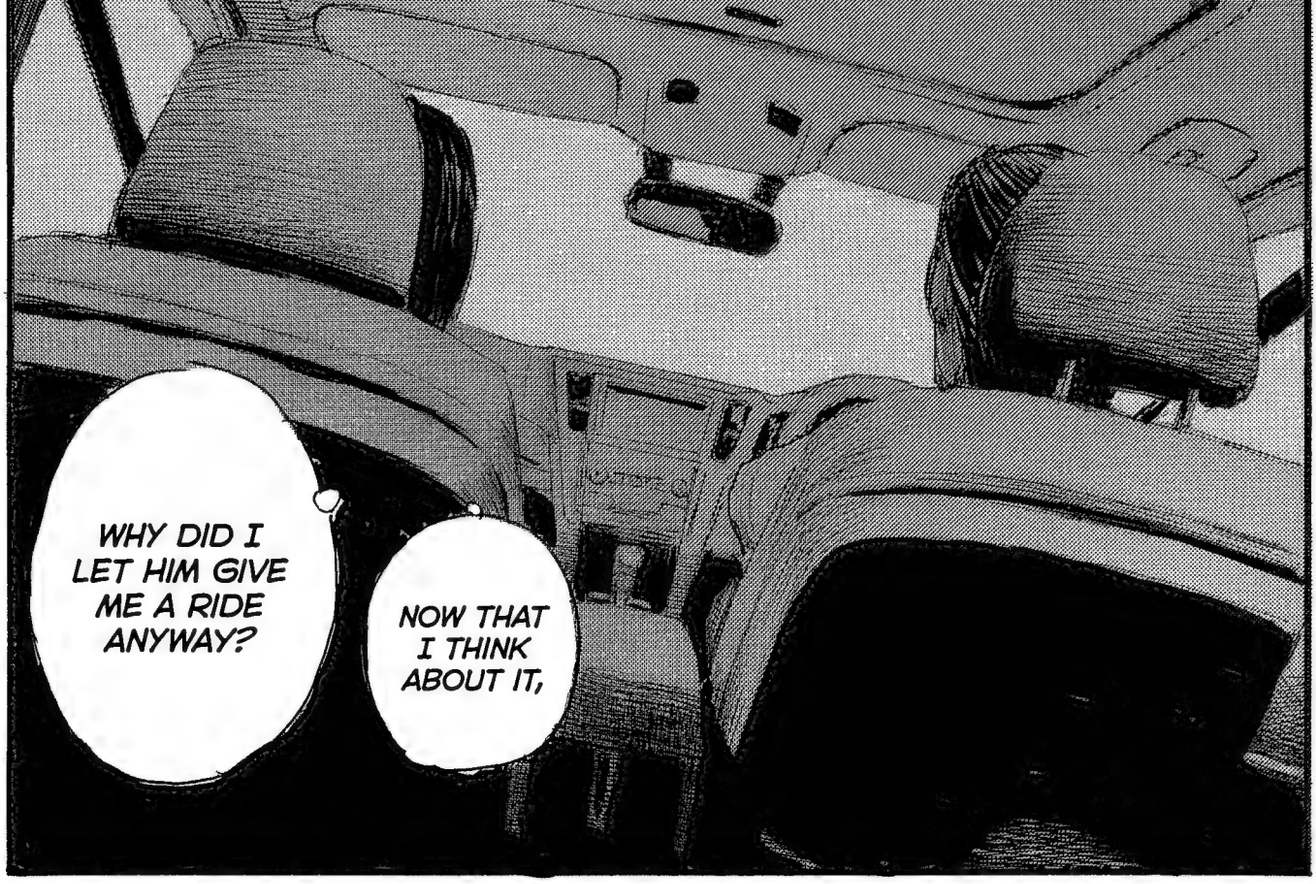
SO? HOW'D YOU MANAGE TO WIN HER OVER?
SOUNDS LIKE A WOMAN YOU CAN TRUST TO ME.


I'd say you're just old-fashioned. We're the same age if I'm not mistaken.
Went so far as to buy a ride, even!
Pha ha ha! Picking up chicks with a car. Really dating myself, aren't I?


Gotcha. I'm speaking as a city slicker. Yokohama, born and raised.
Also, I'm not sure that Hokkaidoans will make the connection, since every-one and their mother up here has a car.

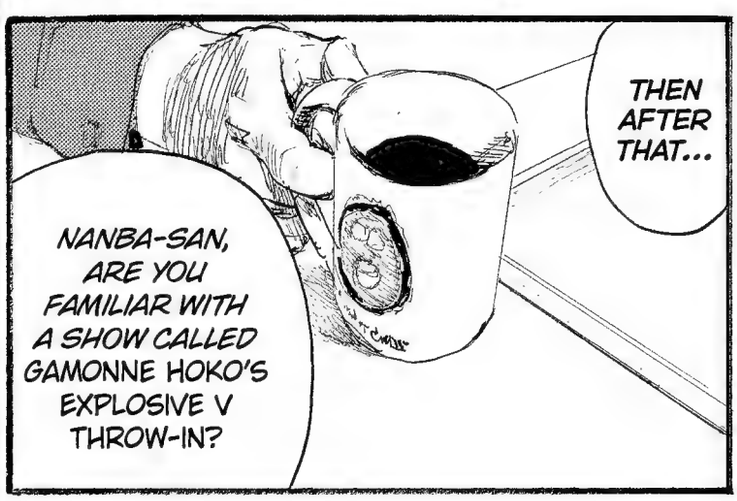
Oh? There's nothing wrong about a man who tries his best to keep a conversation going.
Though I get the feeling she saw right through my BS. *Ah ha ha ha!*
Even if the conversation dies, you can just talk about something you see out the window.
But really, car dates are great.

HE STOPPED TALKING AS SOON AS WE GOT IN...
...


WHY DID I LET HIM GIVE ME A RIDE ANYWAY?
NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT,

HUH?
Y-YES, I AM!
THIS IS JUST SOMETHING I HEARD THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE,
BUT IS IT TRUE THAT THE WRITER OF THAT SHOW ALSO WORKS ON WAVE, LISTEN TO ME?

WE WRAPPED UP THE MEETING IN ABOUT 15 MINUTES...
Here's a list of questions I have in mind.
I imagine it won't take much more than an hour.
sure, sounds great.
I'm going to get a refill. can I get you anything?
Oh... I'll go with you.


THEN AFTER THAT...
NANBA-SAN, ARE YOU FAMILIAR WITH A SHOW CALLED GAMONNE HOKO'S EXPLOSIVE V THROW-IN?

I USED TO LISTEN TO THAT SHOW ALL THE TIME.
IN FACT, THAT'S WHAT GOT ME INTERESTED IN WAVE IN THE FIRST PLACE.
THAT'S RIGHT!
HIS NAME IS KATSUMI KUREKO. HE'S ACTUALLY A NOVELIST BY TRADE.
REALLY?! ME TOO!
THROW-IN WAS THE SHOW THAT MADE ME WANT TO WORK AT MRS!
IS THAT SO!
IT'S TOO BAD IT WAS SO SHORT-LIVED. IT'S GOOD TO MEET A FELLOW FAN!
I WAS ESPECIALLY FOND OF ROLO TOMASSI'S SEGMENTS.
LIKE "SUICIDE TO BOOST THE LYMPHATIC SYSTEM," FOR INSTANCE.
HM? IS SOMETHING THE MATTER?
UHH...
THAT WAS ONE OF MY SUBMISSIONS...
WHAT?! YOU'RE KIDDING!

*Three Hours Later
NANBA-SAN, ARE YOU FREE AFTER THIS?
I MADE DINNER RESER-VATIONS, ACTUALLY.
HUH?
UM... DO YOU MIND IF I CONTACT THE OFFICE FIRST?
OKAY.
I SHOULD BE GOOD UNTIL ABOUT 10:30.
EXCELLENT. LET'S HIT THE ROAD, THEN.
17:02
Kanetsugu Mato
Feb 2 • 15:06
Mato-san,
I finished the layout for
Minare-san's next show.
I'll send you a PDF.
Much obliged.
Looks good to me.
Today • 17:01
Good evening, Mato-san. The
interviewer from Chiikusha inv
me out to dinner, but do you n
me back at the office anytime
Nah, we're good here.
Try to be back before 11 though if yo
I wanna go over a few things for tom
I DUNNO. IT'S GETTING LATE.

WHY DID HE EVEN MAKE RESERVATIONS?
IT'S NOT LIKE IT WAS GOING TO BE A LONG MEETING OR ANYTHING.
IT'S JUST...
HE'S SO KNOWLEDGE-ABLE ABOUT RADIO.
AND HE'S FUN TO TALK TO.
JUST LOOKING HIM IN THE EYE MAKES MY HEART RACE.
I WANT TO KNOW WHY I FEEL THIS WAY...

SAY WHAT?!
VOYAGER

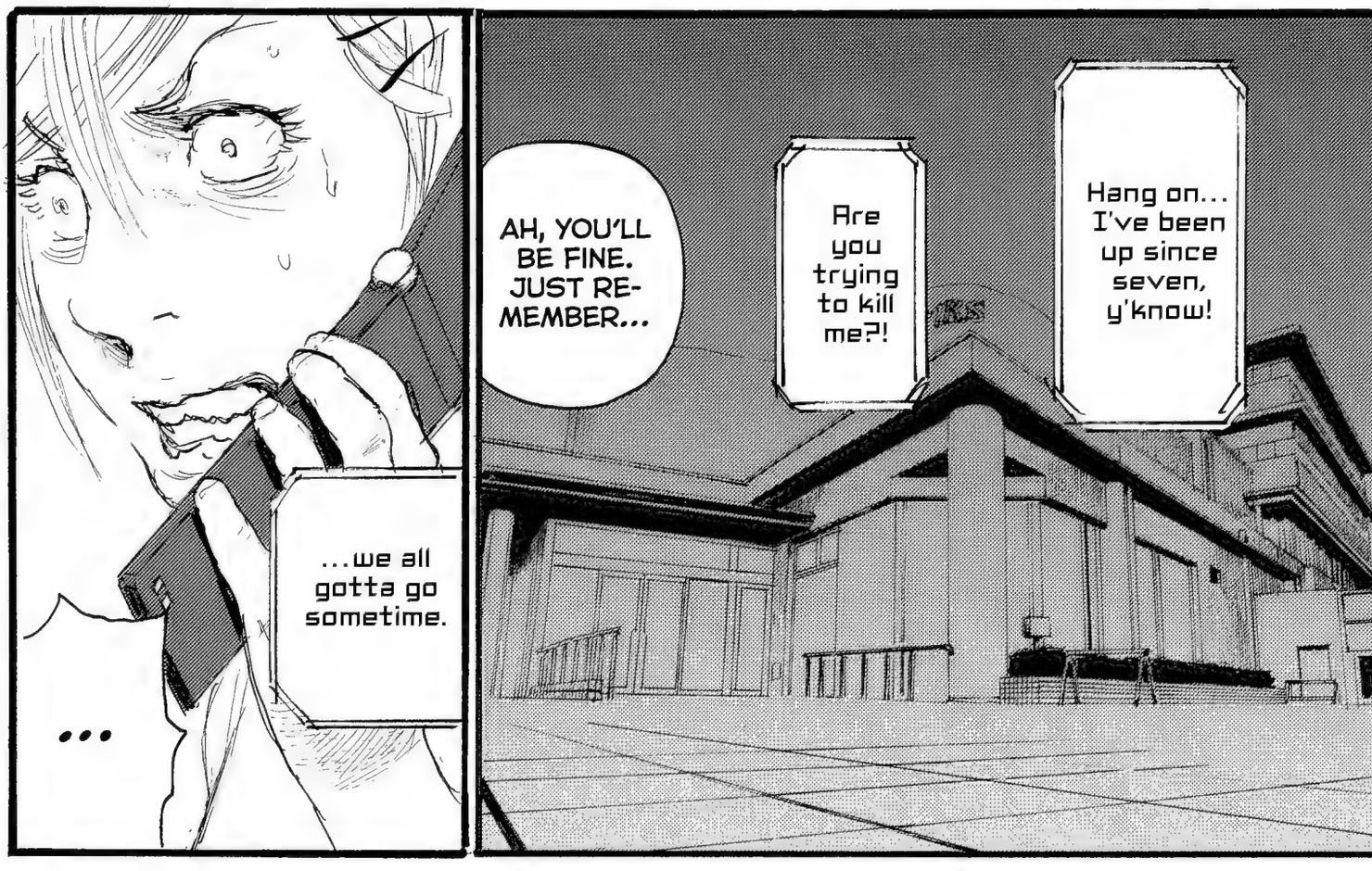
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU DIDN'T ASK?
IS IT NEAR A HOTEL?
HOW MANY STARS DOES THE PLACE HAVE?
OH? DINNER, EH?

SHE'S STILL NOT BACK YET?!
Mm-hm. Getting dinner with the guy, apparently. I told her to be back by 11.

IF IT'S NOT AN EMERGENCY, THEN DON'T USE YOUR PHONE ON THE CLOCK!
HM? NAH, IT'S NOTHING IMPORT-ANT.
I'M JUST CURIOUS HOW THE MEETING WENT.

M'kay. I'll just get all the juicy details when she gets home, then.
ACTUALLY, MINARE.
YOU MIND COMING INTO THE STATION AFTER YOU GET OFF WORK?

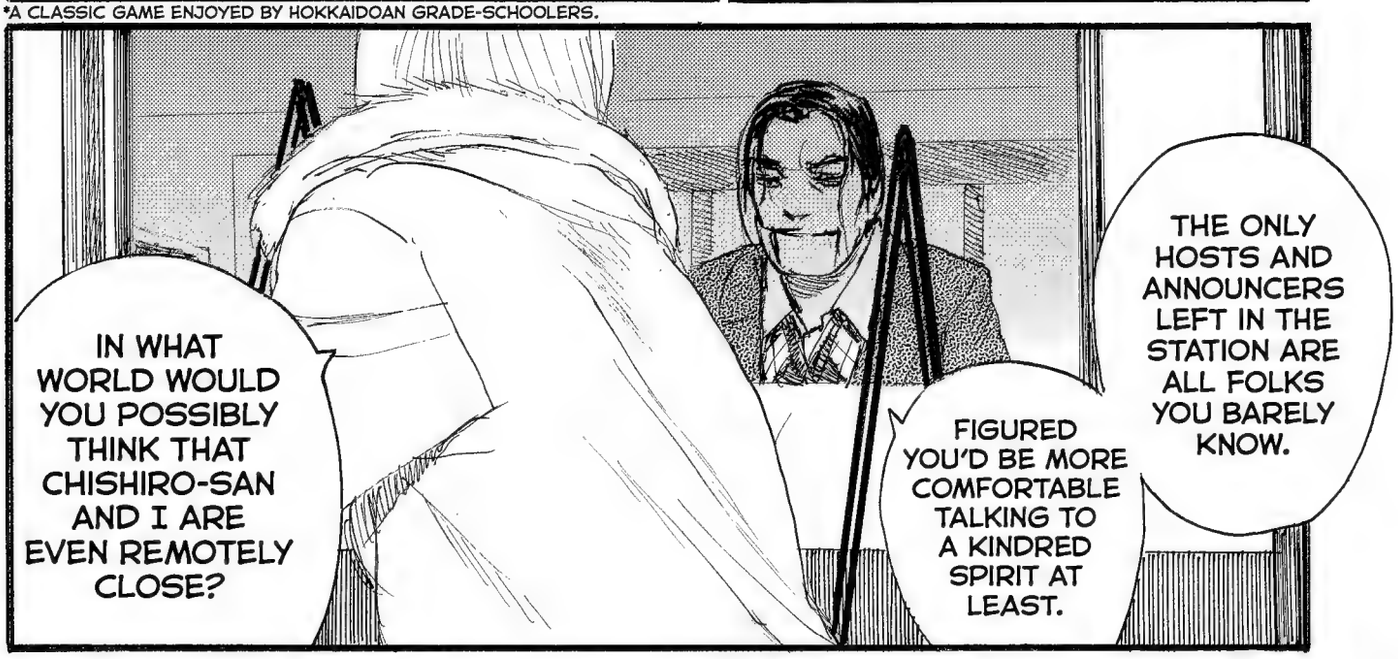
HUH ?!
Kikuchi-san wants all first-timers to do a rehearsal before the real deal, and you're up the first night.
Valentine Radio Week starts tomorrow, remember?
Re-hearsal?


Hang on... I've been up since seven, y'know!
Are you trying to kill me?!
AH, YOU'LL BE FINE. JUST RE-MEMBER...
...we all gotta go sometime.
...

Chapter 72
「ROMANCE IS FLEETING.」

FLASHBACK
ALCOHOL
MADOKA CHISHIRO
WHOA, WHOA, WHOA! GETTING DRUNK IN THE BOOTH?
Didn't we just do this last week?
THE EQUIPMENT'S ALL SHUT DOWN ANYWAY.
WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, ME?
OH, IT'S FINE. THIS IS JUST A REHEARSAL. IT WON'T GO ON THE AIR.

*A CLASSIC GAME ENJOYED BY HOKKAIDOAN GRADE-SCHOOLERS.



WHAT ?!
DON'T LOOK AT ME. I TOLD HER TO BE BACK BY 11.
TRIED TEXTING HER HALF AN HOUR AGO, BUT NO RESPONSE.

WAIT!
HOLD OFF ON THAT FOR A BIT.
WANT ME TO GIVE HER A CALL?
FOR REAL...?
SYNCHRONICITY
HEH HEH.
CHISHIRO SAID THE EXACT SAME THING.

VALENTINE'S IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER. LET'S GIVE NANBA-SAN SOME SPACE, SHALL WE?

YOUR FIRST COLLAB IS WITH ZOZEH YAMADA FROM HCB, RIGHT?
WAZZAT?
THEN HOW ABOUT A GAME OF ROSHAM-BONED?
IS IT LIKE ROCK PAPER STRIPPERS?

IT'S A POPULAR SEGMENT ON YAMADA-SAN'S SHOW.
FIRST, WE PICK A THEME.
THE HOST AND GUEST THEN PLAY ROCK PAPER SCISSORS, AND THE LOSER HAS TO LIST SOMETHING THAT GOES ALONG WITH THE THEME.
SOUNDS KINDA BORING IF YOU ASK ME.
ON THE FACE OF IT, MAYBE.
THE REASON IT'S SUCH A HIT...
...IS BECAUSE THE THEMES TEND TO BE MOSTLY NEGATIVE. FOR EXAMPLE:
"NAME A SHOW YOU HATE."
DAMN. SOUNDS LIKE LATE-NIGHT RADIO, ALL RIGHT.
ANY CHANCE A SAUCY SEGMENT LIKE THAT WILL ACTUALLY POP UP IN AN EVENT LIKE VALENTINE RADIO?
PROBABLY NOT.
BUT WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

WHY DON'T WE TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO LIST OFF A FEW THINGS...
...WE LOATHE ABOUT BEING A RADIO PERSONALITY, *HMM?*
ONCE THE EVENT STARTS, WE'LL HAVE TO PRETEND EVERYTHING'S HUNKY-DORY AFTER ALL.
MIGHT AS WELL VENT WHILE WE CAN, RIGHT?
Asuhi
PSHT

プシュッ PSHT
コンッ TUNK
ゴッ GLUG
ゴッ GLUG
ゴッ GLUG
プシュッ PSHT
コンッ TUNK
ゴッ GLUG
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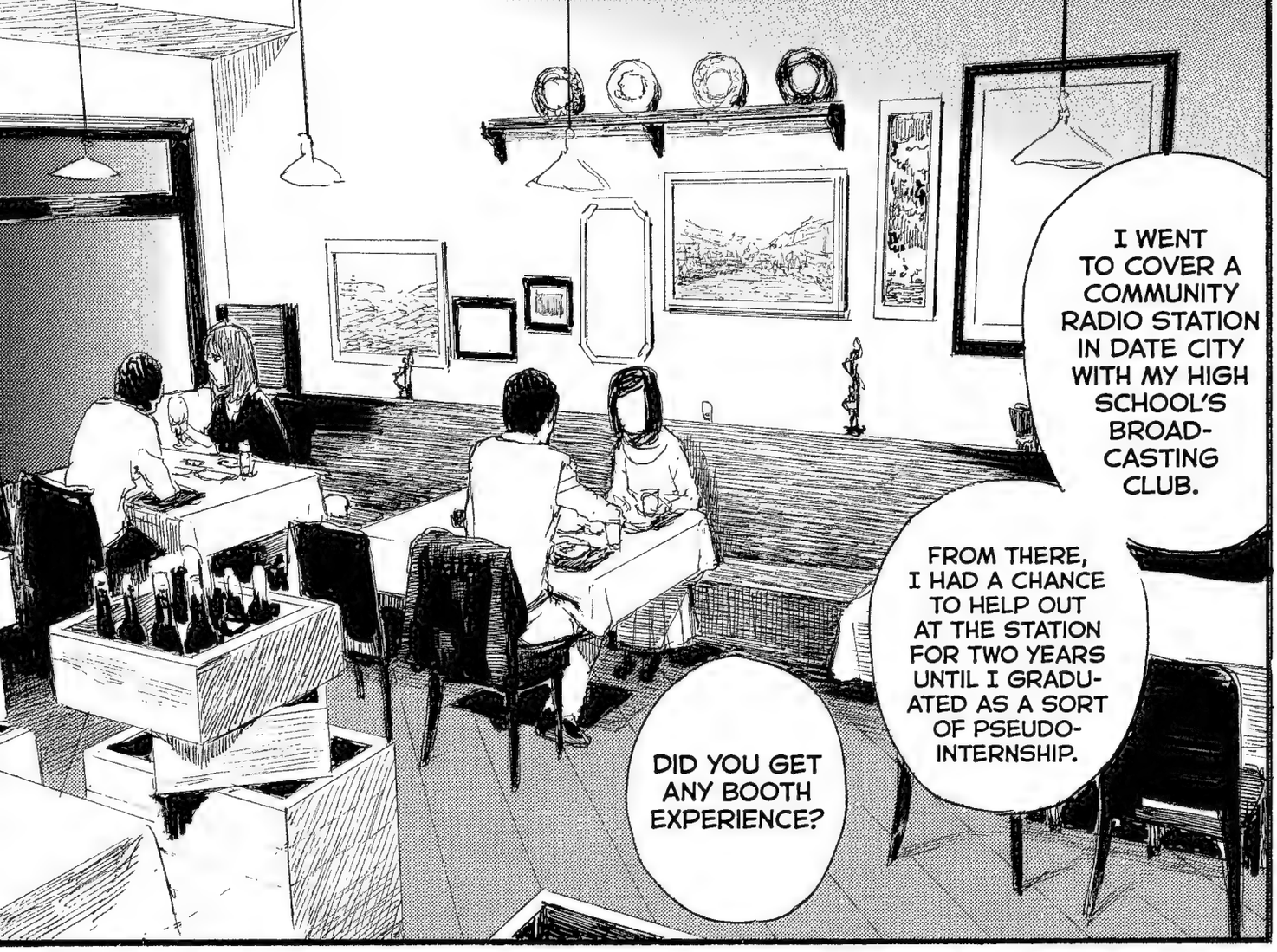
ゴッ GLUG

I FIGURED AS MUCH.
IN MY CASE,
I RECKON MOST OF WHAT I HAVE TO SAY ON THAT TOPIC HAS TO DO WITH YOU. THAT COOL?
Trattoria Calma
I WOULDN'T GO THAT FAR. I MOSTLY JUST HELPED OUT.
OH? YOU'VE WORKED IN COMMUNITY RADIO TOO, THEN?


I WENT TO COVER A COMMUNITY RADIO STATION IN DATE CITY WITH MY HIGH SCHOOL'S BROAD-CASTING CLUB.
FROM THERE, I HAD A CHANCE TO HELP OUT AT THE STATION FOR TWO YEARS UNTIL I GRADU-ATED AS A SORT OF PSEUDO-INTERNSHIP.
DID YOU GET ANY BOOTH EXPERIENCE?

JUST TO PLUG A FEW SCHOOL-SPONSORED EVENTS, REALLY.
MY VOICE TENDS TO GET SCREECHY WHEN I'M NERVOUS.
DID YOU GO STRAIGHT INTO EDITING AFTER SCHOOL, OTAKI-SAN?
NOPE. I WORKED AT A SOBA SHOP, ACTUALLY.
PERSONALLY, I THINK YOUR VOICE IS CUTE. YOU'D HAVE QUITE A FOLLOWING AS A HOST.
ME? NO... I'M FLATTERED, THOUGH.

A MEASLY LITTLE JOINT MY FATHER NEVER GOT OFF THE GROUND.
THAT SAID, I JUST TOOK OVER THE FAMILY BUSINESS BACK IN HOROKANAI.
REALLY? HUH...
I TOOK OVER THE SHOP AFTER MY FATHER DIED, BUT INEVITABLY HAD TO CLOSE DOWN IN THE WAKE OF THE CONSUMPTION TAX HIKE.
I EVEN ASKED THE LOCAL RADIO STATION TO RUN ADS FOR US.
BUT IT DIDN'T DO MUCH TO BRING IN NEW CUSTOMERS.
SO, USING THE KNOWLEDGE I GAINED FROM COMMUNITY RADIO,
I APPLIED TO CHIIKUSHA HOPING TO LAND A JOB AS AN EDITOR FOR A RADIO MAGAZINE.
I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT.
CONSIDERING HOROKANAI'S KNOWN FOR BRAND-NAME SOBA, I GUESS I JUST DIDN'T HAVE MUCH OF A HEAD FOR BUSINESS, HUH?
HA HA...

AH HA HA!
AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, THEY ONLY HAD THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF AND TWO ROOKIE EDITORS ON STAFF AT THE TIME,
SO THEY HIRED ME ON THE SPOT.

I MEAN,
I USED TO GET LUNCH WITH KOMOTO-SAN FAIRLY OFTEN, BUT...

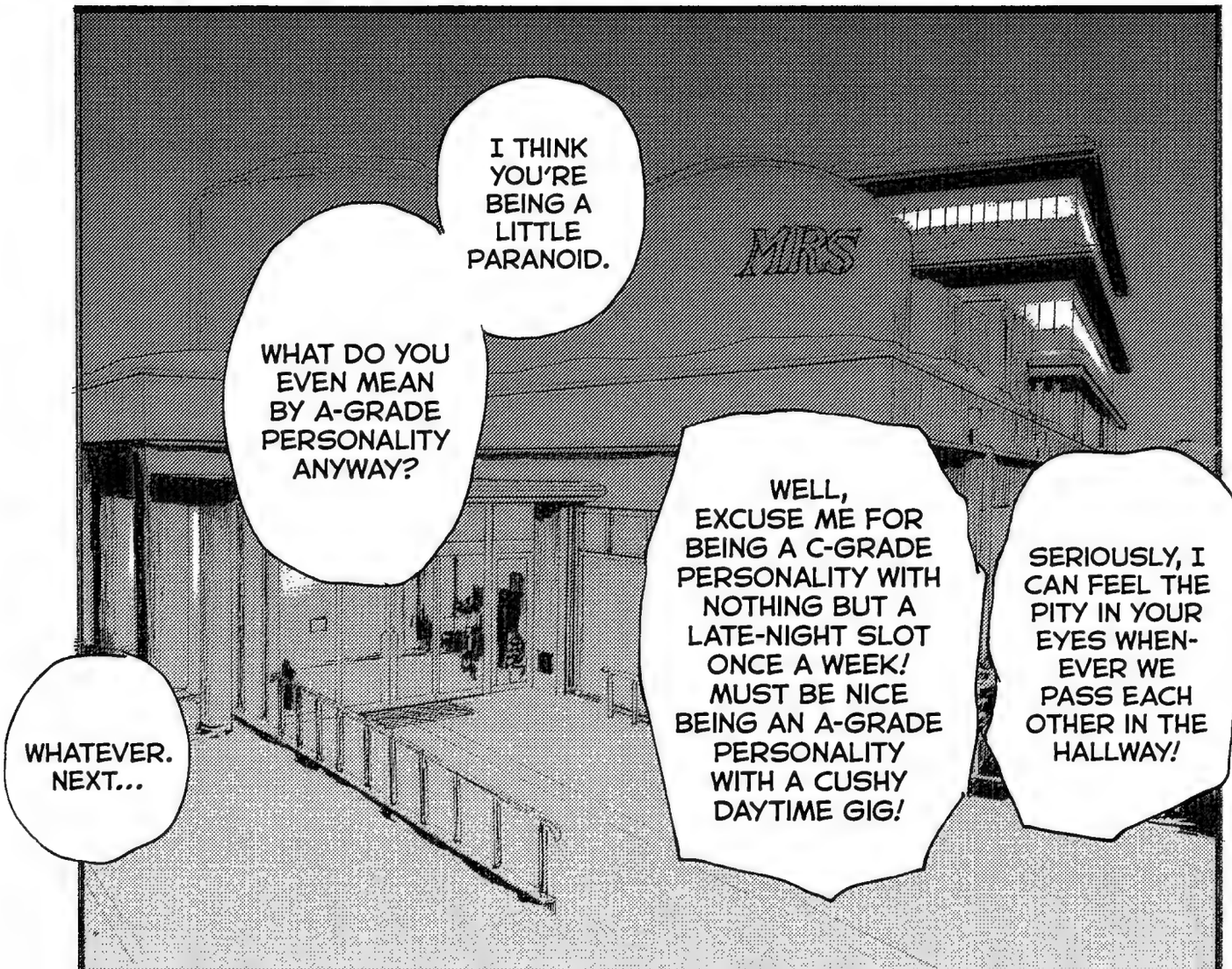
WOW...
I HAVEN'T LAUGHED THIS MUCH OVER DINNER WITH A MAN IN A LONG TIME.

IT'D BE SO MUCH EASIER TO TALK TO HIM...
...IF HE JUST LOOSENED UP A LITTLE.

I DUNNO. KOMOTO-SAN'S NICE AND ALL, HE JUST...SEEMS TO CARE TOO MUCH ABOUT WHAT PEOPLE THINK OF HIM.
I CAN'T BUT FEEL NERVOUS AROUND HIM.
LIKE HE TRIES SO HARD NOT TO SEEM VULNERABLE.

WELL, I SUPPOSE WE PROBABLY SHOULD CALL IT A NIGHT SOON, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?
Trattoria
HUH? OH...
AH!
WHAT AM I THINK-ING?
I SHOULDN'T COMPARE THEM LIKE THAT...
HM? IS SOME-THING THE MATTER?
11, HUH?
GUESS SO. I WAS TOLD TO BE BACK AT THE STATION BY 11.
I PROMISE I'LL DROP YOU OFF AT MRS RIGHT AFTER.
IN THAT CASE,
COULD I ASK YOU TO GO ON A LITTLE DRIVE WITH ME? JUST FOR ANOTHER 30 MINUTES.

WHAT DO YOU SAY? IF IT'S TOO MUCH TO ASK, I'D BE HAPPY TO TAKE YOU BACK NOW.
...SURE.
I DON'T SEE WHY NOT.


MRS
I THINK YOU'RE BEING A LITTLE PARANOID.
WHAT DO YOU EVEN MEAN BY A-GRADE PERSONALITY ANYWAY?
WELL, EXCUSE ME FOR BEING A C-GRADE PERSONALITY WITH NOTHING BUT A LATE-NIGHT SLOT ONCE A WEEK! MUST BE NICE BEING AN A-GRADE PERSONALITY WITH A CUSHY DAYTIME GIG!
SERIOUSLY, I CAN FEEL THE PITY IN YOUR EYES WHEN-EVER WE PASS EACH OTHER IN THE HALLWAY!
WHATEVER. NEXT...

SCIS-
SORS!
ROCK,
PAPER,
SIGH
THAT TAKES A HUGE TIME INVESTMENT. READING ALL THE LATEST BOOKS, WATCHING ALL THE HIT SHOWS AND WHATNOT...
WE HAVE TO BE READY TO CHIME IN ON ANYTHING THE LISTENERS BRING UP, RIGHT?
SEE, THE THING ABOUT BEING A RADIO HOST IS...
IS IT JUST ME, OR DOES THE LOSER GET THE BETTER END OF THE STICK IN THIS GAME?

SPOKEN LIKE A MEMBER OF THE BROWN BEAR RESEARCH SOCIETY.
TO BE HONEST, I'M MOSTLY ONLY INTERESTED IN BIOLOGY. LARGE MAMMALS, SPECIFICALLY.
I WISH I COULD WATCH ANIMAL PLANET AND NAT GEO ALL DAY LONG.
I COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT COOKIE-CUTTER CELEBS AND THE TRITE DRAMAS THEY STAR IN.
THEN AGAIN,
THERE ARE TIMES WHEN I FORCE MYSELF TO WATCH A SHOW FOR WORK,
AND END UP BINGING THE WHOLE THING IN ONE SITTING.
OR I'LL READ A BOOK I INITIALLY MOCKED AND GET MORE OUT OF IT THAN I EXPECTED.
IN THE END, I GUESS THERE'S A REASON FOR ALL THE HYPE.
AND WHILE I'M CERTAINLY NOT THE ONLY ONE, IF LEFT TO MY OWN DEVICES, I'LL ONLY CONSUME WHAT I ALREADY KNOW AND ENJOY, BUT IT'S NOT LIKE I DON'T *WANT* TO EXPAND MY INTERESTS EITHER.

THAT'S NOT WHAT I'M HERE FOR!
SPARE ME THE WHOLE-SOME PEP TALK, LADY!
WHERE'S THE BITCH-ING?! THE VITRIOL?!
BAAAH!
IT'S TIMES LIKE THOSE THAT I FEEL LIKE I'VE TRULY BROADENED MY HORIZONS.
A WELCOME SIDE EFFECT OF BEING A DJ FOR SO LONG, I SUPPOSE.
I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO WIPE THAT NIGHT FROM YOUR MEMORY?
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CHISHIRO-SAN FROM THAT NIGHT IN THE PARK?!
BY THE WAY, THERE'S NO RULE ABOUT DRINKING EVERY TIME YOU LOSE, YOU KNOW.
GOOD FOR YOU.
YESSS! I LOST!
WHATEVER. ROCK, PAPER, SCISSORS, SHOOT!

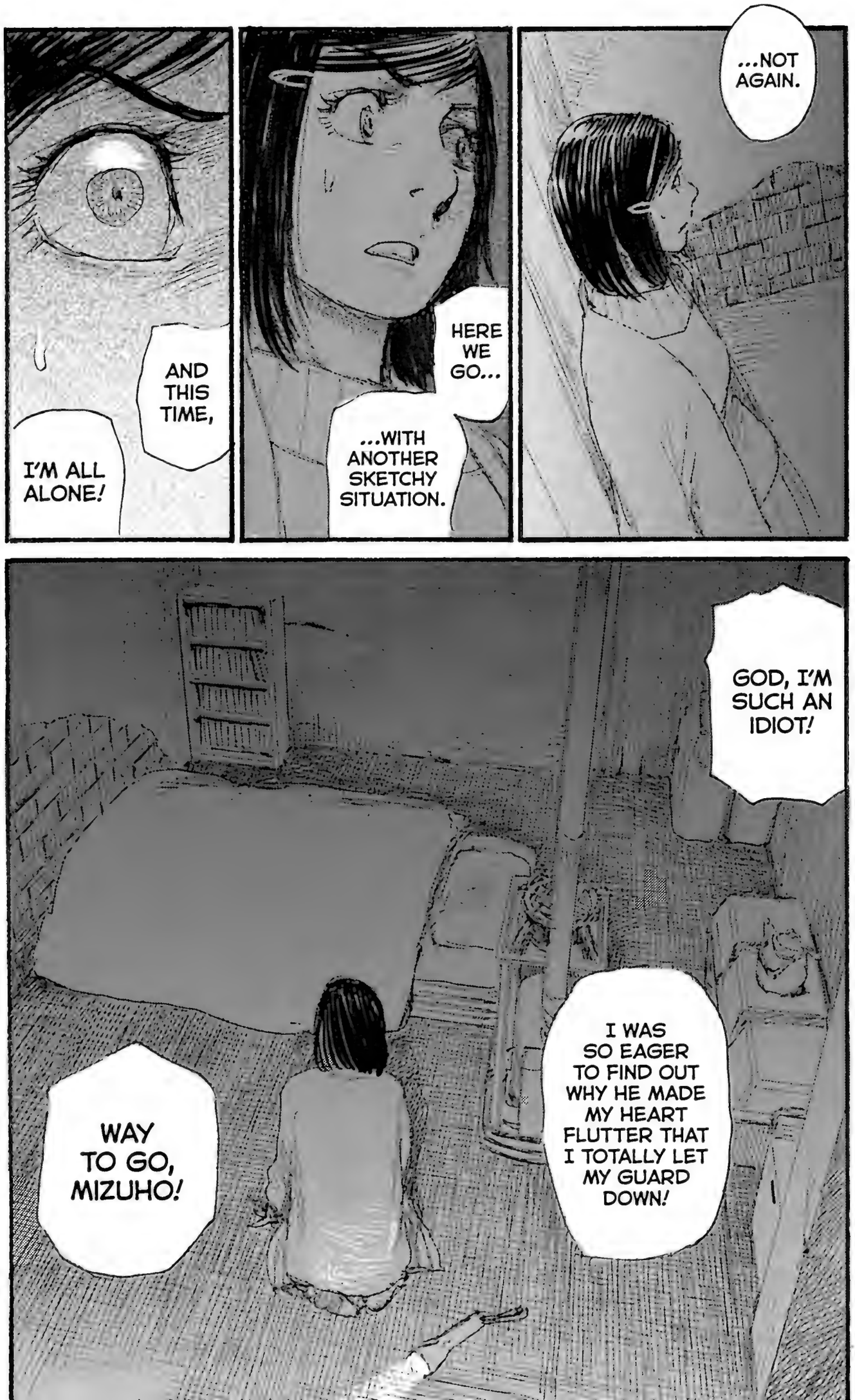
Y'KNOW HOW YOU CALL 31-FLAVORS "BASROB"?
THAT ANNOYS THE SHIT OUTTA ME.
IT'S JUST SHORT FOR BASKIN-ROBBINS.
OH, RIGHT. UHH... LESSEE.
THAT'S WHAT I'M SAYIN'!
REFERRING TO 31-FLAVORS AS BASKIN-ROBBINS IS AN AFFRONT TO JAPANESE BRANDING! I WON'T HAVE IT!
WHAT DOES THAT HAVE TO DO WITH RADIO?
OH...
HEYYY!
IF NO ONE'S MANNING THE SUB-STUDIO, IT JUST LOOKS LIKE WE'RE HAVING A DRINKING PARTY IN THE BOOTH!
THAT'S BASICALLY THE CASE EITHER WAY.
WUH? FOR REAL?
MATO-SAN'S GONE.

WELL, SHIT. SHE'S NOT ANSWERING.
OH, HERE HE COMES.
MATO-SAN... GIVE THE GIRL SOME PRIVACY, WILL YA?
IF IT WERE YOU, I WOULD. BUT NANBA'S NEVER BEEN LATE FOR A MEETING OR FORGOTTEN TO CHECK IN. NOT EVEN ONCE.
CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER IF SHE'S IN TROUBLE.

I'M SORRY, BUT PLEASE STAY HERE FOR THE NEXT THREE DAYS.
I'LL COME BACK FOR YOU THEN. YOU HAVE MY WORD.
ゴーン
GA-ヂ
TOOM

Chapter 73 「I DON'T THINK I'LL MAKE IT BACK.」

WHUMP
WHUMP


...NOT AGAIN.
HERE WE GO...
...WITH ANOTHER SKETCHY SITUATION.
AND THIS TIME,
I'M ALL ALONE!
GOD, I'M SUCH AN IDIOT!
I WAS SO EAGER TO FIND OUT WHY HE MADE MY HEART FLUTTER THAT I TOTALLY LET MY GUARD DOWN!
WAY TO GO, MIZUHO!

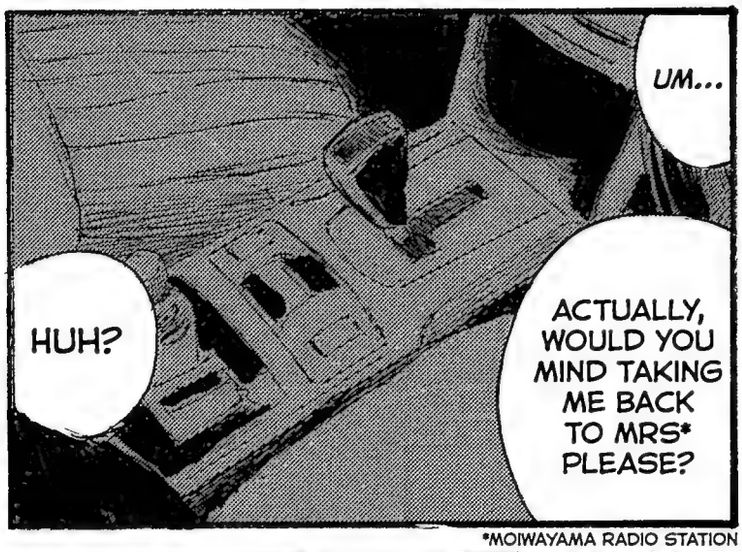
HOW COULD I BE SO BLIND TO THINK I WAS ACTUALLY INTO HIM?
IT WASN'T ANYTHING LIKE THAT!
THAT MUCH IS OBVIOUS NOW.

THE TRUTH IS...
...I *KNEW* HE WAS DANGEROUS RIGHT FROM THE START.
MY SUB-CONSCIOUS WAS JUST TRYING TO WARN ME!

30 MIN AGO

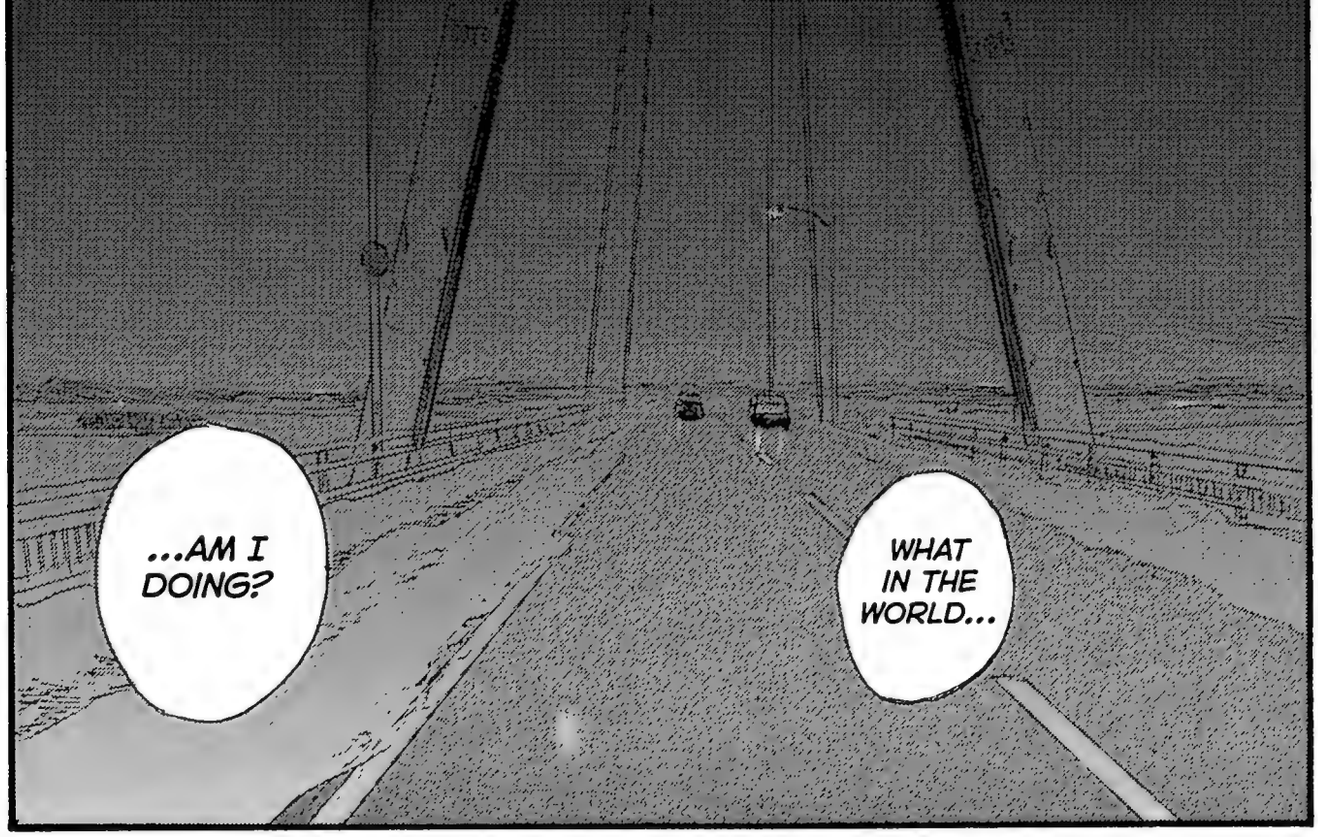
NICE CAR. I BET IT'S COVERED BY S*NY ASSURANCE, HUH?
WEIRD. HE WAS SO TALKATIVE DURING DINNER...
WHERE EXACTLY ARE WE GOING ANYWAY?
...BUT HE'S BARELY SAID A WORD SINCE WE HIT THE ROAD.
UMM. OTAKI-SAN?
OH, SORRY! COME AGAIN?

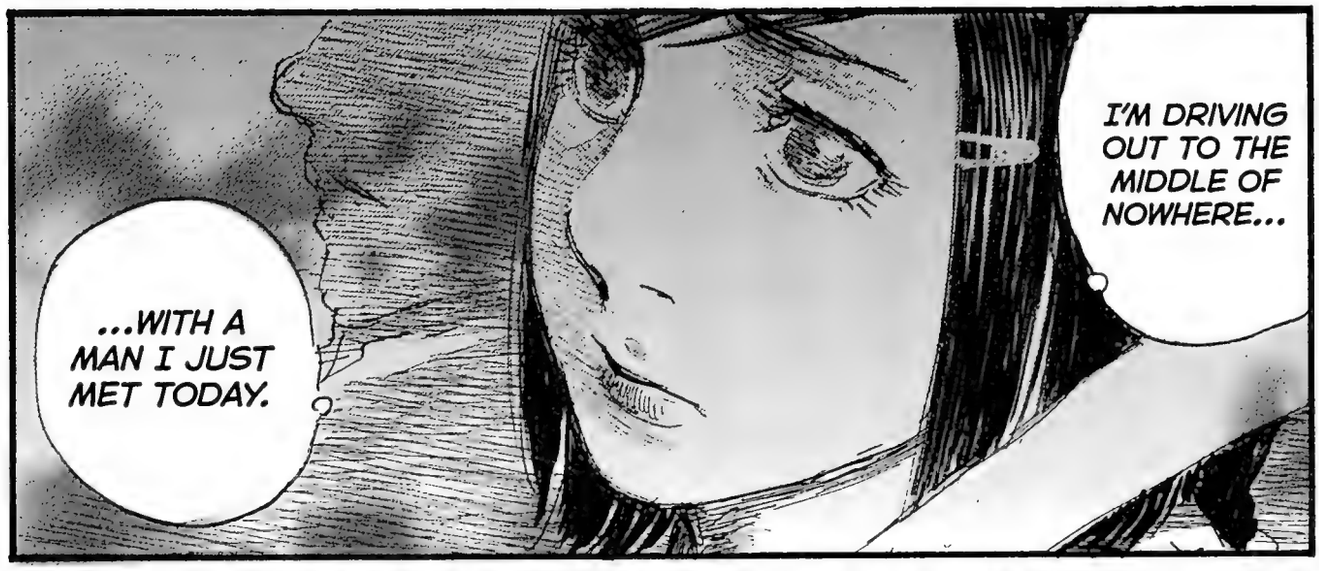
I WAS JUST WONDERING WHERE YOU'RE TAKING ME.
OH, RIGHT. JUST TO ISHIKARI BEACH.
STILL, THAT'S PRETTY FAR.
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A NIGHT DRIVE BY THE OCEAN, I SAY.
YOU MIGHT SAY I'M CLASSI-CALLY CHEESY.
AH HA HA!
WAIT. ISN'T THIS...

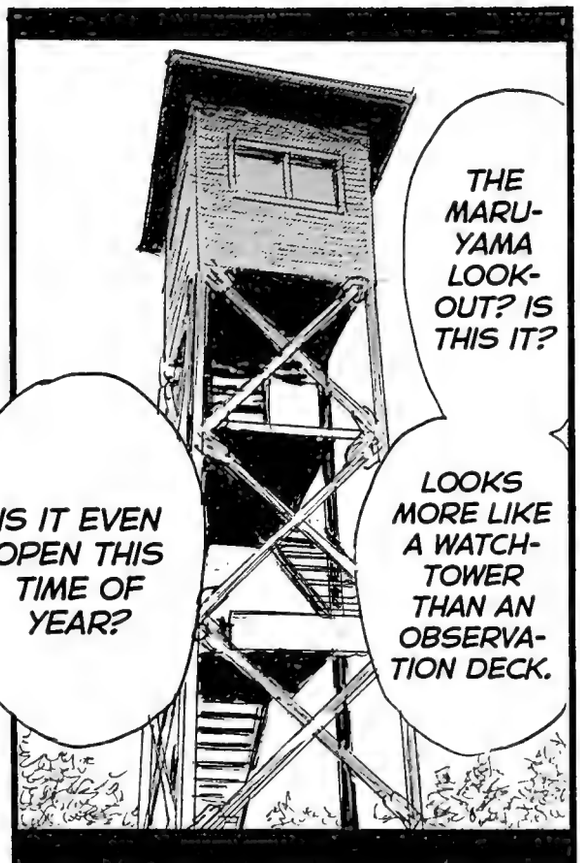


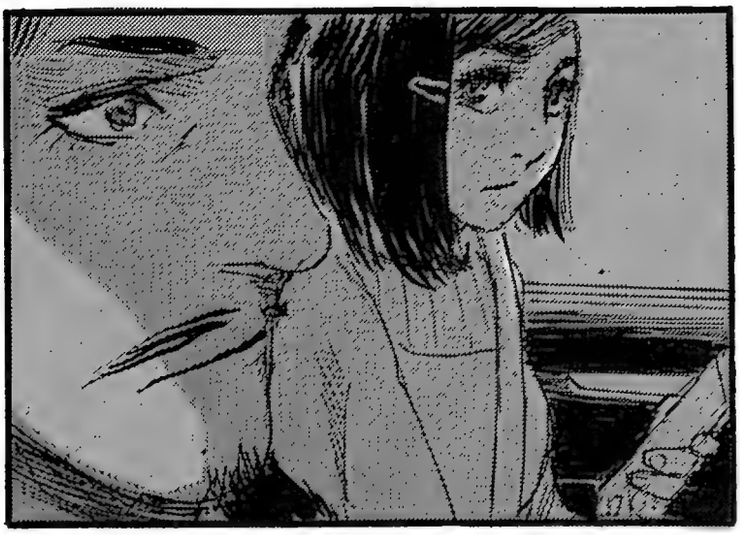
*MOIWAYAMA RADIO STATION

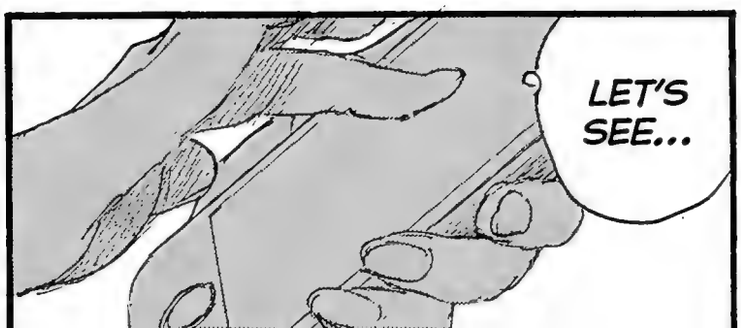
I JUST HAD A CHANGE OF HEART AND THOUGHT WE MIGHT GO TO THE MORAI OBSERVATION DECK INSTEAD.
I'M SORRY IF I SPOOKED YOU.
NO, I JUST...
YOU'D NEED A SOUPED UP F1 CAR TO GET THERE AND BACK IN 30 MINUTES!
WAIT... MORAI?!
I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS AN OBSER-VATION DECK IN MORAI.
OH... I SEE.
THERE'S THE ISHIKARI RIVER...


...AM I DOING?
WHAT IN THE WORLD...

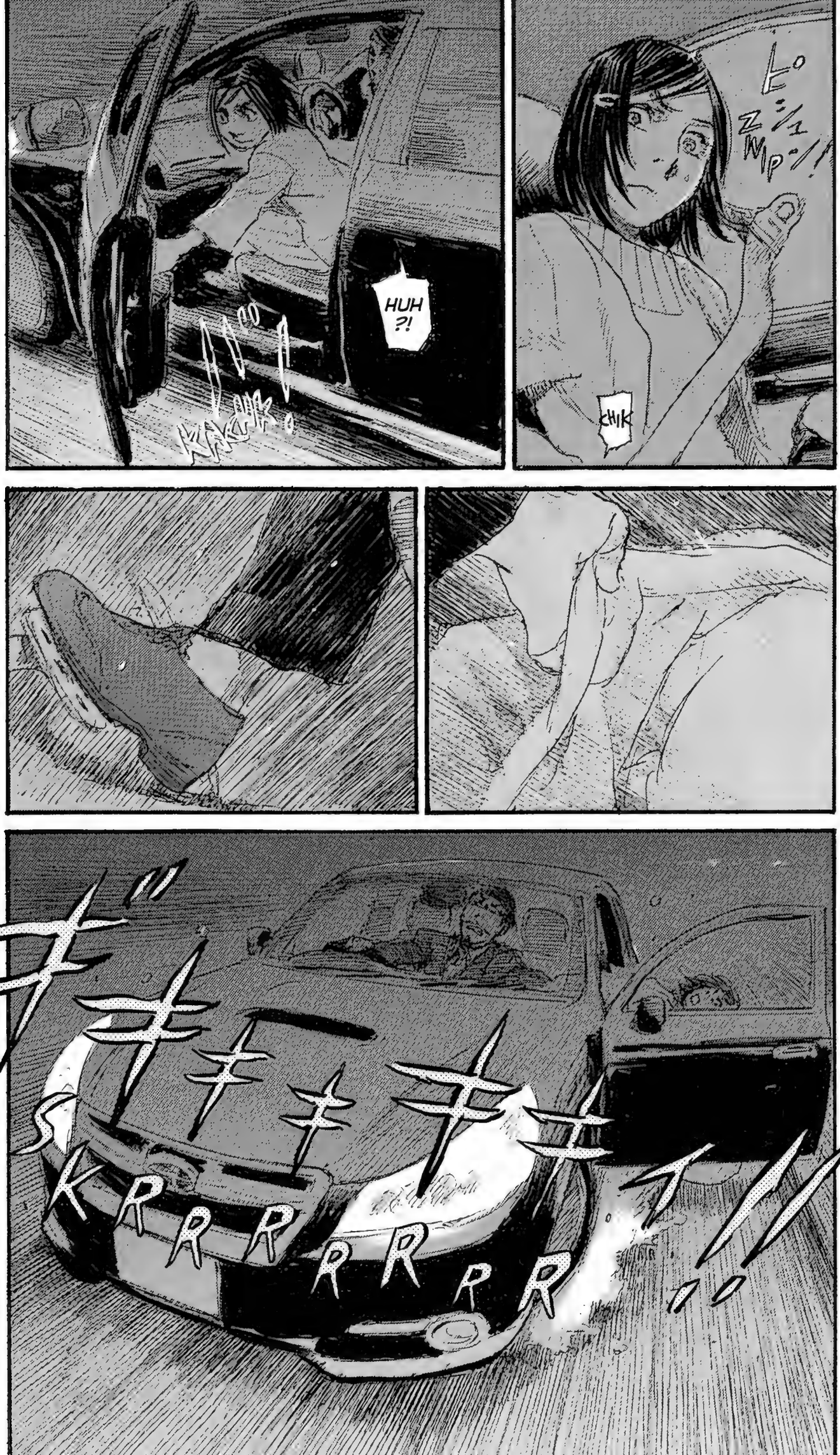

I'M DRIVING OUT TO THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE...
...WITH A MAN I JUST MET TODAY.


THE MARU-YAMA LOOK-OUT? IS THIS IT?
LOOKS MORE LIKE A WATCH-TOWER THAN AN OBSERVA-TION DECK.
IS IT EVEN OPEN THIS TIME OF YEAR?

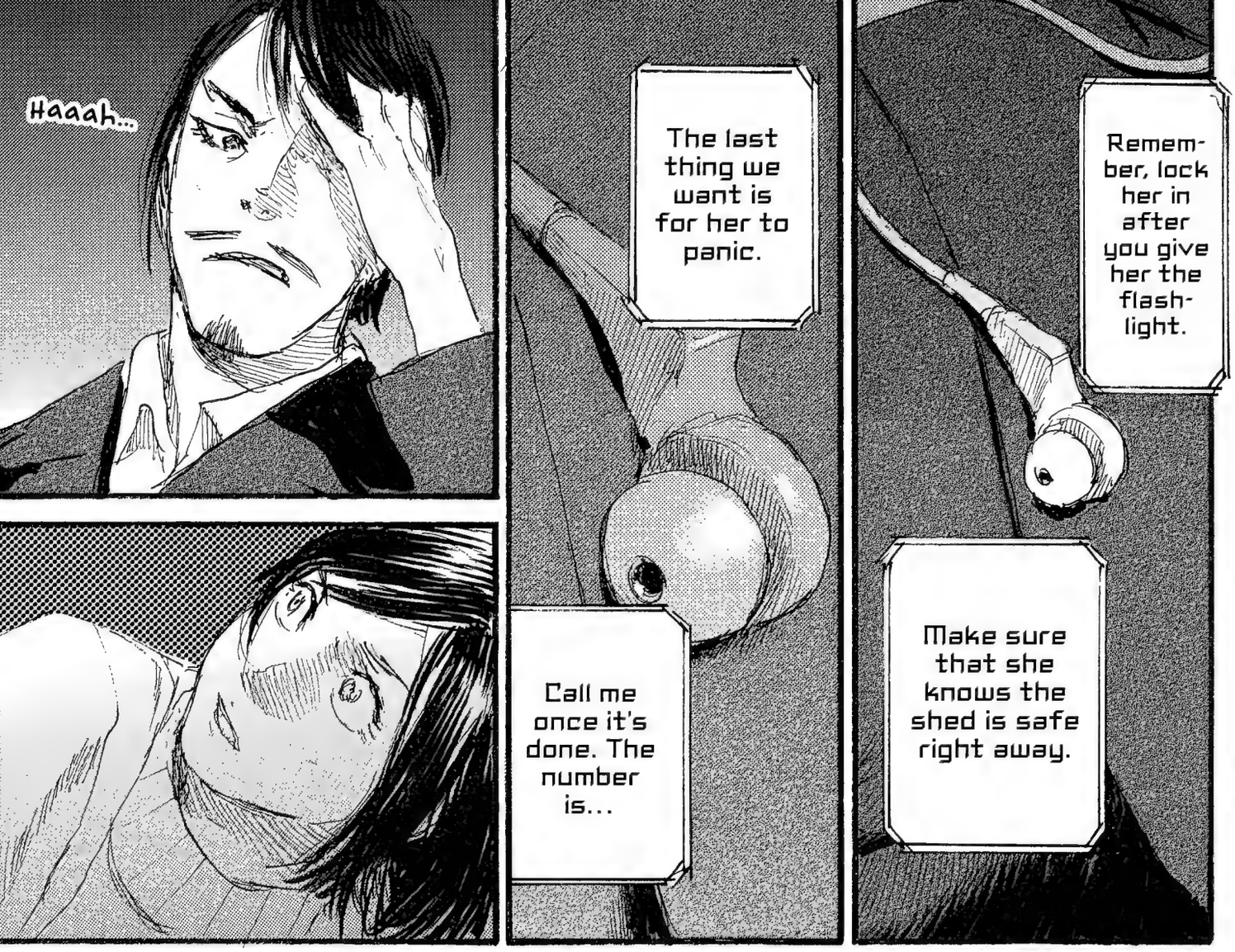



LET'S SEE...

Fear
calm
At night:
A DAM...
LOOKS LIKE THIS ROAD LEADS RIGHT TO IT.
THE MORAI DAM?
UM! OTAKI-SAN!
PLEASE LET ME OUT HERE! I NEED TO GO!
WHOA!
Don't grab someone's arm while they're driving!
I JUST GOT A TEXT THAT THE DIRECTOR SUDDENLY DROPPED DEAD!
I'LL JUST GET A TAXI BACK!
DID YOU REALLY?
COULD I PLEASE SEE THE MESSAGE?


HUH ?!
CHIK
KRRRRRRRR

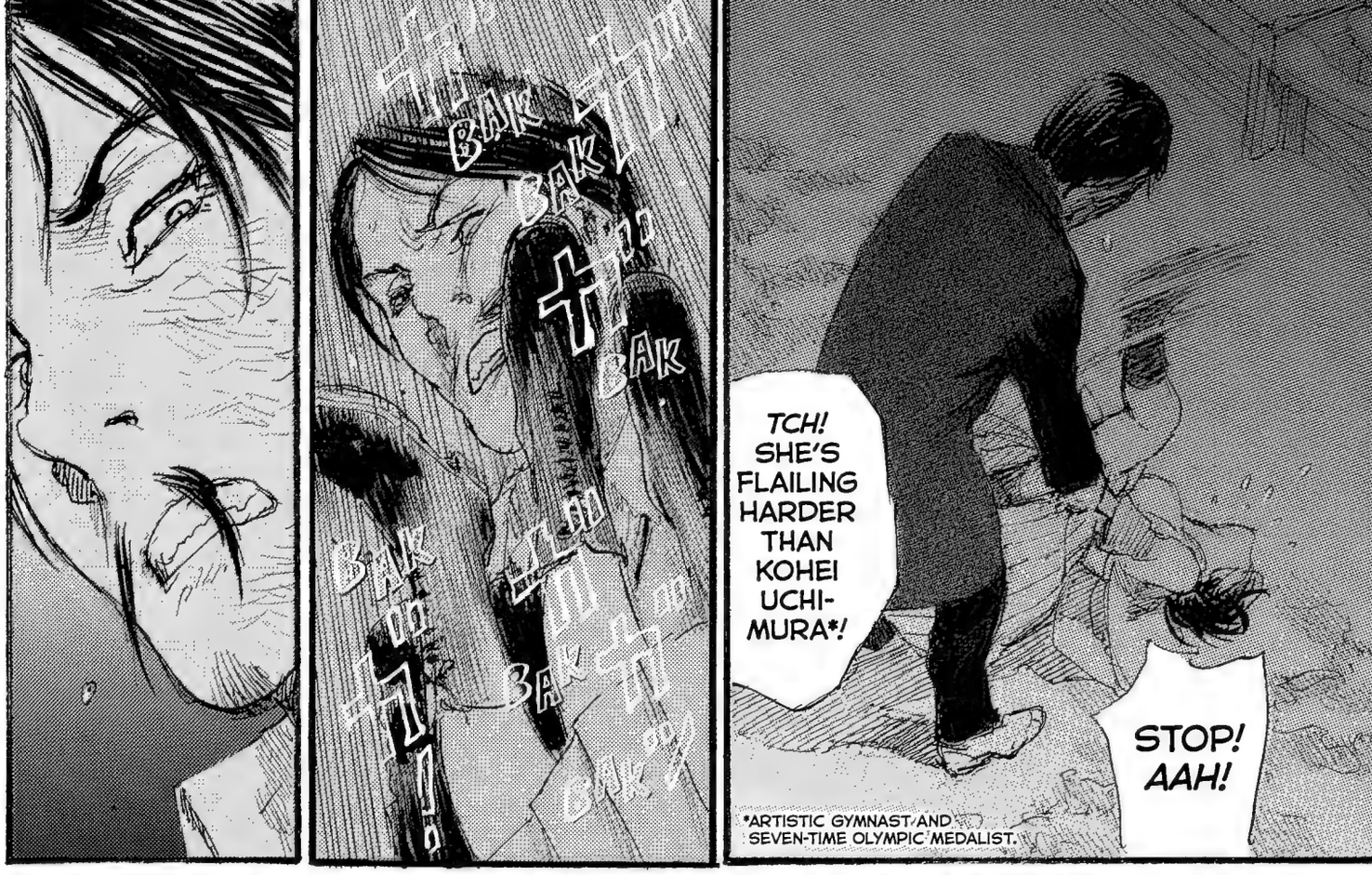
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!
L-LET ME GO!
I'LL GET BACK MYSELF!
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?!
?!
TMP

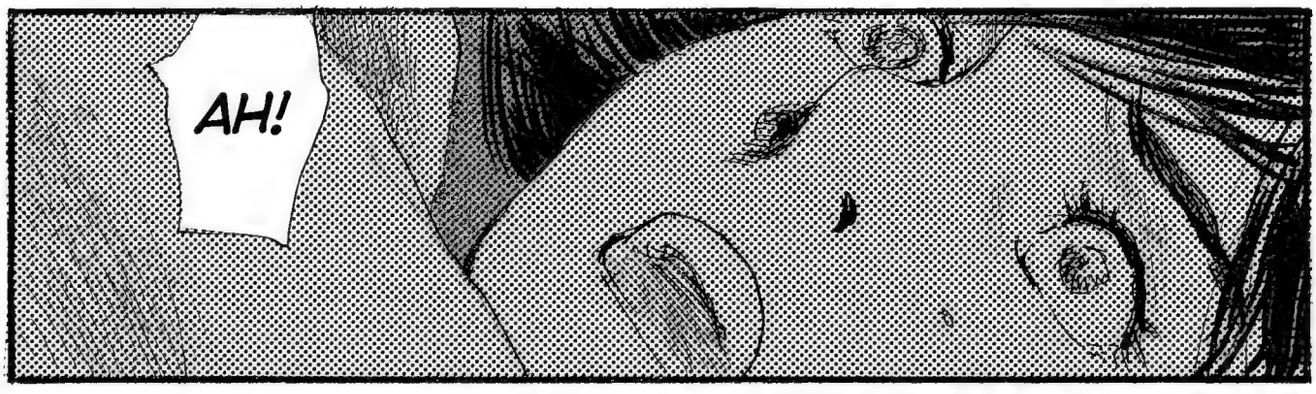

Haaah...
The last thing we want is for her to panic.
Remember, lock her in after you give her the flashlight.
Call me once it's done. The number is...
Make sure that she knows the shed is safe right away.

DAMN IT. I WAS HOPING I WOULDN'T HAVE TO RESORT TO FORCE, BUT...

NO WONDER YOU WERE SO QUIET IN THE CAR...

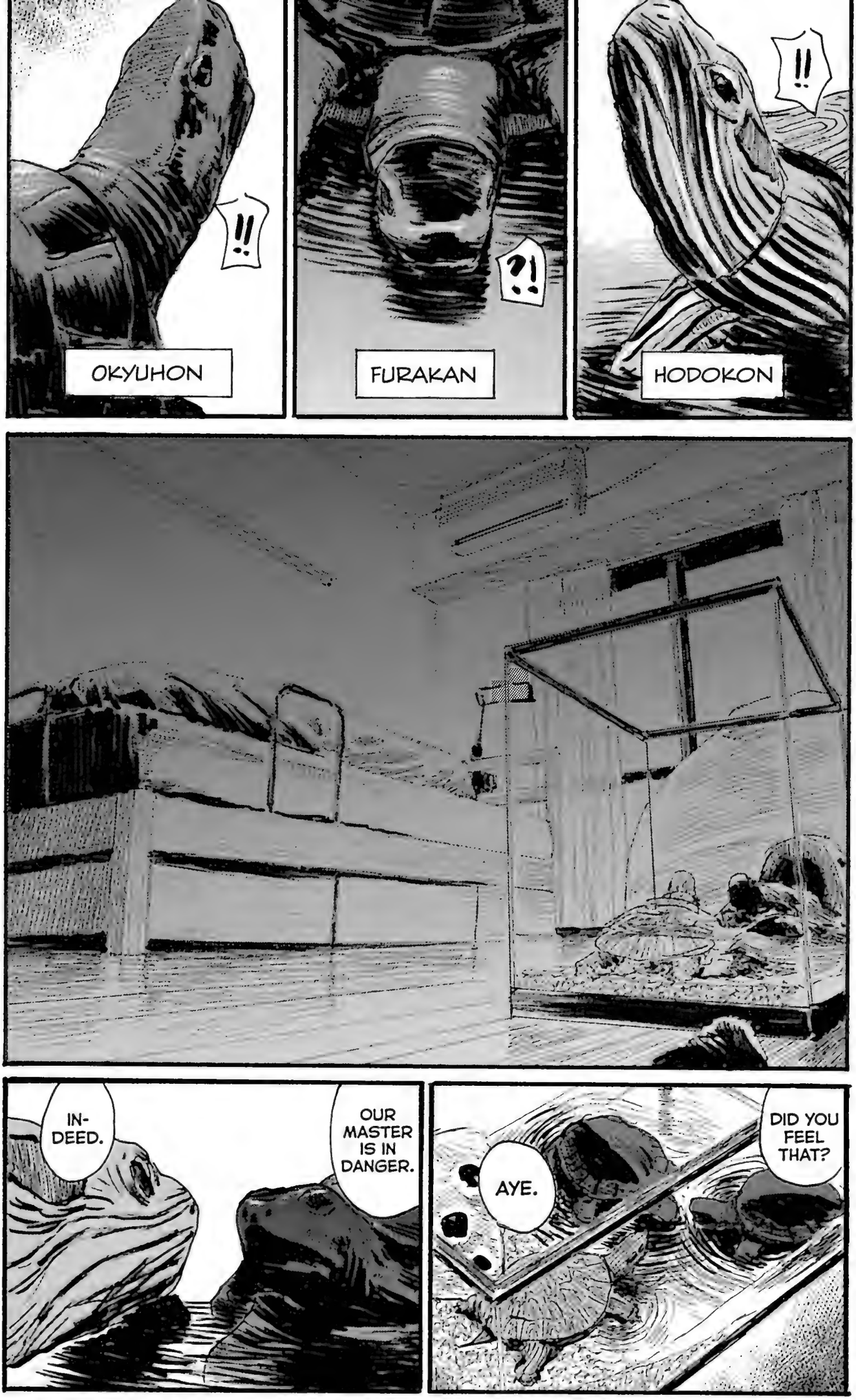
NO! LET ME GO!
PLEASE DON'T RESIST. I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU.

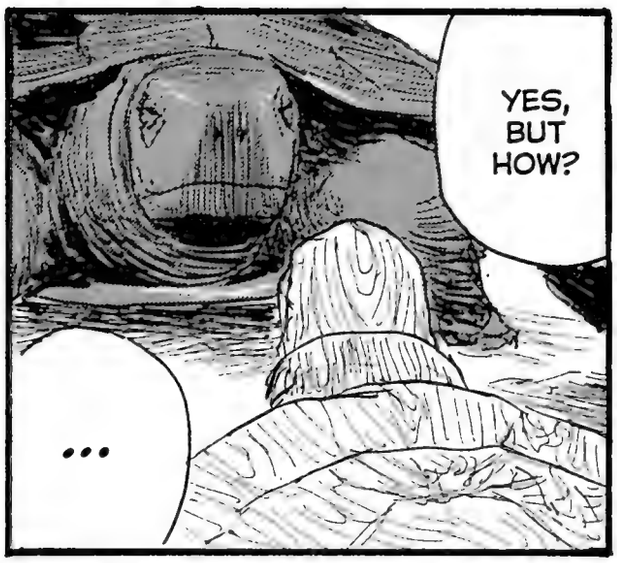

BAK
BAK
BAK
BAK
BAK
BAK
BAK
BAK
TCH! SHE'S FLAILING HARDER THAN KOHEI UCHI-MURA*!
STOP! AAH!
*ARTISTIC GYMNAST AND SEVEN-TIME OLYMPIC MEDALIST.

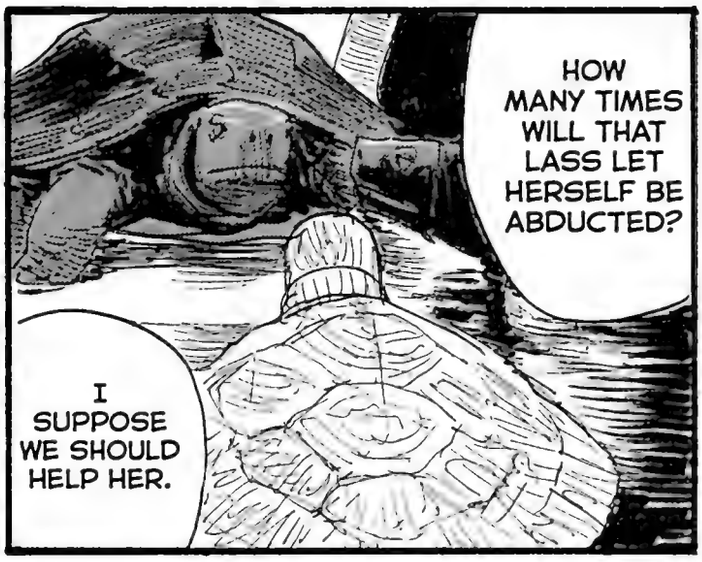

AH!

YOU'RE ...!

Chapter 74 「I DON'T WANT TO WORRY ANYONE.」


!!
OKYUHON
?!
FURAKAN
!!
HODOKON
IN-DEED.
OUR MASTER IS IN DANGER.
AYE.
DID YOU FEEL THAT?





SADLY, THERE WAS LITTLE THE POIKILOTHERMS COULD DO IN THE FRIGID HOKKAIDO FEBRUARY.

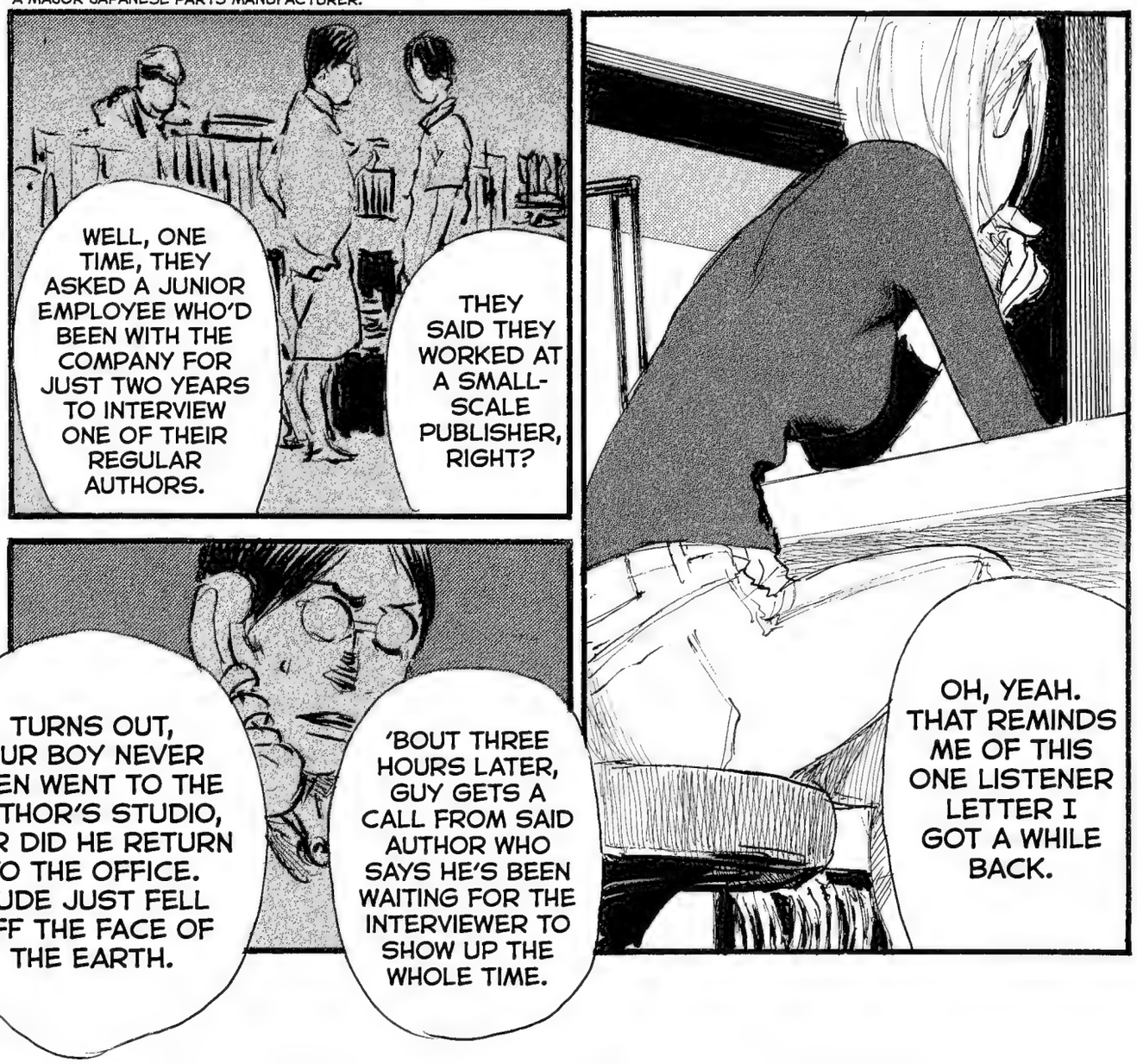
OKAY, WHAT'S TAKING HER?!

I DON'T MIND IF SHE SPENDS THE NIGHT AT HIS PLACE. I JUST HOPE SHE MAKES IT IN EARLY TOMORROW.
IT'S ALREADY 2:30!

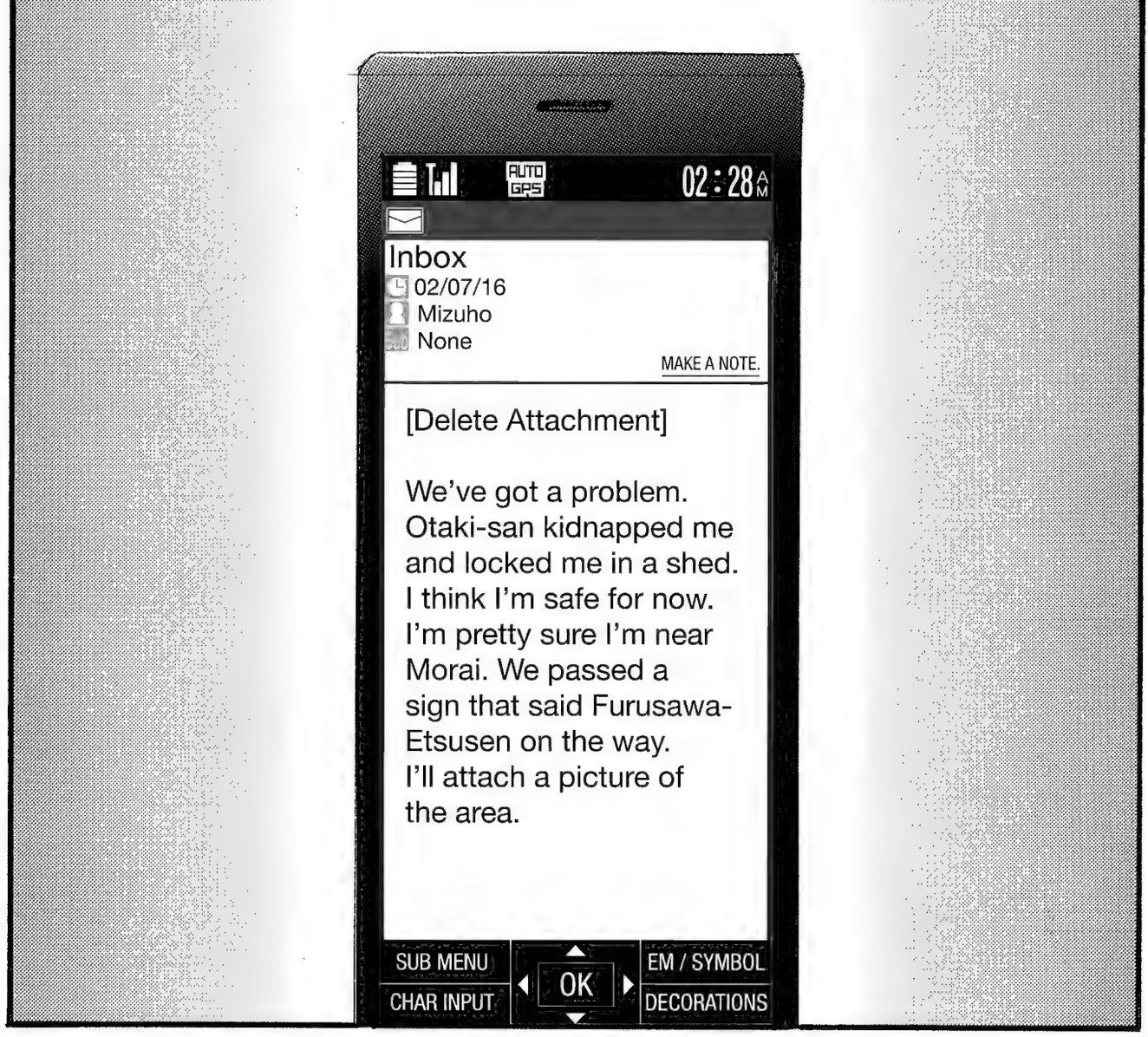
SHE MET THE GUY TO VET *YOUR* INTERVIEW.
THEN BAM! HOT DATE OUTTA NOWHERE!
HONESTLY, I FELT KINDA BAD FOR MIZUHO NOT BEING ABLE TO BRING GUYS OVER WITH ME FREE-LOADING AT HER PLACE.

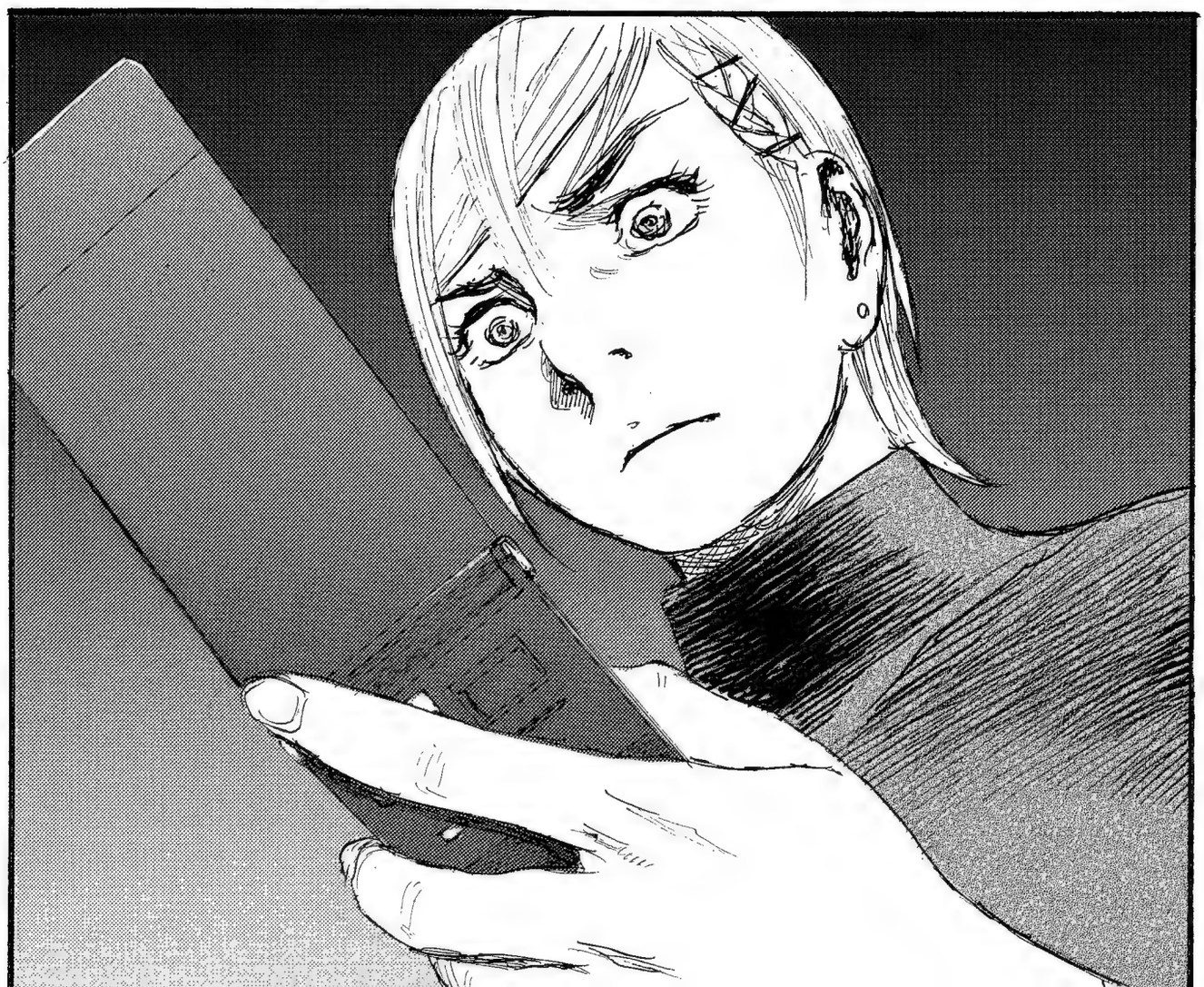
I THINK I GOT A LITTLE CARRIED AWAY.

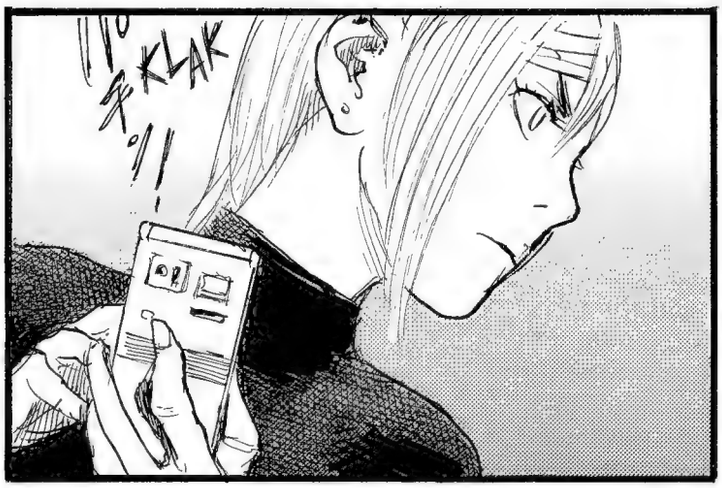
*A MAJOR JAPANESE PARTS MANUFACTURER.



FLASH FORWARD EIGHT YEARS LATER, THE LISTENER RUNS INTO HIS FORMER JUNIOR AT A PACHINKO PARLOR IN TOKYO.
EVEN THOUGH IT'D BEEN NEARLY A DECADE, HE FELT COMPELLED TO GRILL THE GUY AND HAILED HIM WITH A BARRAGE OF QUESTIONS: "WHY'D YOU DISAPPEAR? WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO?" AND SO ON...
IN RETURN, THE GUY GOES ON A ONE-HOUR RANT ABOUT ALL THE SHIT HE HATED ABOUT THE JOB: HOW HE ONLY GOT TO BE HOME TWO DAYS A WEEK, HOW HE HADN'T BEEN REIMBURSED FOR FIVE INTERVIEWS' WORTH OF EXPENSES, HOW HE HAD 27 SCRIPTS AXED BECAUSE THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF KEPT CHANGING THINGS LAST MINUTE...
SCUMMY EMPLOYERS EQUALS SCUMMY EMPLOYEES!
THAT'S THE REALITY OF MICRO ENTERPRISE!
JUST DON'T USE THAT STORY TO BASH ALL SMALL BUSINESSES ON THE AIR, WILL YA? WE DON'T NEED ANY MORE TROUBLE.
FAIR ENOUGH. JUST LEMME SAY THIS:
THAT DUDE DEFINITELY PROPOSED THE INTERVIEW JUST TO GET HIS HANDS ON MIZUHO!
I'LL BET THE REST OF THIS MONTH'S MOBILE DATA ON IT!
SAYS THE CHICK WHO WAS ALL EXCITED TO HOOK NANBA UP WITH THE GUY...
Flip phone data? we got a high roller here.
BVV BVV BVV
OOP. THAT'S ME.


AUTO GPS
02:28 AM
Inbox
02/07/16
Mizuho
None
MAKE A NOTE.
[Delete Attachment]
We've got a problem. Otaki-san kidnapped me and locked me in a shed. I think I'm safe for now. I'm pretty sure I'm near Morai. We passed a sign that said Furusawa-Etsusen on the way. I'll attach a picture of the area.
SUB MENU
CHAR INPUT
OK
EM / SYMBOL
DECORATIONS




KLAK

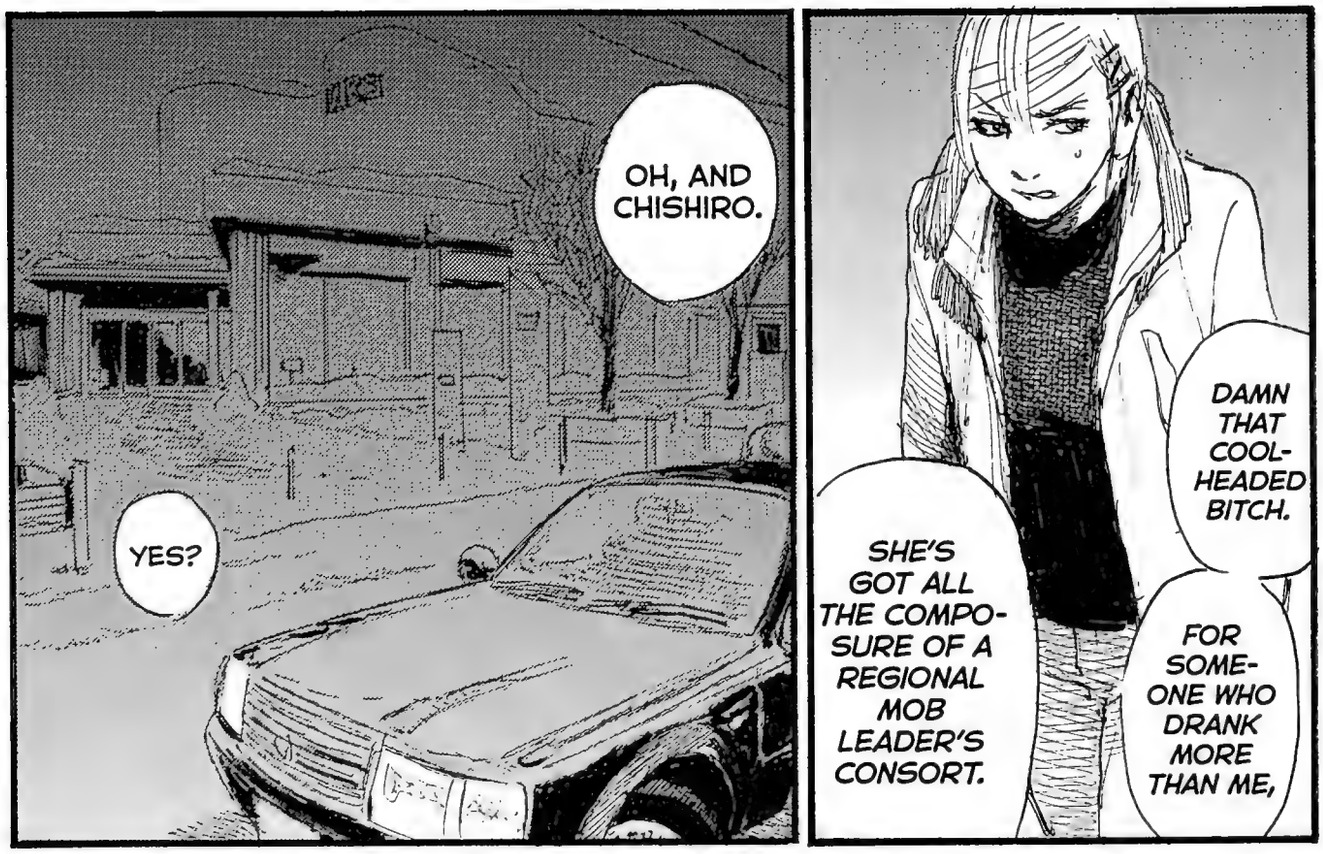
DASH
HEY! WHERE YOU GOING?!

ISN'T IT OBVIOUS?
I'M GONNA GO RESCUE HER.

HM? WHAT'S UP?
OH, GOD. SERIOUSLY?

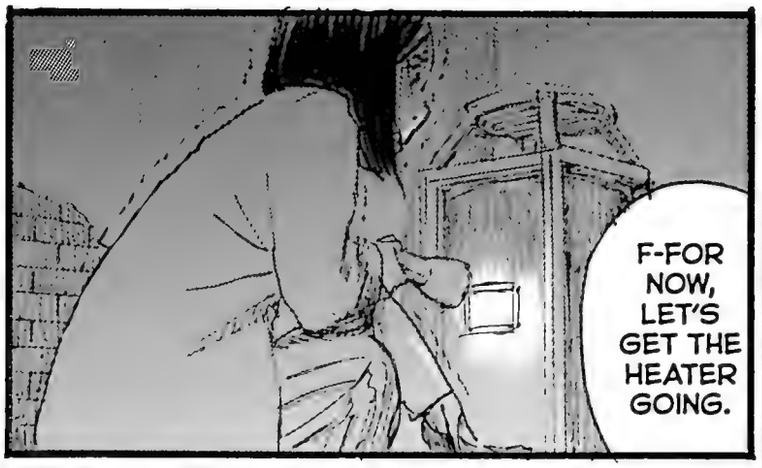
HOW D'YA PLAN ON GETTIN' THERE?
SURE, I'VE NEVER BEEN TO MORAI, AND MY CAR DOESN'T HAVE GPS...
...BUT I HAVE A BUILT-IN MIZUHO TRACKER. I'LL FIND HER SOMEHOW.
HEH
PUH-LEEZE, MATO-SAN...
NOT THAT. I MEAN *THIS.*
THAT TEXT SOBERED ME RIGHT UP. I'M GOOD.
IF THAT'S ALL IT TOOK, WE WOULDN'T NEED POLICE, Y'KNOW.
KODA-SAN!
I JUST CALLED A TAXI!

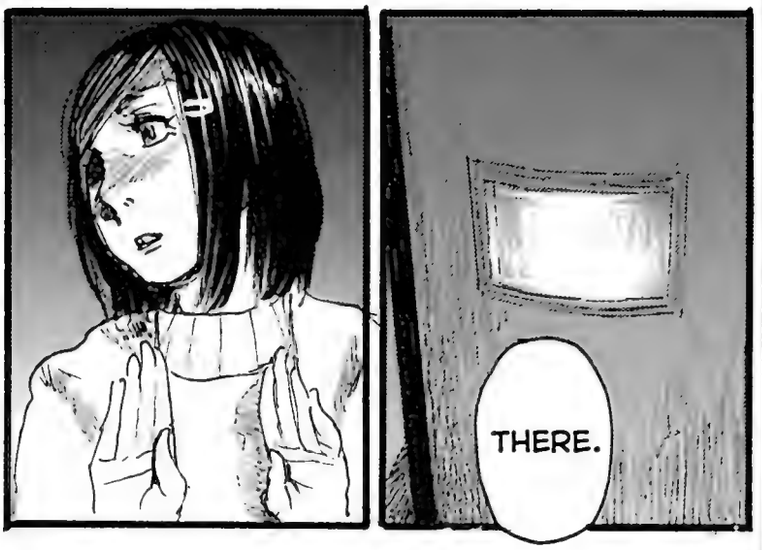
AS I'VE SAID BEFORE,
IT'S NOT LIKE I HATE NANBA-SAN OR ANY-THING.
I'M JUST AS WORRIED AS YOU ARE.
YOU'D DO THAT FOR MIZUHO?
I'M GOING WITH YOU.
BESIDES, WE DON'T EVEN KNOW IF WE NEED THEM YET.
IF WE CALL THE POLICE, IT'LL STILL AFFECT THE EVENT EITHER WAY.
IF WE GET THERE AND IT LOOKS LIKE TOO MUCH TO HANDLE, I'LL CALL YOU. JUST HANG ON FOR A LITTLE WHILE, OKAY?
'PRECIATE THE THOUGHT, CHISHIRO,
BUT YOUR SHOW'S AT NOON, REMEMBER?
SHOULDN'T YOU GET SOME SLEEP? I'LL GO AHEAD AND CALL THE COPS.


OH, AND CHISHIRO.
YES?
DAMN THAT COOL-HEADED BITCH.
SHE'S GOT ALL THE COMPO-SURE OF A REGIONAL MOB LEADER'S CONSORT.
FOR SOME-ONE WHO DRANK MORE THAN ME,

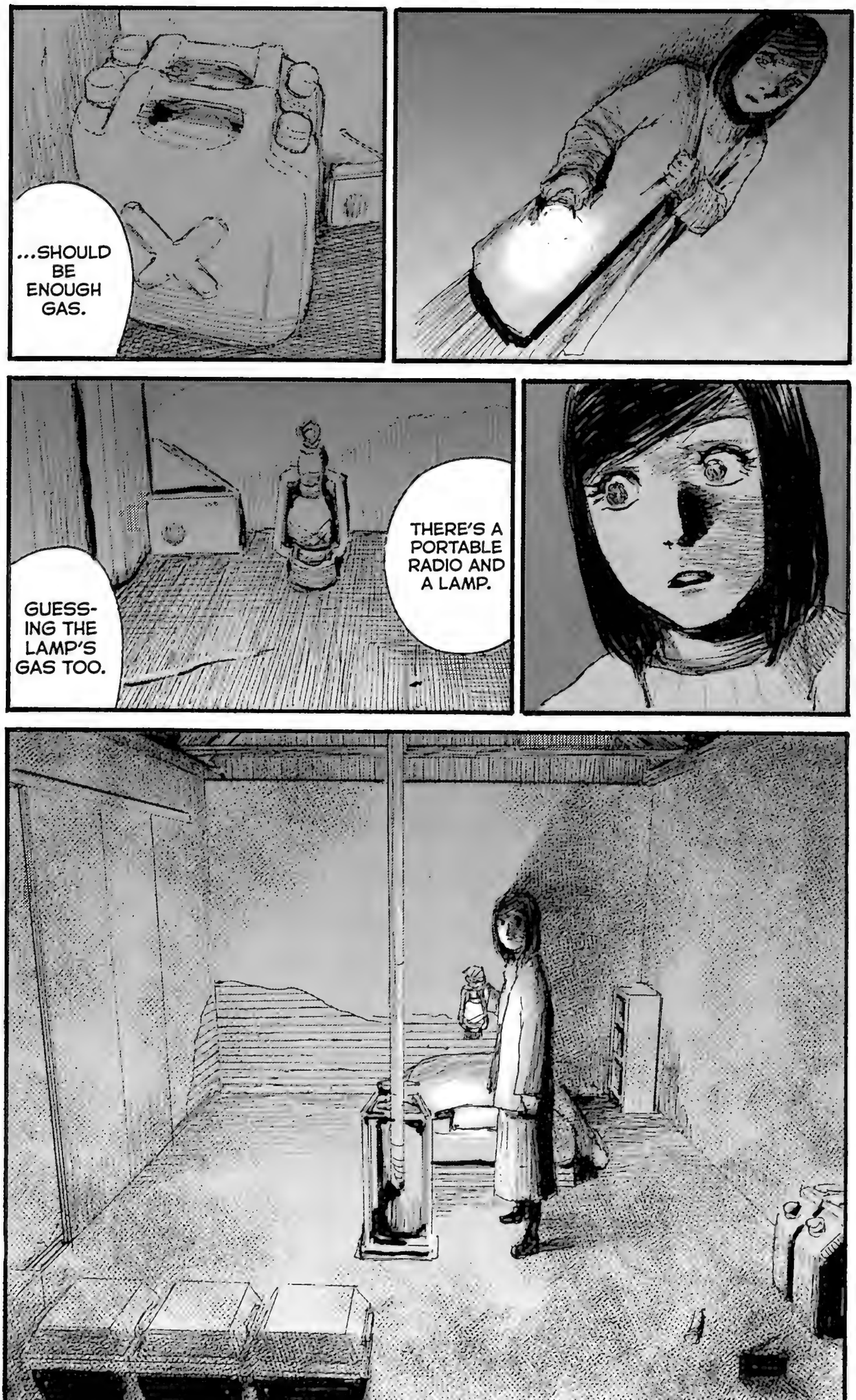
OH, SHOVE IT!
GOOD CALL. WILL DO.
IF MINARE TRIES TO START KNOCKING HEADS AGAIN, DO WHATEVER IT TAKES TO STOP HER, WILL YA?

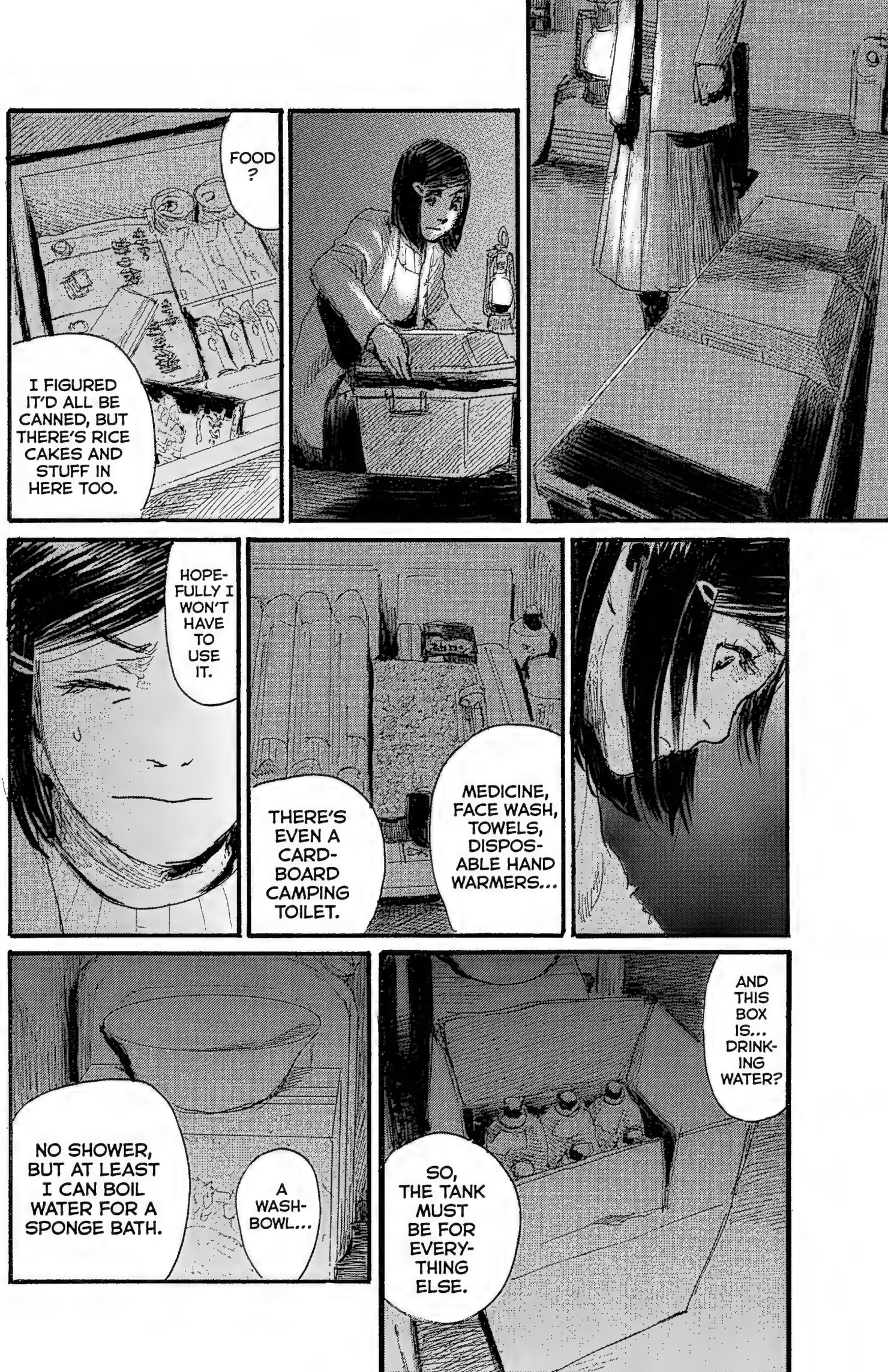
WELL, THIS STINKS.

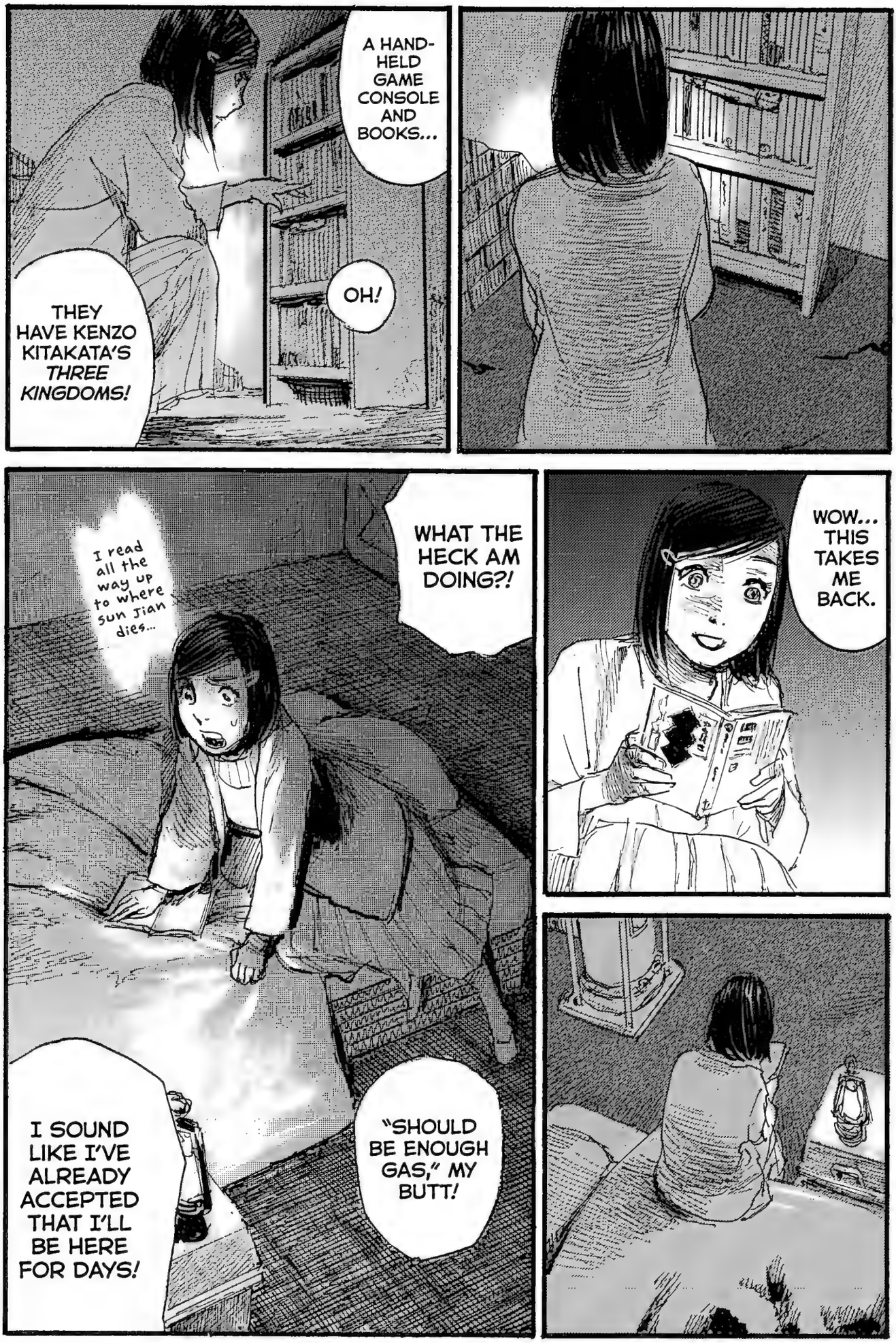

F-FOR NOW, LET'S GET THE HEATER GOING.

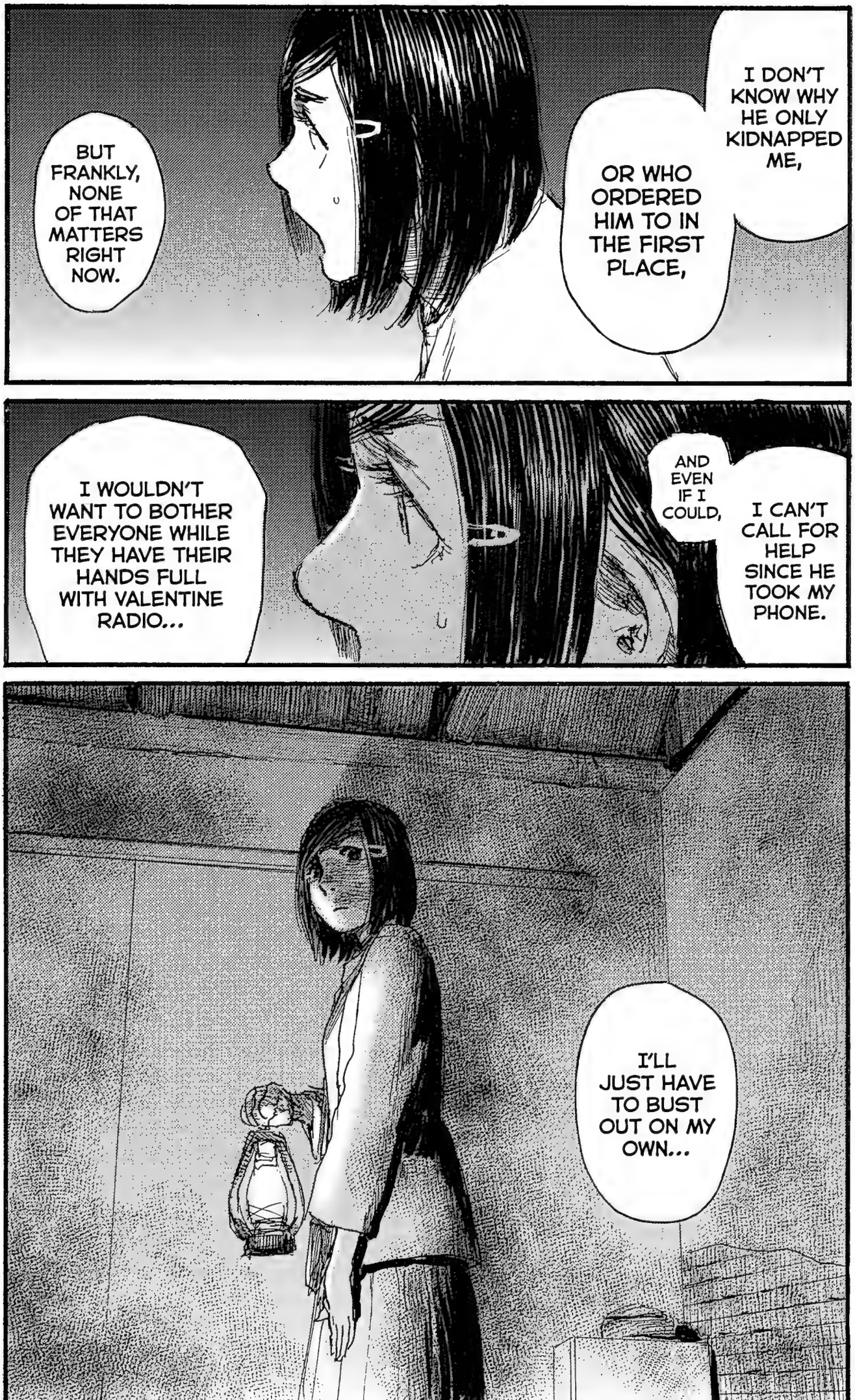

THERE.

I-IT'S LIKE A WALK-IN FREEZER IN HERE.


...SHOULD BE ENOUGH GAS.
THERE'S A PORTABLE RADIO AND A LAMP.
GUESS-ING THE LAMP'S GAS TOO.

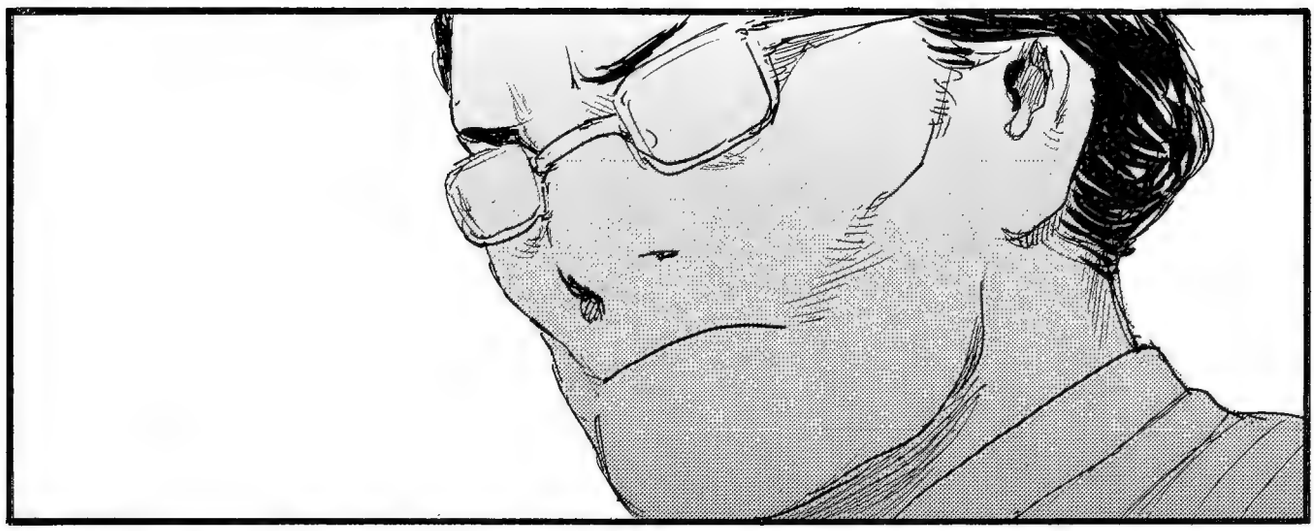

FOOD ?
I FIGURED IT'D ALL BE CANNED, BUT THERE'S RICE CAKES AND STUFF IN HERE TOO.
HOPE-FULLY I WON'T HAVE TO USE IT.
THERE'S EVEN A CARD-BOARD CAMPING TOILET.
MEDICINE, FACE WASH, TOWELS, DISPOS-ABLE HAND WARMERS...
NO SHOWER, BUT AT LEAST I CAN BOIL WATER FOR A SPONGE BATH.
A WASH-BOWL...
SO, THE TANK MUST BE FOR EVERY-THING ELSE.
AND THIS BOX IS... DRINK-ING WATER?

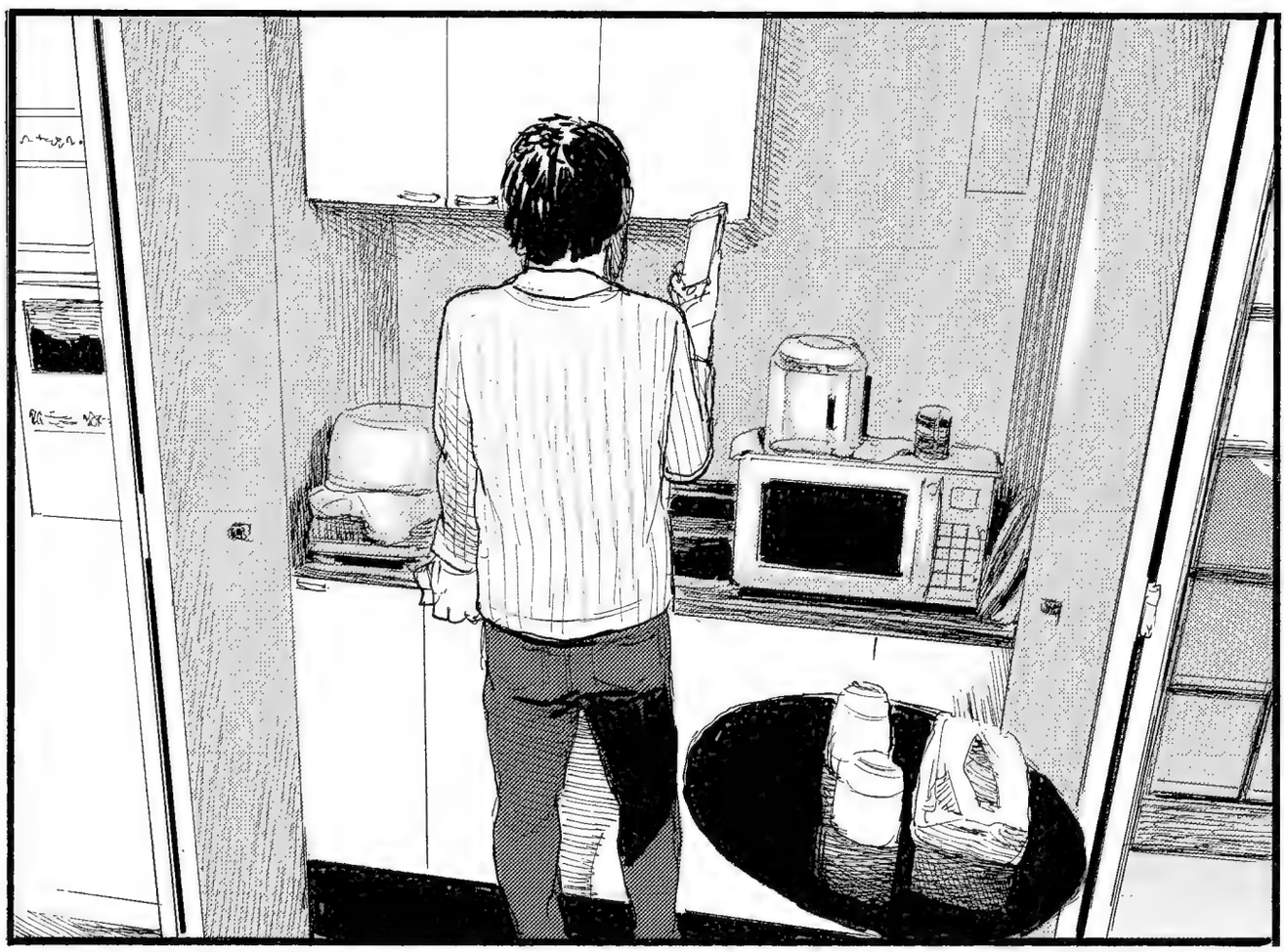

A HAND-HELD GAME CONSOLE AND BOOKS...
OH!
THEY HAVE KENZO KITAKATA'S *THREE KINGDOMS!*
WOW... THIS TAKES ME BACK.
WHAT THE HECK AM DOING?!
I read all the way up to where Sun Jian dies...
I SOUND LIKE I'VE ALREADY ACCEPTED THAT I'LL BE HERE FOR DAYS!
"SHOULD BE ENOUGH GAS," MY BUTT!


I DON'T KNOW WHY HE ONLY KIDNAPPED ME,
OR WHO ORDERED HIM TO IN THE FIRST PLACE,
BUT FRANKLY, NONE OF THAT MATTERS RIGHT NOW.
AND EVEN IF I COULD,
I CAN'T CALL FOR HELP SINCE HE TOOK MY PHONE.
I WOULDN'T WANT TO BOTHER EVERYONE WHILE THEY HAVE THEIR HANDS FULL WITH VALENTINE RADIO...
I'LL JUST HAVE TO BUST OUT ON MY OWN...

CANCEL
Capture Successful
To: epirrhoe-wow@gmail.com
From: zeimallous-wow@gmail.c
Subject: Capture Successful
Sent a text too.
I'll be waiting in the car.

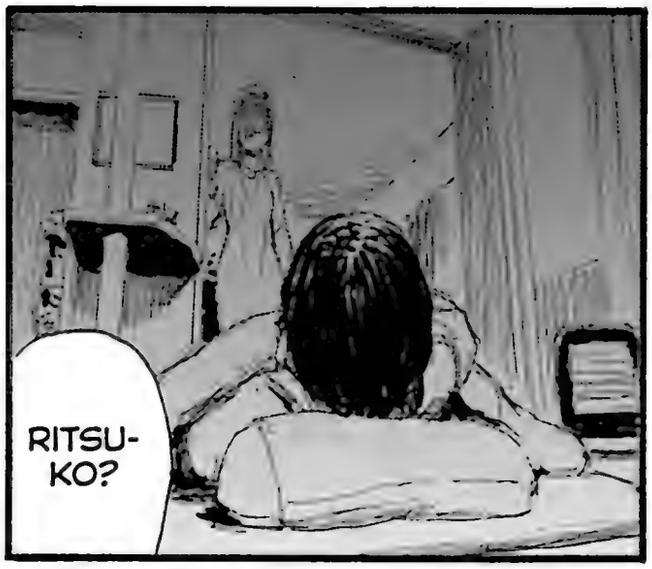
I'M ONLY ONE MAN, YOU KNOW.
COULD'VE GIVEN ME SOME BACKUP AT LEAST.





RESTROOM
?
WHIF
!
SHIO-MICHI-KUN?
YOU'RE STILL HERE? IT'S JUST A RERUN TONIGHT.
YEAH, SORRY. I WAS JUST ABOUT TO LEAVE.

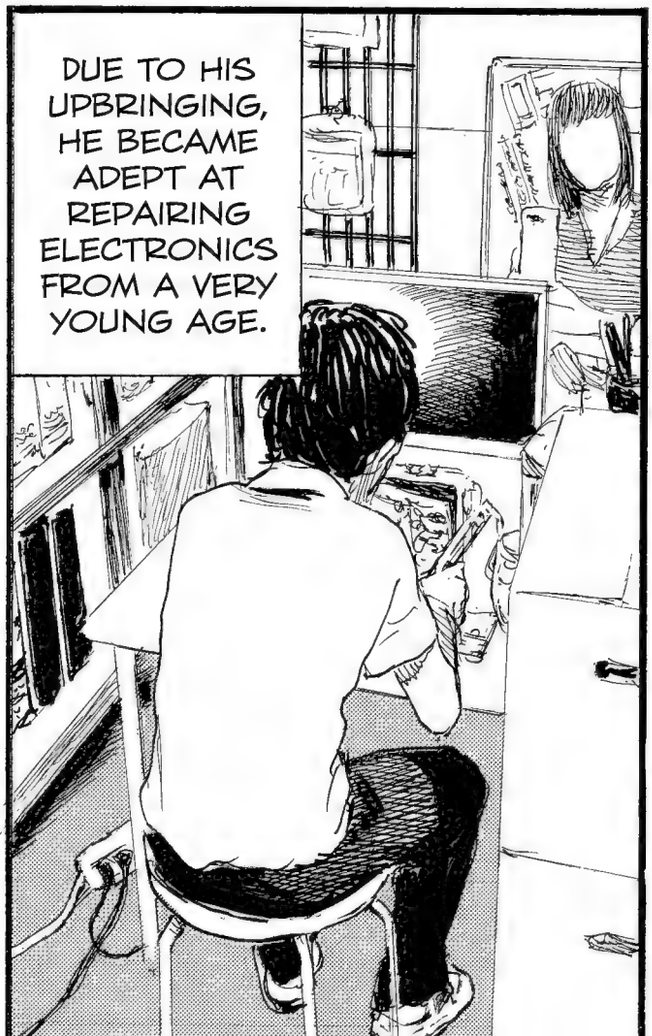
ALL RIGHT, THEN.
YOU'RE UP, MISS SIREN.

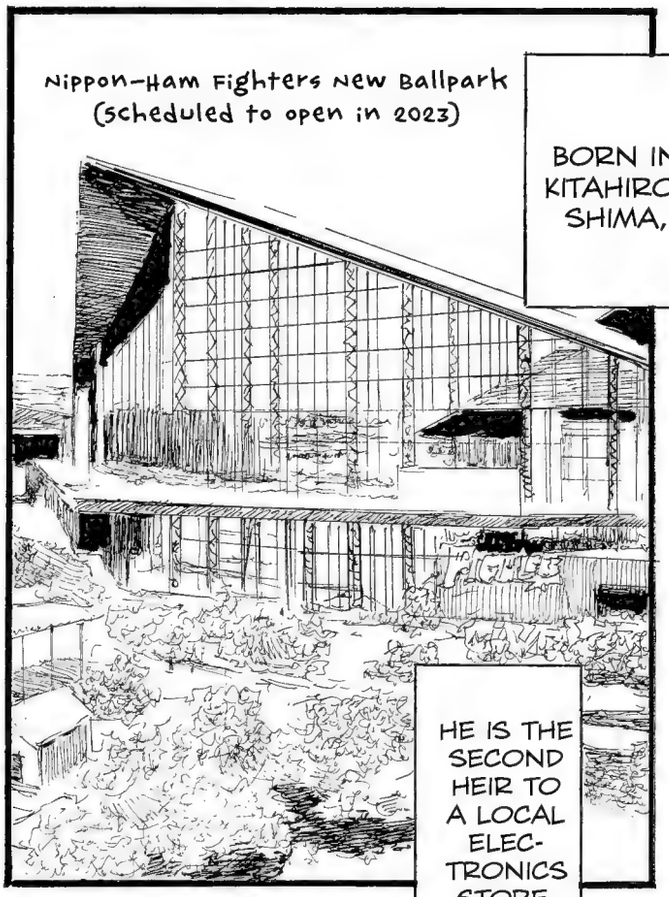

RITSU-
KO?

I HAVE
TO GO.
UM...
I...

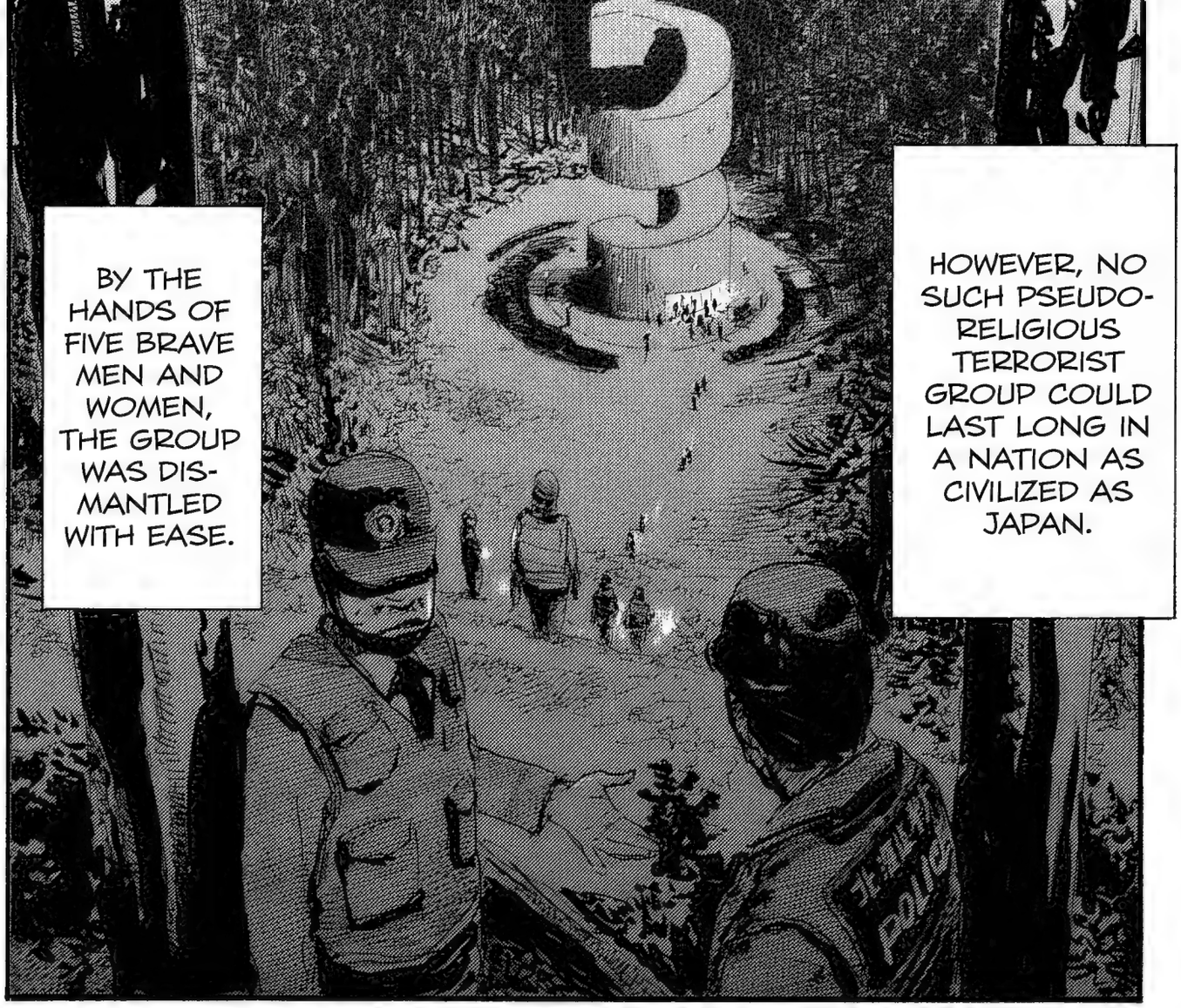
Chapter 75 「THE FLAME YET BURNS.」

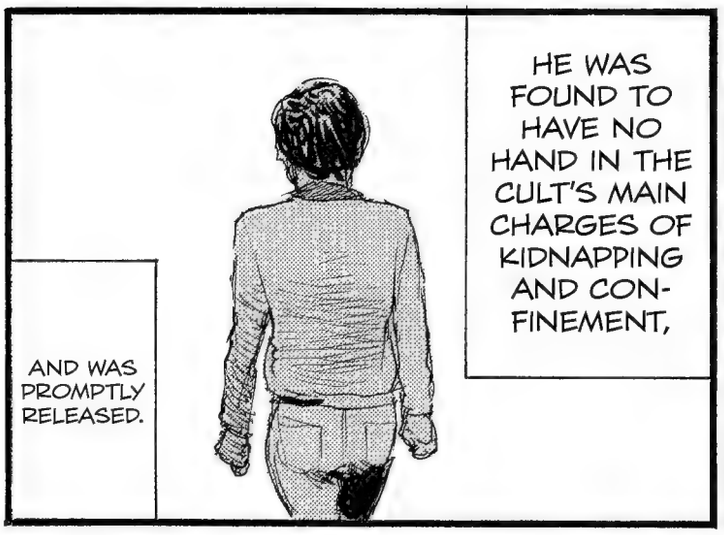
HIS REAL NAME IS SHIOMICHI ITAKURA.

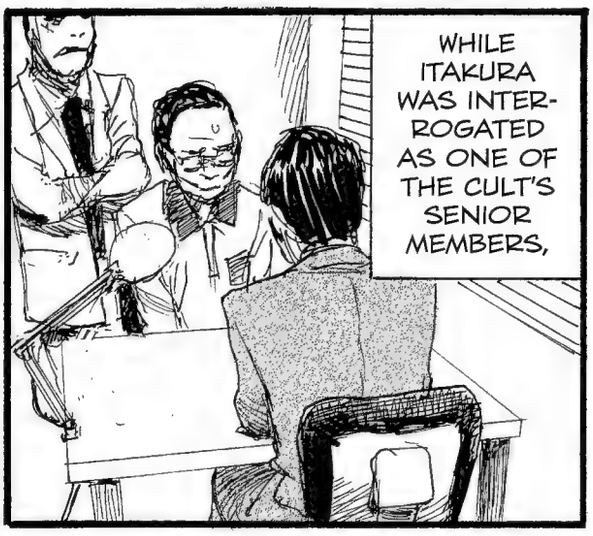

DUE TO HIS UPBRINGING, HE BECAME ADEPT AT REPAIRING ELECTRONICS FROM A VERY YOUNG AGE.


Nippon-Ham Fighters New Ballpark (scheduled to open in 2023)
BORN IN KITAHIRO-SHIMA,
HE IS THE SECOND HEIR TO A LOCAL ELEC-TRONICS STORE.

SKILLS WHICH DID NOT GO UNNOTICED.
ONE DAY, HE WAS SOLICITED BY A CUSTOMER TO JOIN A RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATION HE BELONGED TO.
IN TRUTH, THE ORGANIZATION WAS NO CHURCH AT ALL,
BUT A RADICAL GROUP PLOTTING MASS TERRORISM.
WHICH WAS JUST FINE WITH SHIOMICHI, SEEING AS HE WAS NEVER A VERY PIOUS MAN.
EPIRRHOE!
EPIRRHOE!
EPIRRHOE!
HE WAS BAPTIZED AS EPIRRHOE, AND QUICKLY FOUND HIMSELF AMONG THE GROUP'S INNER CIRCLE, AS THE SCHOOL WAS IN DESPERATE NEED OF PERSONNEL FAMILIAR WITH BROADCASTING EQUIPMENT.
NOT A BAD LIFE.
NOT A BAD LIFE AT ALL.

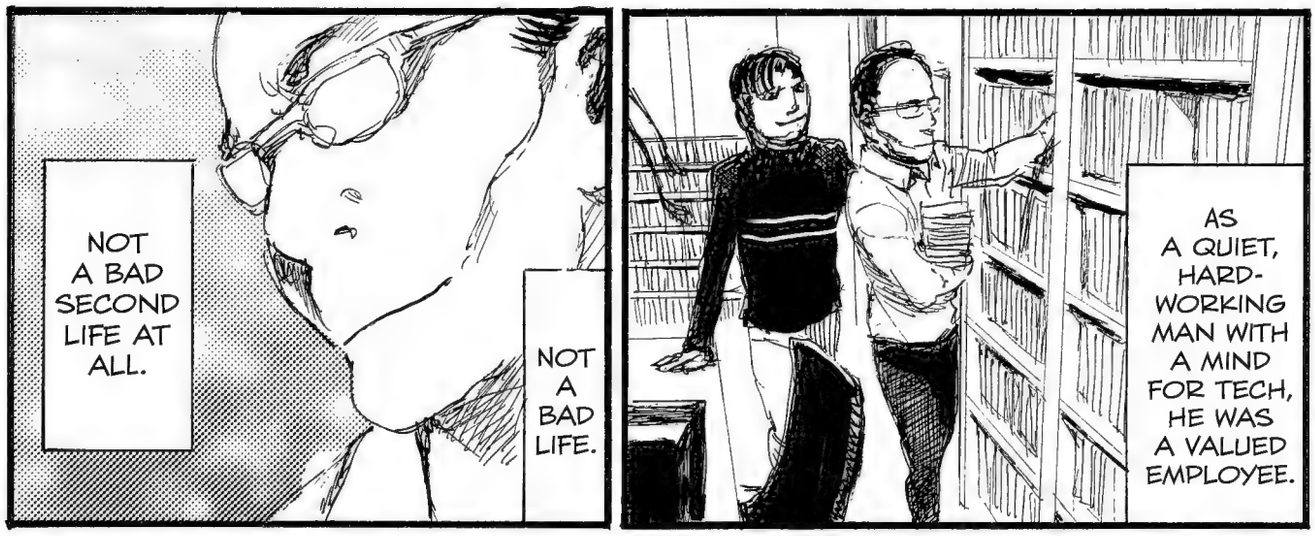

BY THE HANDS OF FIVE BRAVE MEN AND WOMEN, THE GROUP WAS DISMANTLED WITH EASE.
HOWEVER, NO SUCH PSEUDO-RELIGIOUS TERRORIST GROUP COULD LAST LONG IN A NATION AS CIVILIZED AS JAPAN.
SEATTLE POLICE


HE WAS FOUND TO HAVE NO HAND IN THE CULT'S MAIN CHARGES OF KIDNAPPING AND CONFINEMENT,
AND WAS PROMPTLY RELEASED.

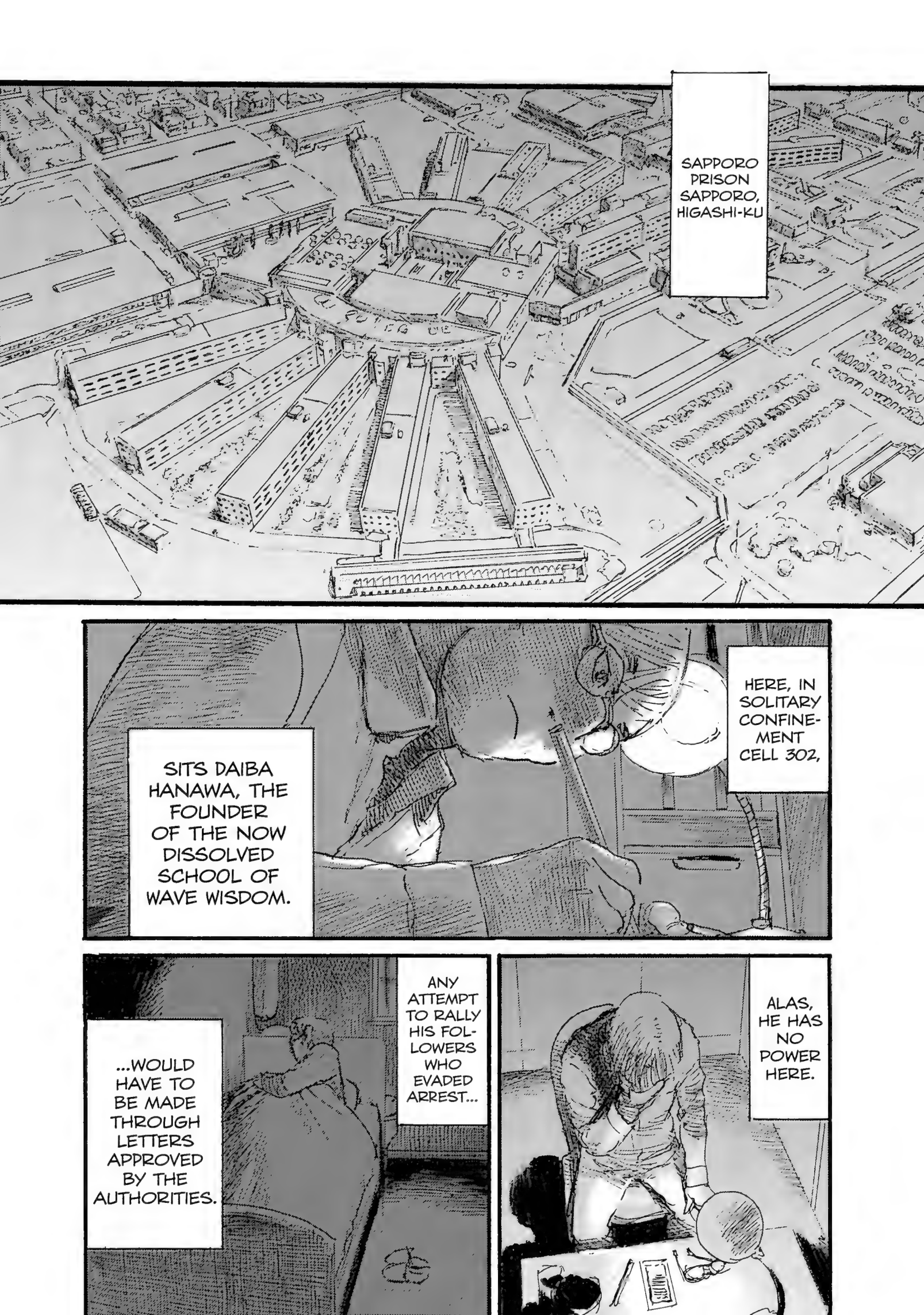

WHILE ITAKURA WAS INTERROGATED AS ONE OF THE CULT'S SENIOR MEMBERS,

THE POLICE DROPPED ALL CHARGES WITH A LAUGH DUE TO THE SHEER ABSURDITY OF THE CULT'S PLOT.
GET A JOB FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD.
THE HELL'S WRONG WITH YOU PEOPLE?
AS FOR THE ALLEGATIONS OF CONSPIRACY WHICH ITAKURA FEARED MOST,

FREE BUT NOW UNEM-PLOYED,
HE APPLIED FOR A MID-CAREER ROLE AT A SAPPORO COMMUNITY RADIO STATION, TRIANGLE RADIO, UNDER THE PSEUDONYM EIJI SHIOMICHI AND WAS HIRED.


AS A QUIET, HARD-WORKING MAN WITH A MIND FOR TECH, HE WAS A VALUED EMPLOYEE.
NOT A BAD LIFE.
NOT A BAD SECOND LIFE AT ALL.

HAS HE TRULY MENDED HIS WAYS?
THEN AGAIN,
WHAT IS A "GOOD PERSON," ANYWAY?
TAKE THE PRO-TAGONIST OF THIS STORY, FOR INSTANCE.
CAN YOU HONESTLY SAY THAT SHE IS A "GOOD PERSON?"
KISS MY ASS, PAL...

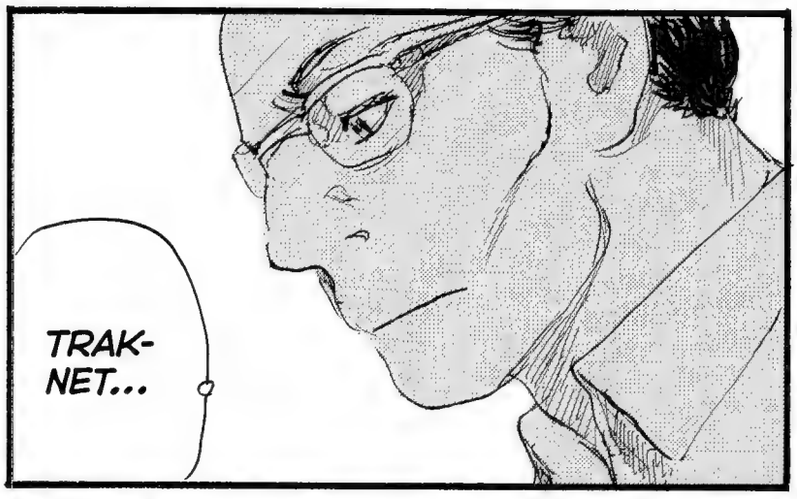

SAPPORO PRISON SAPPORO, HIGASHI-KU
HERE, IN SOLITARY CONFINE-MENT CELL 302,
SITS DAIBA HANAWA, THE FOUNDER OF THE NOW DISSOLVED SCHOOL OF WAVE WISDOM.
ALAS, HE HAS NO POWER HERE.
ANY ATTEMPT TO RALLY HIS FOL-LOWERS WHO EVADED ARREST...
...WOULD HAVE TO BE MADE THROUGH LETTERS APPROVED BY THE AUTHORITIES.

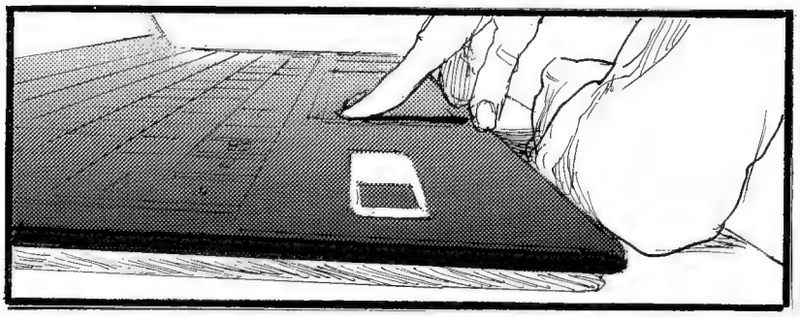
ALL HE CAN DO NOW...
...IS LISTEN TO THE TRIANGLE RADIO BROADCAST PLAYED AT THE PRISON TWICE A MONTH,
AND SEND SONG REQUESTS TO THE STATION VIA POSTCARD.
POSTCARDS THAT END UP IN THE HANDS OF ONE SHIOMICHI ITAKURA.
HOWEVER, ALL THAT'S WRITTEN IS A SIMPLE SONG REQUEST.
WHAT GOOD COULD SUCH A THING POSSIBLY DO?
MR. CHILD AGAIN?
HA HA. NO KIDDING.
HE MUST REALLY LIKE THEM, HUH?
"SUNFLOWER" BY MR. CHILD...

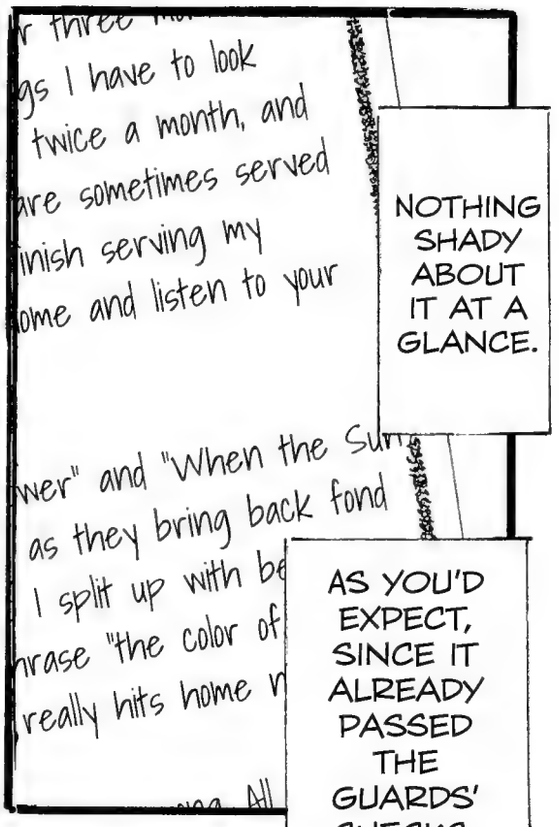
Dear Tsukata-san,
I always enjoy listening to Naebo Broadcasting Station. I've been in prison for three months now, and these days, the only things I have to look forward to are your program twice a month, and the sweet red beans that are sometimes served with meals. I can't wait to finish serving my sentence so I can sit at home and listen to your voice as much as I want.

I'd like to request "Sunflower" and "When the Sun Comes Out" by Mr. Child, as they bring back fond memories of my ex who I split up with before I was imprisoned. The phrase "the color of the world without you in it" really hits home now.

P.S. Sorry if I got the lyrics wrong. All my CDs are at home and the last time I read the lyrics was on TrakNet.







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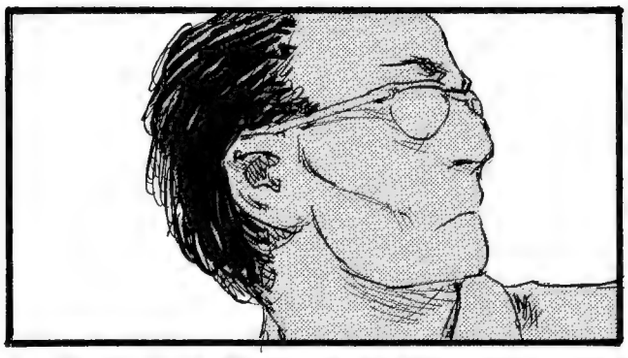
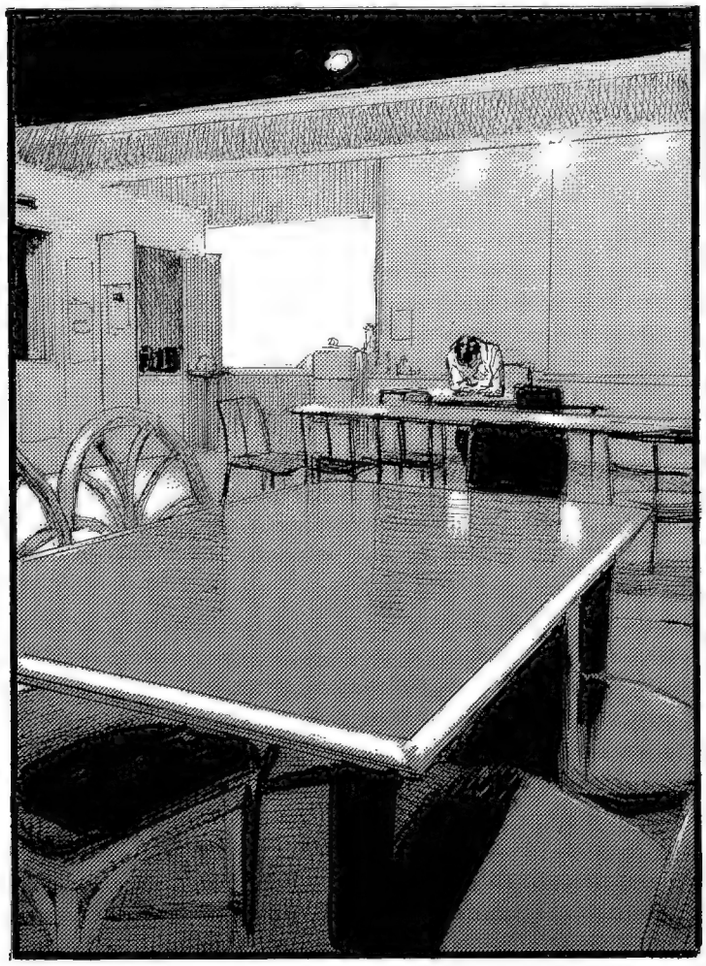
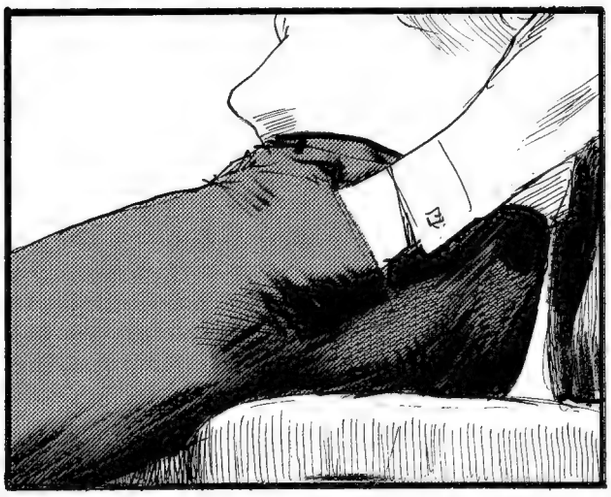
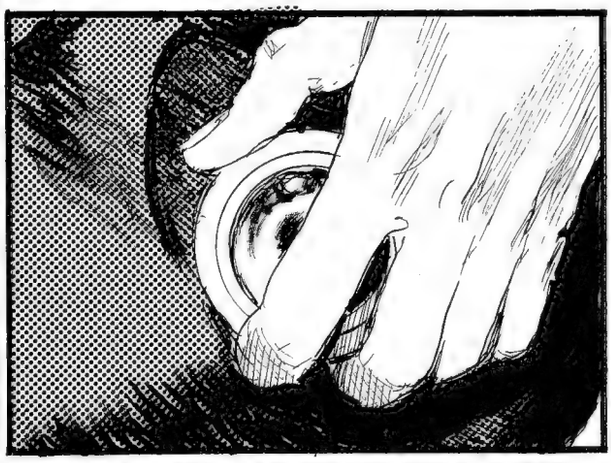


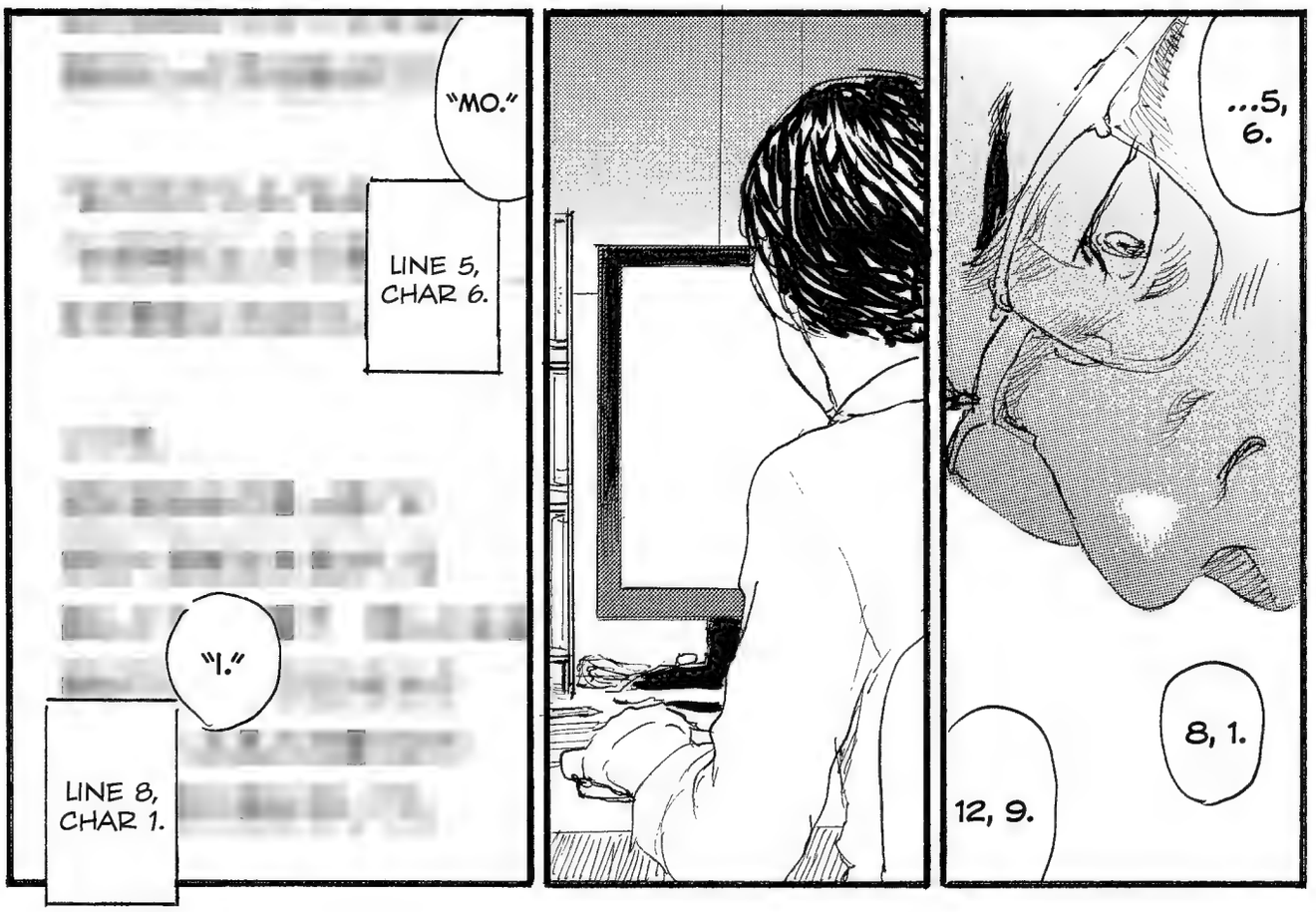






SAMPLE
WATCH VIDEO

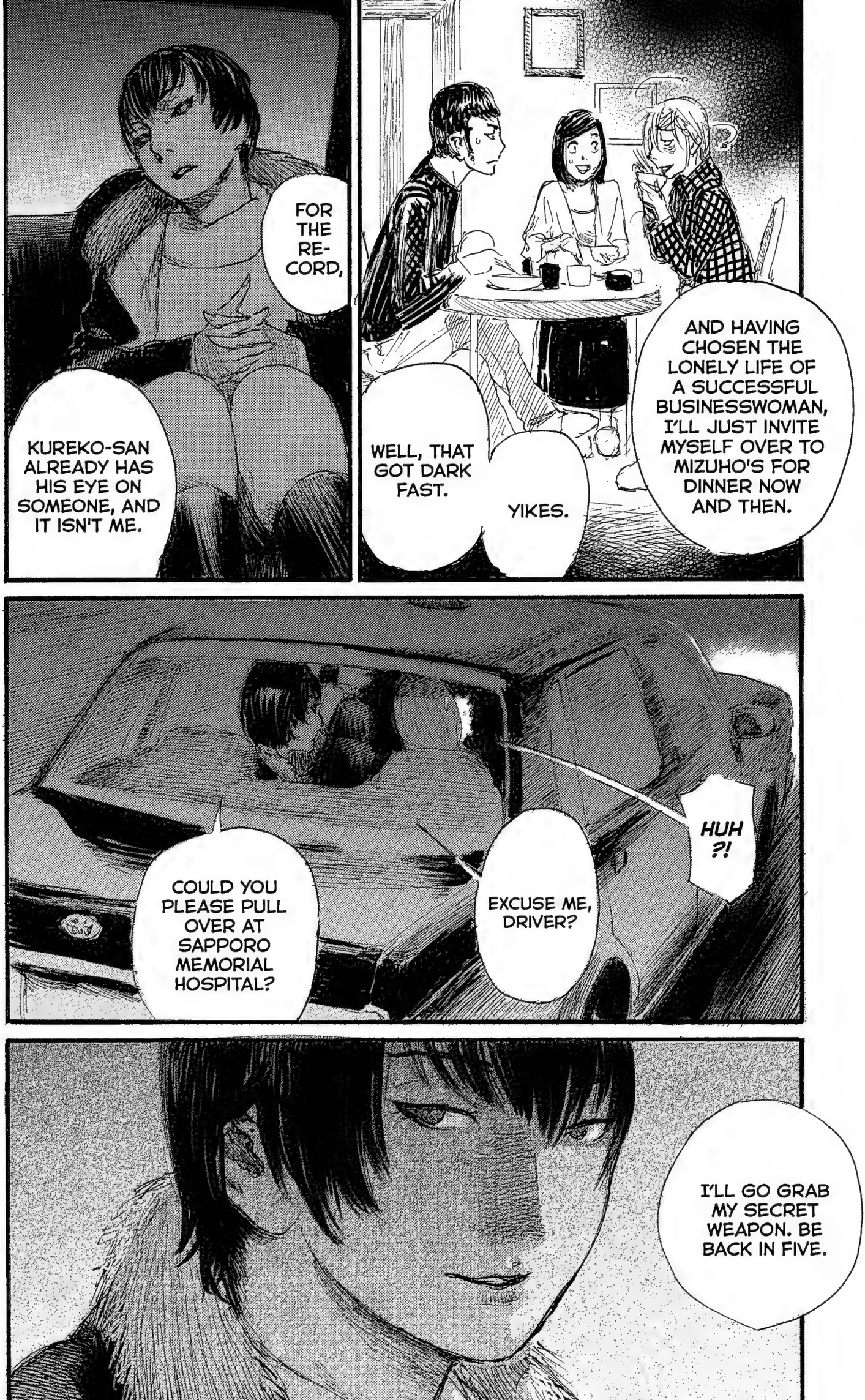
Dear Tsukata-san,
I always enjoy listening to Naebo
Station. I've been in prison for
and these days, the only thing
forward to are your programs
the sweet red beans that are
with meals. I can't wait to finish
sentence so I can sit at home and
voice as much as I want.
to request "Sunflower" and "Wheat
Mr. Child, as they bring back
split up with before
of the


"MO."
LINE 5, CHAR 6.
"I."
LINE 8, CHAR 1.
...5, 6.
8, 1.
12, 9.

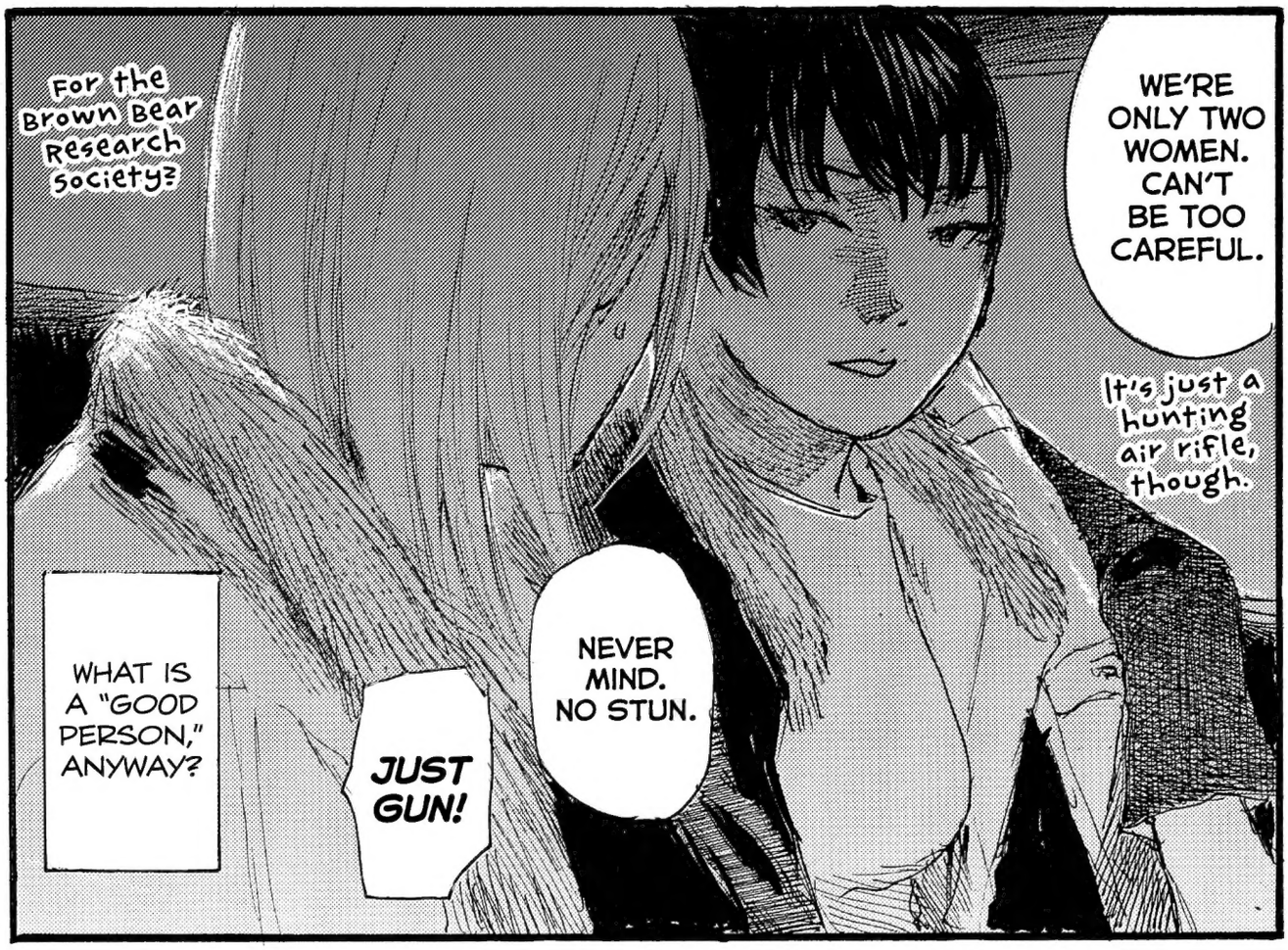
MA...
WA...
RA...
YA...

CHISHIRO-SAN, CAN I ASK YOU FOR A FAVOR?
WHERE'D THAT COME FROM?
DON'T LEAD THE POOR GUY ON.
WILL YOU PLEASE CUT THE CRAP AND REJECT KUREKO-SAN ALREADY?
I ACTUALLY THINK GETTING SHOT DOWN WILL BE GOOD FOR MIZUHO.
SOME FRIEND *YOU* ARE.
JUST HEAR ME OUT.
NOPE. NOT ONE BIT.
LISTEN, I KNOW YOU THINK NAMBA-SAN WILL BE HAPPY IF SHE AND KUREKO-SAN GET TOGETHER, BUT...

MEAN-WHILE, AS FOR YOU AND KUREKO-SAN,
YOU'LL BOTH GO ON TO HAVE A HANDFUL OF FLINGS OVER THE YEARS UNTIL AROUND 60 OR SO,
AFTER MANY TWISTS AND TURNS, THEY FINALLY TIE THE KNOT,
AND SETTLE DOWN AS THE HAPPY YOUNG COUPLE THEY WERE ALWAYS MEANT TO BE.
AFTER I LOVINGLY LICK MIZUHO'S WOUNDS FOR HER,
FORCING MIZUHO TO FACE HIM HEAD ON FOR THE FIRST TIME.
THAT'S WHEN THE OUTDOORSY INTROVERT KOMOTO-SAN SWOOPS IN AND TRIES TO COMFORT HER,
I HATE HOW REALISTIC THAT LAST BIT SOUNDS...
THIS IS THE SEELE SCENARIO THAT I ENVISION!
WHEN YOU'LL SETTLE FOR A LOVELESS COMMON-LAW MARRIAGE BECAUSE HEY, BETTER THAN DYING ALONE, RIGHT?
I'LL PROBABLY STRIKE IT BIG SELLING COSMETICS OR SOMETHING ON THE SIDE WHILE STILL DOING RADIO,
ME? WELL...
AND HOW DO YOU SEE YOURSELF SETTLING DOWN?


FOR THE RE-CORD,
KUREKO-SAN ALREADY HAS HIS EYE ON SOMEONE, AND IT ISN'T ME.
AND HAVING CHOSEN THE LONELY LIFE OF A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESSWOMAN, I'LL JUST INVITE MYSELF OVER TO MIZUHO'S FOR DINNER NOW AND THEN.
WELL, THAT GOT DARK FAST.
YIKES.
HUH ?!
EXCUSE ME, DRIVER?
COULD YOU PLEASE PULL OVER AT SAPPORO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL?
I'LL GO GRAB MY SECRET WEAPON. BE BACK IN FIVE.

HOW CAN SHE LEAVE ME HANGING AFTER DROPPING A BOMBSHELL LIKE THAT?!
NOT THE WEAPON PART. BEFORE THAT!
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?!
I DO THINK
DOES EVERYONE IN SAPPORO OWN A STUN GUN THESE DAYS OR WHAT?
I REMEMBER NAKAHARA SAID HE BROUGHT A STUN GUN TO WASSAMU TOO.
STILL, WONDER WHAT IT IS.
A shinai?
WAZZAT? IT'S LONG.
OKAY, LET'S GO.



TO BE CONTINUED IN WAVE, LISTEN TO ME VOLUME 10.

AFTERWORD

Greetings, everyone. I hope you enjoyed this ninth volume of *Wave, Listen to Me,* where every character's sweater always looks the same. With the coronavirus pandemic finally winding down…or so I decided on my own, I took a trip to gather material for the first time in a long while, paying a visit to the Sankakuyama Radio Station, the model for Triangle Radio mentioned in the last chapter of this volume. They are the only station in Japan that provide programs made for prisons to the general public. Truth be told, I'd already drawn the scene with Triangle Radio for the serialization before I actually had the change to visit the station proper (oops), but I've since made some art revisions to said scene for this volume to better reflect the real thing. As for the plot point of communicating with the outside world via questionnaire postcards, it turns out that in reality, inmates are only provided a form predetermined by the prison, on which you are not allowed to write anything but letters, so even if there were a mole inside a radio station, it would be almost impossible to communicate with them through this form. Makes sense, you might say. But this is a fictional story, so I hope you'll cut me some slack. As an aside, I was surprised to learn that the president of Sankakuyama Radio was actually from Wassamu. When I apologized for depicting Wassamu as some sort of hotbed for new-age cultists, he just sort of laughed it off, so I'll take that as a sign of forgiveness. Then, when we went out to eat later, we somehow got on the topic of Seicomart's business philosophy, which ended up being a surprisingly heartwarming story, so I'd love to find a way to work it into the story. When that will be is anyone's guess. Well, see you all in volume 10.

Hiroaki Samura

Wave, Listen to Me! 9

Kodansha Digital Edition

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